# ALBIONS England:

## The Third time corrected and *Augmented.*

Continuing an Hiſtory of the ſame Coun-*trey and Kingdome, from the Originals of the* firſt Inhabitants of the ſame: With the chiefe Alterations and Accidents therein happening, vntill her nowe Maieſties moſte bleſſed Raigne.

*VVith Intermixture of Hiſtories and Fnuention,* performed in Verſe, by *William Warner.*



Imprinted at London by *Thomas Orwin*, for *I. B.* dwelling at the great North doore of S. *Pauls* Church at the ſigne of the great Bible. 1592.

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## England:

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Containing an History of the fame Nation, from the Originals of the firſt Inhabitants of the ſame: With the Alterations and Additions therein happening, until her now Majeſties moſt Glorious Reign.

With Variety of Delights and Recreations, pertaining to Venus, by perſons of both Sexes.



Printed at London by T. Leigh & D. Midgley at the great North doors of St. Paul's Church at the Sign of the great Bible, 1692.

# To the right Honorable, my very good Lord and Maister, *Henrie Carey, Baron of Hunsdon: Knight* of the most noble Order of the Garter: Lord Chamberlaine *of her Maiesties most Honorable Houshold: Lord* Gouernour of *Barwick*: Lord warden of the East Marches for *and vnempst* Scotland: *Lord Lieftenant of* Suffolke *and* Norfolke: Captaine of her Maiesties Gentlemen Pencioners: and one of her Highnesse most Honorable Priuie Counsell.

THis our whole Iland, *aunciently called* Brutaine, *but more aunciently* Albion, *presently contayning two Kingdomes*, ENGLAND & SCOTLAND *is cause (right Honourable) that to distinguuish the former, whose only Occurrents I abridge, from the other, remote from our Historie, I intitle this my Booke* ALBIONS ENGLAND. *A Subiect, in troth (without vaine-glory be it spoken) worthy your Honorable Patronage: had*

*it passed from the Penne of a more countenaunced Author. But for great Personages gratefully to entertaine the good wils of meane workemen, is answereable to themselues, and animating to feeble Artistes. I therefore secure of your Honors Clemencie, and herein not vnlike to* Phaëton, *who at the first did fearefully admire euen the Pallace of* Phœbus, *but anon feareles aduenture euen the presence of* Phœbus, *( hauing dedicated a former Booke to him that from your Honor deriueth his Birth ) now also present the like to your Lordship, with so much the leße doubt, and so much the more duetie, by how much the more I esteeme this my latter labour of more Vale, and I owe, and your Lordship expecteth especial dutie at the hands of your Seruant. And thus ( right Honorable ) hoping better than I may offend, desirous to please, desperate of prayse, & destitute of a better Present, I make Tender onely of good wil, more I haue not, for your Honors good word, lesse I hope not.*

Your Lordships most humble and
dutifull Seruant, *W. Warner.*

# To the Reader.

WEl know I, that Pearls low-priſed in *India* are precious in *Englād*, that euen *Homer* was ſlightly authoriſed in *Greece*, but ſingularly admired elſwheare, & that for the moſt part, the beſt Authors find at home their worſt Auditors: howbeit, whatſoeuer Writer is moſt famous, the ſame is therefore indebted to his natiue Language: Neither preferre I aboue three ſpeeches before ours, for more ſententious.

Written haue I already in Proeſe, allowed of ſome: and now (friendly Reader) offer I Verſe, attending thine indifferent Cenſure. In which, if groſely I faile (as not greatly I ſo feare) in Veritie, Breuitie, Inuention, & Varietie, profitable, patheticall, pithie, and pleaſaunt, ſo farre off ſhall I be from being opinionate of mine owne Labours, that my ſelf wil alſo ſubſcribe to preſcribe the ſame for abſurd and erronious. But in vaine is it either to intreate or feare the Courteous or Captious: the one will not cauill nor the other be reconciled.

My labour is paſt, & your liking to come: & things hardly founded, may eaſily be confounded; Arrogancie is *Linx*-eyed into aduantages: Enuie and ſelfe-conceited Readers capable of the leaſt errour. But ſuch are good Mindes, and the Contraries of theſe Men in

reading

reading of Books, as weare the Paganes in reuerencing their Gods, sacrificing as deuoutly to a woodden *Iupiter*, as to a golden *Iupiter*: to an Oxe, a Cat, or vnreuerent *Pryapus*, as to the Sunne, the Starres, or amiable *Venus*: deuotion and discretion being euermore senceles in detraction. Of the latter sorte therefore I craue pardon, presupposing their patience; to the former, presupposing impatience, I offer pardon: resting to either, and to you all, in good will such as I should.

*Yours. W. W.*

# ALBIONS ENGLAND.

## The first Booke of ALBIONS England.

### CHAP. I.

I Tell of things done long agoe, of many things in few:
And chiefly of this Clyme of ours, the Accidẽts pursue.
Thou high director of the same, assist mine artlesse pen.
To write the gests of Brutons stout, and actes of English men.

When arked Noah, and seuen with him, the empty worlds remaine,
Had left the instrumentall meane, of landing them againe:
And that both man and beast, and all, did multiply with store,
To Asia Sem, to Affrick Cham, to Europe Iapheth bore
Their Families. Thus triple wise the world deuided was:
one language common vnto all: vntill it came to passe,
That Nembroth sonne to Chus, the sonne of Cham, old Noah his sonne,
In Caldea (neuer seene before) an Empire had begonne.
As he and his audacious crew, the Tower of Babell reare,
Pretending it should check the cloudes, so to auoyd the feare
Of following flouddes, the Creator of creatures beheld
The climing toppes of cloud-high Towers, and more to be fulfilde.
To cut off which ambicious plot, and quaile their proud intent
Amongst a world of people there he sundry speeches sent,
So that, vnable to conferre about the worke they went,
The Tower was left vnfinished: and euery man withdrew
Himselfe apart, to ioyne with those whose language best he knew:
And thus confused tongues at first, to euery nation grew.

THe *Babylonian* Saturne though his buildings spéede was bad,
Yet found the meanes that vnder him he many Nations had.
He was the first that rulde as king, or forraine landes subdude,
Or went about into the right of others to intrude:
Ere this aspiring mindes did sléepe, and wealth was not pursude.
His sonne Ioue Belus after him, succéeded and purvaide
For dreadfull warres, but a wlesse death his dreadfull purpose staide.
Then Ninus prosecutes the warres, prevented Belus sought,
And fild the wronged worlde with armes, and to subiection brought
Much people, yet not capable of such his nouile fight.
From Caldea to Assyria, he translates the Empire quite:
And caused fire on horses backes, before him euer borne,
To be adorned for a God. Thus out of vse was worne
In Caldea and Assyria to the honour rightly due
To high Iehoua, God indéede. Idolatrie thus grew
From Ninus first: he first of all a Monarchie did frame,
And built vp famous Nimuie, that bore the Builders name,
His warlike wife Semiramis her husband being dead,
And sonne in nonage, fayning him, long ruled in his stead:
Delating in a males attyre, the Empire new begonne:
The which, his yeares admitting it, she yéelded to her sonne.
Thus Cham his brode did borgeon first, and held the worlde in awe:
But Iapheths Line to Iauans land, from Assur doth vs drawe.

MUch prayse is spoke of Thessalie, and Pegasus his Springs,
And how the Nimphes of Meome in Tempe did great things,
And how that Cecrops and his séede did honour Athens so,
As that from thence are sayd the Springs of Sciences to flow.
Not onely Artes but Chevalry, from Greece derive we may:
Whereof (omitting many things) my Muse, alonely say
How Saturne, Ioue, and Hercules, did fill the world with fame
Of iustice, prowesse, and how they both men and Monsters tame:
And so from these derive the meane how Brute to Albion came.
In Crete did florish in these dayes (the first that florisht so)
Vranos: he in wealth and witte, all others did out goe.
This toke to wife (not then forbod) his Sister Vesta fayre,
That crooked Titan did to him, and comely Saturne bare.

The elder for deformities, in making and of minde,
With parents and the people to did lesser liking finde:
The younger by the contraries, gaue hansell in his prime
Of many vertues, honouring their Owners elder time.
Away slips age: death spareth none: Vranos leaues the stage,
His body (now depriu'd of pomp) interrd, the wormes doe gage.
Wel may a rich mans Hearse want teares, but heires he shal not mis,
To whome, that he is dead at length no little ioye it is.
This error notwithstanding, did Vranos Sonnes lament:
Yet scarce their fathers Ghost from graue to heauen or hell was sent,
But that his heires did fall at oddes about the vacant Raigne:
and Titan chafes, disabled then the Scepter to sustaine,
Each eye did follow Saturnes forme, each heart applauds his fame,
and to conclude, with whole consent he winnes away the game.
Yet, for because the Birth right should inure to Titan still,
In Mars his Church did Saturne vow his Issues males to kill.
Not meanly glad was Saturne then his head possest of Crowne,
When, of his building, he was Lord of many a peopled Towne.
He giueth lawes, his lawes are kept, he bids, and all obay,
and equally belou'd, and feard he wealds a kingly sway.
He teacheth men (vntaught before) to eare the lusty land:
and how to pearse the pathlesse ayre, with shaft from Bow-mans hand.
God Dis did quaile to see his golde so fast conuayd from hell,
and fishes quakte, when men in ships amidst their flouds did dwel:
Who loues not him? Wherin did not the king of Crete excell.
But what auaile or Townes, or Lawes, or what doe subiects moue?
Sheaues, Shafts, or Ships, or Gold, or all: king Saturne is in loue.
He loues, and is beloude againe: yeat so might not suffice,
In former vow to Titan made his paine of pleasure lies:
But no man from the Monarke Loue by wealth or weapon flies.
Cybella, fayre Cybella is espoused to her brother:
and as doe Venus billing Birds so loue they one another.
In Coiture she doth conceiue: one sonne is borne, and slayne:
And Saturne of the hansell hard, doth male-content remayne.

## CHAP. II.



The Sun had compast all the Signes, and Cybell brought to light
Her second breede, a smiling boy, & Iupiter he hight:
Together with the Queen of Gods (so Iunos stile we wright.)
The infant smiled at his birth: but Cybel (ioy bereft)
And Vesta, whom Vranos had an heauy widow left,
Did both lament: for Saturne wild the new borne babe should die,
Both to acquite him of his vow, and frustrate Destinie.
For at the Oracle he had, his wife a sonne should beare,
That should eiect him from his Realme: his vow therefore and feare
Did hasten on (vnwillingly) the slaughter of his sonne:
For which (his sorrowes granting speech) his moene he thus begonne.
And want not stately Crowns their cares? With pomp haue princes (paine?
Ah, die he must, & die he shall, els may not Saturne raigne.
Yeat, might a Scepters want suffice, I gladly would resigne:
But sworne by Styx and wreakfull Mars at periuries repine.
Then farre be it that they repine, least I too late repent:
It dobles crime, if sinne by sinne we practise to preuent.
From this time forth, Melancholie, for Surname Saturne had:
No mirth could wrest from him a smile, ech smile would make him sad.
His seruants feare his solemne fittes, when if they ought recite,
Hée either answers not at all or from the matter quite.
Vnpeopled roomes and pathlesse wayes did fit his humour best:
And then he sighs, and sheadeth teares when all things else did rest.
Who so could cite a Tragedie was formost in his creede,
For, balking pleasaunt company, on sorrowes did he feede.
Death likes him that mislikes himselfe: in gesture roabes and all
Hée shewes himselfe like to himselfe: and hence it doth befall
That men to melancholy giuen, we Saturnists do call.
His wife and Sister killing oft her nephewe and her sonne,
(For she his Aunt and Mother was) with Vesta séeke to shunne

The voted fathers deadly dome: to kill so sweéte a childe
Their eyes and very soules abhorre: who (nothing so vnmilde)
doe weéping kisse his laughing mouth, in minde the Babe to saue:
Howbeit feare of Saturns wroth contrary counsell gaue.
But when in haste the Babe his heart was sent for by and by,
So Saturne wild, so Cybell must, and Vesta not denie,
It was a woe to heare their woe and death to sée them die.
Unhollowed wretch, then Cybell sayd, in wombe why did I beare
This double Burthen: happy Twins, saue that my Twins they are.
So that my téeming with these throwes had ending well were I:
Or would I might not giue them life, that liuing forth with die.
Thy Scepter (Saturne) is not worth performance of thy vow:
Thy conscience doth a scruple holde that Gods nor men allow.
Frō Gods, frō men, from brutish beasts, frō nature nought doth grow,
But fosters what it bringeth forth: thou onely doest not so.
Thy sonnes alone for slaughters serue, and I mean while their Mother
Am Saturnes wife, lesse prowd of it then that he is my Brother.
Unhappy Cybell borne to beare, and therefore borne to woe,
And fruitlesse fertill to a man that soweth not to mow.

Nowe teares had drowned further speéch, till she as one bestrought
Did crie that with a knife the Babe should to her bed be brought:
My selfe (quoth she) will be his death, with whome my selfe will die:
For so may Saturne saue and shunne his vow and destinie.
But Vesta countermaunds her charge: yeat Saturnes will must stand,
For Ioue must die, or they not liue. A Damsell theare at hand
Was then enforced to that charge. Thrice toucht her knife his Skin,
But thrice his smiles did cause her teares: she fourthly did beginne,
And fourthly ended as before. Betide me death or life,
Liue still (at least for me) she sayd: and casting downe the knife,
Shée kist that swéete and prety mouth that laughed on her lippes:
And brings him back to Cybels bed. Her heart, reuiued, skippes,
Reuiewing life where reckned death had wrought repentant teares.

The Father fronted with a guile, at length the Damsell beares
The infant vnto Olon towne: and in her Ladies name,
Intreates Melissus daughters twayne to nourish vp the same.
Up to mountaine beare they him, and in a secret Caue
A mountaine Goat giue him milke, and so his life they saue.

His Nourses, sounding Simballs once to drowne the Infants crie,
Amanie Bées (the Muses birds) into the Caue did flie,
Where making Honie, Saturnes sonne did long time liue thereby.

## CHAP. III.

IT doth remaine of Iupiter, as how (but then a Lad)
From Epire to Pelasgis him the Lords Epyrotes had,
To fetch their pledge Lycaon held, when times of truce had ende.
Lycaon fayning to consent, that did not so intend,
Nert day, as though he would dismisse the Legates with estate,
Did make to them a solemne feast: when, hauing slaine of late
the noble pledge, he brings his limmes and setteth them before
His Countreymen to feede vpon in sauced dishes store.
The Strangers and his Subiects tho abhorring such a sight,
Sit gazing each in others face, bereft of speech and spryte,
Untill that lustie Iupiter, a stripling to beholde,
Did take the limmes dismembred so, and with a courage bolde
Did shew them throw Pelasgis streetes, declaring by the way
The murther of their bloody king: which did so much dismay
The Citizens, that euen they, detesting such vnright,
Did rise in armes against their king, where youthful Ioue did fight
So valiantly, that by his force Lycaon toke his flight:
And after did by Robberies, by blood, and Rapines liue:
For which to him a Woluish shape the Poets aptly giue.

IN Epyre and Pelasgis thus Ioue first his honour wonne:
But greater things vntouched are by this same Worthy donne.
And partly, in the monstrous warre that Titan and his True
Did holde with Saturne, when by search of Issues males he knew
The which his brother had aliue, against their couenant made:
When, Titan Victor, fast in hold was vanquisht Saturne laide,
Together with his wife and friends: where sorrow much they past,

Till

Till Iupiter did vnderstand his parentage at last.
He therefore landing toke in Crete, with well prouided men:
And slew his Vncle Titan, and the Giant Tiphon then,
With most part of the Titanoies, and sets his father frée:
By meanes whereof they reconcile, and well a while agrée.

NOt brooking then Apollos fault, in that he entertainde
The remnaunt of the Titanoies, that after warres remainde,
Apollo was by Iupiter inforced for to flie
His kingdome Paphos, and to liue exilde in Thessalie.
There loue, but chiefly penurie, constrayned him to kéepe
(Vntill he was restored home) the king Admetus shéepe.
And for his sonne disdainfully enuied loue his prayse
Ioue was the same Phisitions death that dead to life could raise:
Whose fame grew thus. As Æsculap an heardsman did espie,
That did with easie sight enforce a Basilisk to flie.
(Albeit naturally that Beast doth murther with the eye.)
Apollos sonne perceiuing him with Garland on his head,
Imagins (as it was indéede) some hearb such vertue bred:
And for a proofe, he caused him to cast the wreath away,
When strait the beast her onely eyes the silly man did slay.
Then Æsculap himselfe did take the wreath and puts it on,
And by that meanes he ouercame the Basilisk anon.
In hearbs that déeper force is hid then Science may containe
I finde, sayd he, and hearb by hearb into his mouth did strayne
That lay for dead, an hearb at last reuiuing him agayne.
Hencefoorth, men thought him more then man, whé by his wondrous (skill
He rendred life to many like, so winning great good will.
But as he wared famous thus, he famous wared proud,
Disdayning all, yea Ioue himselfe for péere he disalowd.
Vntill that Saturns angry sonne reuenged it by death:
Correcting iustly each abuse, as Rector on the Earth.

THe sonnes renoume thus added grace, vnto the fathers name,
But shadowes waite on substances, and enuie follo wes fame.
Euen Saturne, pompous Saturne, ridde by Iupiter of Foes
And feare of Titan, did renewe his superstitious woes,

As

As touching former Oracle: and hastie summons sent
Throughout his Realme to muster men, in purpose to preuent
By death of Ioue his destinie. The men of Crete repinde
To put on armour to his ill whom they had found so kinde:
But will they, nill they, so they must, for so their King assignd.
And Saturne with his armed troupes into Arcadia went,
Where Iupiter, forewarned of his fathers ill intent,
Intreated peace, to him denide, so that perforce he must
Defend him from his froward Sire, or rather foe vniust.

Theare might ye see King Saturne fight like to a Lion wood,
Whilest Iupiter did beare his blowes and spares his fathers blood:
and him that foe-like would him slay, he friendly did defend,
Desiring Saturne to retyre, till wordes were to no end.
The wilfull man pursuing blood, Ioue ceaseth to perswade,
And rushing in amongst his foes so hote a skirmish made,
That euery blowe sets blood a broch, and so in little space,
Euen he who late he did entreat is followed now in chace
By Arcas and his company: for Ioue refraind the slight,
Because against his countrey men he had no will to fight.

Whilest luckless Saturne did escape by flight and fortune then,
And wandred long in vncouth Seas, depriude of wealth and men,
Victorious Iupiter was crowned with glory King of Create:
And Saturne, now ariude at Troy, for succour did entreat.
Ganymedes, King Troys sonne, was sent in Saturnes ayde:
A worthy Knight, and, valiant warre to Iupiter he made.
But he and his were chased backe euen to their Citie walles,
For whoso stode with Iupiter, by Iupiter he falles.
And theare the Troyan Paragon Ganymedes was taine,
Twixt whome and Iupiter thencefoorth sound friendship did remaine.
Then Saturne did the second time to Seas with shame retire,
And neuer after durst by warre against his sonne conspire:
But sayling into lower Realmes, in Italie did dwell:
And hereof it is said, his sonne did chase him into hell.

MEane while, lesse ioyous of his fame than ielous of his freakes,
Her wrong Queene Iuno on the Truls of Iupiter she wreakes.
Which was the cause that, all too late, he (purposing returne

To rescue Danae (in whose loue he amorously did burne)
Was cast by stormes into the Seas, that forthwith toke the name
of him whom for his Piracies Ioue banquisht in the same.
Ye might haue seene Aægeon theare, with wreakfull wrath inflamde
At sight of Ioue, at whose decay he long in vaine had aimd.
And how that Ioue had now the worst, and in a trise agayne
The Gyant with his twise three Barkes in hazard to be taine.
The Centaures shew them valerous, so did Ixeon stout,
and braue Ganymedes did deale his balefull dole about,
But when couragious Iupiter had beaten to the ground
Aægeon, and in selfe same Chaynes wherein he often bound
The harmelesse soules that crost those Seas, himselfe in fetters lay,
Yée might haue sayd, and truely sayd, that then did end the fray.
So many were his high exployts, whereof such wonder breed,
That for the same the Heathen folke doe deifie him dead.
Which since they are so manifold, I many ouerpasse:
And though Amphitrio blush to heare, how he deceiued was,
And that Alcmena pinch my tongue, possest with bashfull shame,
Yea though that Iupiter himselfe my lauish tongue shall blame,
Yeat since that iealous Iuno knowes already of the same,
I dare to tell how Iupiter so cunningly beguilde
his loue Alcmena, that by him she traueled with childe
Of Hercules: whose famous Actes we orderly shall tell,
Whereof the first, but not the least, in Cradle-time befell.

## CHAP. IIII.

Whéne Iuno, not a little wroth against her husbands crime,
By whome shée was a Cockqueane made, did therefore at the time
In which Alcmena cride for helpe to bring her fruit to light,
Thrée nights and dayes inchaunt her throwes: and (of a Diuelish spight)

Intended both the Ladies death, and that wherewith she went:
Till Galinthis vnwitching her did Iunos spells preuent.
Howbeit cankered Iuno, still pursuing her intent,
Two poysoned Serpents, got by charmes, into the chamber brought
Where Hercules in cradle laie, and, thinking to haue wrought
A Tragedie, did let them lose: who smelling out their praie,
skaerd Hercules his brother that in selfe same cradle lay:
But Hercules, as Children vse with little whelpes to play,
Did dallie childishlie with them, and no whit did dismay:
Untill at last his tender flesh did feele their smarting stings,
And then displeasd, betwirt his hands the Snakes to death he wrings,
Amphitryo and the Thebanes all of this same wonder tell:
And, yeeres permitting, Hercules did with Furisteus dwell.
This King by spitefull Iunos meanes, did set him taske on taske,
But Hercules performed more then both of them could aske.
Yea, yet a Lad, for Actiuenes the world did lack his like,
To Wrestle, Ride, Run, Cast, or Shoote, to Swim, to Shift, or Strike,
As witnes (his inuention first) those solemne actiue Plaies,
That were on Mount Olimpus tride, where he had prick and praise.
For which his Nouell, and himselfe (in those not hauing Yeeres)
The Grecians by th'Olimpides kept reckning of their yeeres.

KIng Atlas daughters in the Iles of Hesperæ did holde
A manie Sheepe: and Poets faine their fleeces were of Golde:
(For rarenes then of Sheepe and Woll in figures so they faine)
Furisteus pricks his Puple on this noble Prize to gaine.
The Greekes applie their sweating Oares, and sailing doo persist
Untill they reach the wished shoare: where readie to resist
their entrance to the closed Iles an armed Giant stayd,
Whose grim aspects at first approch made Hercules afraide.
Now buckle they, and boysterous blowes they giue and take among:
A cruell fight: But Hercules had victorie ere long.
The Giant slaine, Philoctes tooke the vanquisher in hand:
An harder taske had Hercules then pausing now to stand,
Most dreadfull was their doubtfull fight, both lay about them round,
Philoctes held the harder fight by keeping higher ground.
The Sonne of Ioue perceauing well that prowesse not anaild,

Did

Did faine to faint: the other thought that he in deed had quaild,
And left th'aduantage of his ground, and fiercely smites his Foe:
But Hercules, whose policie was to contriue it so,
Renewing fight most eagerly, so strikes and strikes againe,
That to endure the doubled force his valiant Foe had paine.
Who, yeelding to his Victors will, did finde in him such grace,
As Hercules did thenceforth vse his friendship in each place.
Hesperides, the goodly Nimphes, their Keepers chaunce lament:
But Hercules did comfort them, and cure their discontent:
And shipping then of Rammes and Ewes a parcell thence he went.

IN coasting back by new-built Troy, he saw a monefull sort
of people, clustering round about their yet vnconquered Port.
He musing much, and striking Saile, did boldlie aske wherefore
They made such dole: Laomedon, then standing on the Shoare,
Did tell the cause: the cause was thus. Laomedon ere than
To reare the stately walles of Troy (a costly worke) began,
And wanting pay to finish vp the worke he had begunne,
Of Neptunes and of Phœbus Priests (the Godes of Sea and Sunne)
He borrowed money, promising repaiment of the same
by certaine time which thereunto he did expresly name.
The walles are built, the time is come, the Priests their money craue,
Laomedon forsweares the debt, and naughtie language gaue.
Forthwith the Sea (the Diuell then did many wonders showe)
Began to swell, and much of Troy with violence ouerflowe:
And thereupon the swealtie Sun (the waskfull Sea retierd)
So vehementlie did shine vpon the Mosse plashes myerd,
That thereof noisome vapours rose, and of those vapours spread
Such plagues, as scarce the liuing might giue buriall to the dead.
Repentant then, their wretched king to diuell-god Delphos goes
Where at the Oracle he knew his wrongs to cause such woes:
And how the Godds of Sun and Seas, offended, do require
Each month a Virgin, to appease a scathfull Monsters ire.
Wherefore to saue their common weale, the Troyans did agree,
One Virgin, as her Lot did light, should pay that monthlie fee.
Now after many murdred Maids (for monthlie at one day,
The fearefull Monster at the Port expects his wonted pray)

The lot fell to Hesione the daughter of the king,
whom to the Port to be devourd with teares the Troyans bring.
When Hercules thus understode the hard occasion why
The guiltles Lady should haue died, he purposing to trie
his valiantnesse, (for what was it that Hercules would flie:)
Did aske the king what gift should grow to him that should both free
His Daughter and his kingdome of that blody fee.
The king, whom now a doubted hope of profered helpe made glad,
made promise of two milk white Steedes as chiefest gemmes he had.
Braue Hercules, whose ventrous heart did onely hunt for fame,
Accepts th'assumpsit, and prepares the fiend-like fish to tame.
Anone the dreadfull Diuell driues the Sea before his brest,
and spitting mighty waues abrode, disgorgde from monstrous chest,
Lifts vp his vgly head aboue the troubled waues, to catch
The trembling Lady, for which pray his yawning iawes did watch.
But he, whose strength exceeded sense, with yron Club in fist,
Did boatlesse long with bruising worght the boistrous Whale resist.
The greater strokes, the fiercer was the monsters awlesse sight:
So that the Greekes and Troyans all misdoubt their dreadlesse knight.
Still Hercules did lay on load, and held the fight so long,
That in the end the Sea retirde, and left the fish among
The bared sands: and so for want of water, not of strength,
God fortune honours Hercules with victorie at length.
Now when the king, his Troyans, and the Grecians had behild
The substance of the vgly shape, euen dreadfull being kild,
they bring the Champion to the towne with triumphs, gifts, and praise:
And who but he beloud in Troy, whiles that in Troy he stayes:
Alone the King (a man no doubt predestinate to ill)
Obseruing how his Subiects bore to Hercules good will,
and fearing least their lone to him might turne himselfe to hate,
And seeing now himselfe and land in prosperous estate,
vnfriendly did exclude his friend from out his City strong,
Whilest with his Greekes he hunts abroad, mistrustlesse of such wrong,
and when the Champion and his men did from their sporte returne,
Not onely did gain say in Troy that longer they sojourne,
But also (impudent in guiles) withheld the Coursers twaine,
Which Hercules so dearly wonne, in hazard to be slayne.

Alcmenas

Alcmenas Sonne abashed then to finde so lewd a méede,
In lieu of well deserued loue was chollerick indéed:
and made a vow (if life gaue leaue) he would such vengeance take
on Troy, that euen the stones thereof for dread of him should quake,
and that the liuing Troyans then should say, and iustly say,
That they were happy whom the plague and Monster made away.
and threatning so the trothlesse King did leaue the hated Port,
And shortly did arriue at Thæbes, and feasts in Creons Court.

THence brought he war and wrack to Troy, and in his armie Kings:
And by the way Laomedus walles vnto the ground he flings,
And setteth Tenedos on fire, whose fearefull flames espide,
gaue Sommons vnto careleſſe Troy for worser to prouide.
Before the Greekes had reached Troy, the Troyans by the way
did bid them battaile: many men on either part decay.
The sounding armours crack with blows, whilest piercing arrows flie,
This lyeth dead, that same is mainde, and more at poynt to die:
Heads, armes, and armour flie about, and bodies swimme in blood,
and fresh supplies did fall with them on whom they fighting stood.
But Hercules, aboue the rest, bestird himselfe so well,
That still before his balefull Club by Shocks the Troyans fell.
Who, fainting now, seeke to retire into their fensine towne:
where Hercules their Porter was, and rudely knockes them downe.
Thus wonne he Troy, and sacked Troy, and Chanels flowed blood,
Nor did he breath whilest any part of all the Citie stood,
Saue stately Ileon. In the same a many Ladies weare,
Whose piteous teares wrought Hercules that onely place to spare,
As for the false Laomedon he secretly was fled,
And valiant Priamus his sonne to Greece was captiue led.

## CHAP. V.



T home returne, Quéene Iuno craues his com-
panie at Creat,
Whom, there arrivd with hartleſſe ioy his
ſtep-dame did intreat.
What? Heareſt thou not my ſonne (quoth ſhe)
how Argiue folke complaine
Of Lions thrée, that in their fieldes both men
and heardes haue ſlaine?
All this ſhe ſaid, as knowing him to ſéeke ſuch
hard affaires:
To win him to which deſperate fight no Courſe nor coſt ſhe ſpares.
When this was ſaid, enough was ſaid, and halfe was yet behinde
When Hercules did vow redreſſe, and Iuno had her minde.
He ioyes to heare of that exploit, ſuch was his ventrous hart,
And thanking Iuno for her newes, did ſo from thence depart.
Philoctes now and Hercules in Nemea Forreſt be,
Long ſéeking what they could not finde, till, crying from a trée,
an Heardſ-man ſaid, friends ſhift away, or elſe come vp to me:
Leaſt that thoſe cruell Lions thrée now ranging in this wood,
which haue deuourd thoſe Heards I had, and with my Manies bloud
Imbrud their fierce deuouring chappes, and forced me to clime
This Trée, where I (vnhappie man) on leaues haue fed long time,
may, all too ſoone, with tearing téeth deſtroy you in like caſe.
The quaking Heardſ-man ſcarce had ſaid thus much, when as a pace,
from out a Thick the Lions thrée on Hercules did run.
Philoctes truſtleſſe of his Prowſe, by climing did them ſhun.
And now the Rampant Lions great, whoſe onely view would quaſſe
An hundred Knights, though armed well, did Hercules aſſaile,
And ſometimes with their churliſh téeth and pinching pawes againe
So grieuouſly indanger him, that néere he faints with paine.
Howbeit (glorie checking griefe) he twaine had now diſpatcht:
The third, and dreadfulſt of the thrée, though many a blow he catcht,
yet neither Club nor Sword had force to harme his hardned Hyde
Antill that (weapons laid apart) by ſtrangling hands he dide.
Not Hercules himſelfe conceand more ioy of this ſucceſſe

Then

Then did Philoctes, who ere while did hope of nothing lesse.
The Herdsman, poore Melorcus, like as Hercules him wild,
Uncaest the Lions, fearing long to touch them being kild:
And in his Cottage to the Knights a Countrey feast he bild.
The Argiues, hearing of this deed, with Triumphes him intreate,
And offer all: but leauing all he doth returne to Create.
Whome glozing Iuno, gainst her minde, with cost did intertaine,
and with a tongue repugnant quite to her malicious vaine
Commends his deeds, when rather she did wish he had been slaine.
and therefore with an harder taske his labour did renew:
But what was it that manhood might, and he would not pursue?

IN Ægypt was a grieuous drought: the cause thereof vnknowen:
which to redresse, their Diuelish Gods and Oracle had showen.
Do offer vp strange bloud, they bid, and so auert our ire:
Busiris, prone before to bloud, had now his hearts desire,
No sooner Stranger toucht the shoare, but them the barbarous King
To frie in flames before his Gods for Sacrifice doth bring.
Yea custome added worse to ill, his Subiect and his friend
(when Strangers misse) supplie the flames: his murthers had no end.
Howbeit, with these Butcheries the drought did still remaine:
For in Busiris was the bloud that should redeeme the raine.
The Gods did meane (which they not minde) that lewd Busiris he
an Alien borne, that Stranger was, who dead, no drought should be.
A Noble man of Iunos kin Busiris late had slaine,
For losse of whome the Craftie Queene did often sorrowes faine.
Cease (Madame) saith Hercules, not long the time shalbe,
But I his tyrannie shall end, else it giue end to me.
Her sorrowes did not tith her ioy, when he had giuen consent
To vndertake that deathfull taske: for death was it she ment.
Now Hercules in Ægypt meetes Busiris and his Crew,
When sodainelie with maine assault on him the Giant flew:
Supposing to haue dealt with him, as he had done before
with other Strangers. Hercules alonelie, and no more
to take his part, with skathfull stroakes bestird his Club so well,
In battering of the Tyrants bones, that strengthlesse downe he fell.
Then did he kill and chase away his lewd and cruell traine,

Till

Till hearing of no further foe, he commeth backe againe,
and taketh vp the wretched King, that cryeth out for ayde:
And on the Altar, where himselfe had Strangers often layde,
Himselfe was made a Sacrifice: and as his blood did staine
the Altar, euen at that same time there fell a ioyfull rayne.
With ended drought, and Tyrants death, a common ioy befell:
And all in Memphis entertaine the vnknowen Champion well:
From thence returning back to Thæbes he there a while did dwell.

KIng Creons Daughter Megara, at Thæbes he did espouse:
To cõtenãce their wedding feast did want nor knights, nor prowse.
Which triumphs ended, when the knights should thence depart away,
Pirithous to his wedding bids them all, and names the day
Wherein to mæte at Thessaly: to which did all consent,
and at the time concluded of at Thessalie conuent.
Amidst their chéere, the soleunne feast the Centaures did disqueat:
Whom by no meanes, the nobles there to patience might intreat.
For they an hundred Gyants strong, with drinking whitled well,
amongst their cups, from words to blowes, and worser dealings fell:
And (too duragious at the least, fierce Eurytis their Guide)
Unreuerently they rauish thence Hippodame the Bride.
But Hercules not broking it, to arme himselfe begunne,
and all alone in rescue of the rapted Bride did runne.
By this time did Ixeons Steede stand still in battell rate,
When he, but one against them all, began a bloody fraie.
Ech arrow that with ayming hand from sturdy Bow he sent,
Did answere by the death of one the Sender his intent.
Whilest Hercules with deadly bow had store of Centaures slaine,
and, wanting arrowes, with their blood his valiant Club did stayne.
The Bridegrome and the other knights came to the ceasing fight,
When all were foyld, excepting twelue that sau'd their liues by flight.
Alonely Lycus yéelded him a prisoner, and liues:
And liuing vnto Hercules much after-sorrow giues:
But Nessus, that escaped then, in time him worser grieues.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VI.

THe glory of this high attempt, and saving of the Bride,
They all ascribe to Hercules: and whilst they heere abide:
To exercise his Piracies, as Pluto King of Hell,
(Such was the lewdnes of his life, and place where he did dwell,
That he and it were titled so) lay houering neere the shore,
And saw the folke of Cicilie their Gods with rights adore,
This routing King, with armed Guardes of his disordered Crew
did come a land to make their Pray: but for, to outward view,
The faine deuotion, none suspect the ill that did ensue,
Anon, a wreathing Garlands sweet hard at her mothers side,
King Pluto sawe Proserpine, and liking whom he spide,
Concluding with his companie how to conuay her thence,
Betwirt his boistrous armes he toke the faire and fearefull wench:
and dow what the Cicilians might, he setteth her aword:
and to his giltie Sailes the Aire did gentle Gales afford.
A number eyes in Cicilie for her did weepe, in vaine:
For her, her Mother Ceres and her Louer-mate did complaine,
Her selfe (sweet Lady) of her moane did finde no meane, God wot,
Though Dis to please did say and giue what might be said or got,
Imbarked then, with him his Harpe did wofull Orpheus take,
and to Molossia Plutos Realme with spedie Sailes did make.
Where he, vnknowne, at gate of Hell did harp such Musick sweete,
as lumpish Cerberus could not but shake his monstrous feete.
His foule and warpt ill-fauoured face, ore-hong with cole-black haires,
His horslike teeth, his lolling lips, his Doglike hanging eares,
His howked nose, his skowling eyes, his filthie knotted Beard,
and what not in his vglie shape: but presentlie appeard
More milder than his common mode, and lesser to be feard.
This hellish Porter, deeming that such musick would delight
his weeping Mistris, did conuay the Harper to her sight.
Where Pluto swore by dreadfull Stix, if Orpheus did by play

But make her laugh, what so he askt he should receiue for pay.
Anon such Heauenly Harmonie on skilfull Harpe he plaid,
That she her husbands musick knew, and ioyfull was she made.
Now Orpheus did a watch-word giue, and she to laugh began:
And for reward to haue from thence his wife he asked than.
Although it gawled Plutoes soule, his sweet-heart to forgoe,
Yeat for to quit him of his oath, he yeelds it shall be so,
With this condition, that before they fully passed Hell,
He should not backwards looke on her, what chaunce so'ere befell.
Now as they passe through blinde bi-waies, he fearing least perchaunce
she err or lag, returnes a looke: and who should marke that glaunce
but Cerberus, that purposelie for such aduantage waites:
Who still detaining her, did shut her Husband out the gates.
When Ceres heard of this mischaunce, she Cicill leaues anon,
And knowing all the Knightes of Greece to Thessalie were gone,
She thether goes in hope of helpe: where presently she mëtes
with Thæseus and Pirithous, whose salutings she regrëtes.
they wondring what the noble Quëene of Cicill there should make:
Become inquisitiue thereof: to whome sad Ceres spake
first of Proserpine her grëefe, and then of Plutoes guile:
For her she wëepes, on him she railes, and mooueth them meane while.
The mother of false Dis his rape had more behinde vnsaid,
When Aegeus and Ixions Sonnes did ioyntly offer aide.
About the desert partes of Greece there is a valley lowe,
To which the roaring waters fall that from the Mountaines flowe:
So Rockes do ouershadowe it that scarce a man may vewe
the open ayre: no Sun shines there. Amidst the darksome Mewe
doth stand a Citie, to the same belongs one onely Gate,
But one at once may come thereto the entrance is so straite,
Cut out the rough maine stonie Rocke. This Citie did belong
to Pluto, and because that he was euer doing wrong,
And kept a thëeuish Rable that in mischiefes did excell,
His Citizens were Diuels said, and Cittie named Hell.
When to this Citties ruthlesse gate were come the friendly Knights,
Fierce Cerberus did rouse himselfe, and scarcely barking bites.
He thought the world had lackt the man that thether durst repaire;
And troth to say, not one till then to do the like did dare.

Now

Now fiery sparkes from thundering strokes in darke did giue the light.
And Ceres Champions valiantlie maintaine their ventrous fight,
When stout Pirithous, too too bold, a deadlie wound he catcht:
And Theseus, though Combattan-like he long the Helhound matcht,
Yeat with his fellowe had he faine, and flying feares to cope,
Expecting nothing lesse then life: but hap exceeded hope.
For Hercules at Thessalie did feare so hard euent:
Whence lanching out, he made in showe as if to Thæbes he went,
But with Philoctes all his traine and Lycus home he sent:
And he himselfe to aide his friends did to Molossa goe,
Wheare, like as did his minde presage, he found it very so.
For euen as currish Cerberus with gorie blocs did chace
the wounded and the wearie Knight, came Hercules in place.
An vnexpected happie sight to Theseus at that tide:
Whom Cerberus forsaking then at Hercules he slide,
Vpbraiding him with threatning words, and like himselfe did raue,
And reacht him many a crabbed rap with his presumtious Glaue.
The Danter then of Trespallers perceauing Theseus drie
his grieuous wounds, and at his feet Pirithous dead to lie,
Desirous to reuenge them both, laies lustie lode about,
And with his still victorious Club did Cerberus so cloute,
That, quite dismaid at such a match, he reeling to the ground,
Did send from out his Doggish throat a loud and diuelish sound.
But when the victor sure enough the vanquished had bound,
He leauing Theseus weake without into the Cittie went:
Whereas he found the wicked King and Citizens, that spent
their fruteless time in vices foule, and dealings most vniust,
As those that in their Porters strength reposed all their trust.
With these did Hercules play Rex, and leauing Dis for dead,
Not one escapes his deadly hand that dares to shewe his head.
Whole thousands then did breath their last, & who had seene the sight,
Might well haue said it Hell indeede: for euerie thing out-right,
Besides that sullen Mewe it selfe, did giue a figure plaine
of selfe same Hell, where innumerable Soules abide in endlesse paine.
Haue howlings out & shuddering feare came nought to eare or sight,
With greeuous grones of dying Ghosts: & so much more their spight,
By how much more he found them then in pleasures and delight.

This horror hanging, Hercules in buskling vp and downe
In Plutoes Pallace, to her ioy, Proserpine he found:
And tolde her of enlargement thence. And then in harrowed Hell
(Pyrithous buried) he, nor she, nor Theseus longer dwell.
But, waying Anker with the Quéene of Cicils Daughter went
To Thessalie: where present gréefes pretended ioyes prouent,
For, hearing of Pyrithous death, not one but did lament.
Hippodame (a Widowe now) especially bewailes
Her ouer-hardie Husbands death. But wéeping lesse preuailes
Then did Reuenge: for Hercules vnto her dome commits
Her gréefes Contriuer, Cerberus, almost besides his wits
For feare of death his due desert: whome causing to be bound
both hands and féet, and to be dragd along the ragged ground,
A knauish Skull of Boyes and Girles did pelt at him with stones,
And laying on with staues and whippes did breake both flesh & bones.

WHen Hercules should passe to Hell, as hath before bén said,
And that Philoctes of his men he had Lieutenant made,
And as Philoctes with his charge on Seas to Thæbes did passe,
He met Androdamus, the King of Calcedon he was.
Androdamus, not knowing yet his Cosen there inthralde,
(For Lycus was his Cosen) to the Thæbane Pilots calde
To ken of whence and where they would. But ere the Thæbans might
Giue answer, Lycus clogd with chaines on hatches stode vpright
And cride, Androdamus beholde and succour me thy friend,
That shamefully, vnles thou helpe, am like my life to end.
A Captiue am to Hercules, and thus to Thæbes must goe:
Giue aide therefore. Androdamus deferres not doing so,
But setteth on Philoctes, that himselfe and Shippe defends,
And part of Calcedons he slewe, and part to Sea he sends:
But where the number tripled there for them the Battell ends.
When Lycus was discharg'd of bands, and stout Philoctes bound,
He tolde what skath the Centaures late in Thessalie had found.
Amongst the slaine he named some allied to the King:
For which the sauage Tyrant swore reuenge on Thæbes to bring.
And sailing thence preuailed theare by comming vnawares:
And putteth all to sacke and sword, nor olde nor young he spares.

He

He slaieth Creon, and in holde fair Megara was cast:
And leauing Lycus King in Thæbes, from Thæbes the Tirant past.
Whilest Lycus thus did Lord it theare, the erroz of his eye
Did vere his heart: but Megara his lust did chastly slie.
And Hercules by now had newes how things at Thæbes fell out,
And how that Lycus theare was Lord, and none foz him durst route.
Disguised then he thither comes and to the Pallace went:
Whom, whē the Porters would haue staide, his ragges he of did rēt,
And showes himselfe like to himselfe, no bloe in vaine he spent
That sets not breath oz blould abroch. This vpzoze Lycus heard,
And thinking that some priuat Fray had falne amongst his Garde,
Presuming that his presence would appease the growing heat,
Did cast his haughtie armes abroad, as who would say, be queat,
Oz here am I that can aswell commaund it as intreat:
Which Hercules so soddainelie chopt off, that (yet vnmist)
He thinking to haue vsed Armes, was armeles ere he wist.
Then Hercules, our Hercules is come, all Thæbes it cride,
Now shake we off our seruile Yoke and follow him our guide:
And so they did, till none were left to holde on Lycus side.
The medly ended, Hercules did bring the Centaure bound
To Prison: whereas Megara in miserie he found:
Foz Lycus, spēdeles in his lust, against her so had frownde.
Yea (moze reuengefull) seeing her imbraced by his Foe,
And hoping nothing lesse then life, to vere them ere he goe
He saide: thou doatest ouermuch to entertaine that Whoze,
The falsest Ladie vnder Heauen: foz let me liue no moze,
If Megara (I speake by prowse) imbraced so of thee,
Hath not offended diuers waies, and common bēen to me.
Then Hercules supposing that his spēches had bēen true,
Swēpt off the lying Centaurs head, and in that choller slewe
(To credulent) his guiltlesse wife: but dead her death did rue.

FOz losse of her, and slaughtered friends he, vered at the heart,
did then from Thæbes (an heauie man) to Foztaine lands depart.
Distressed in the Troyan Rhode he succour sought foz pay:
To which (his peoples triple plague) Laomedon said nay:
And to prouide their second scourge saild Hercules away:

For, comming back with Iasons Prize from Calchos, he complaines
of churlish King Laomedon, and so an armie gaines.
At Troy the Greekish Peeres and he did land thir armed men:
Whome to resist Laomedon did range his Battailes then.
The Troyans they beskird them well, the Grecians stood not still,
Laomedon fights valiantlie, and many a Greeke did kill:
Till Hercules (disgesting ill to see his Foe pursue
such good successe) encounters him, whom easilie he slue.
And hauing slaine the traiterous King he ceaseth not to die
his Thæbian Club in Phrigian bloud, till all began to flie.
But with the Troyans, Telamon, and Hercules both twaine,
And by their valour all the Greekes the gates and Citie gaine:
And kill who so of Troy they caught, and rased to the ground
the Citie, whilest that house by house, or stone on stone they found.
And ventrous Telamon, for that he entred first the gate,
For Prize had faire Hesione, of Troy the latest fate:
For Priamus to quit her Rape, long after sent his Sonne
To rauish Hellen from the Greekes. So thirdlie warre begonne:
Hesione the cause to Troy, and Hellen to the Greekes,
And all did worke that Troyan Brute the Albian Climate seekes.

THE

# THE SECOND BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

## CHAP. VII.



The twise-sackt Towne the Grecians then did
merrilie forsake,
And Hercules for new affaires, did lande in Æ-
gypt take.
There in a Porte he did espie a Fléete of Shipps
from farre,
Well fraught with men, Munition, and what
else pertaines to warre.
When Affer (hée chiefe Captaine was of that
same Fléete) did spie
the Enlignes of the famous Greeke, he knew them by and by;
And entertaining on his knées the Owner of the same,
Reioyced to behold the man so honoured by fame.
With Affer sailed Hercules to Lybia, to put downe
the Gyant King Antæus, that had aided to the Crowne
of Ægypt gainst th'Ægiptians willes, Bursiris lately slaine
by Hercules, in whose conduct they doubt not to obtaine.
They taking land in Lybia now, and hauing in their sight
the threatned Citie of the Foe, his Tents did Affer pight,
And girts it with a sodaine Siege. The Giant then did shake
his hideous head, and vow'd reuenge, yea sharpe reuenge to take.
But issuing out his Citie gates he found the Foe so hot,
That, notwithstanding such his braggs, the worst Antæus got:

For

For Hercules did canuase so his carkes, that at length
he did retire himselfe and men, as trustlesse of his strength.
His Libians slaine, and he not sound, Antæus Truce did craue:
For graunt whereof vnto his Foes meane time he victuals gaue:
And whilest the Vonth of Truce did last, the Giant bruised sore,
Did heale his wounds, and to his part sollicits Aiders more,
Meane while the Greeke to Mauritain did passe vnknowne of all,
and theare in King Antæus aide he found supplies not small:
And for he loked souldier-like, they brought him to the King,
who offered pay: not so (quoth he) I meane another thing,
Discharge these Bands, or els will I discharge thée of thy breath,
That all alone to thée and thine oppose me to the death.
When Atlas knew him Hercules, that conquered of late
The Iland which his daughters held, and brought to latest fate
His Giant that defended them, and captiuated than
His friend Philoctes: he twirt feare and fiercenesse wared wan.
And loke how fast the ratling haile vpon an house doth fall,
So fast they lay on Hercules, that holdeth wage gainst all.
and as the Smith with Hammour beats his forged Mettall, so
he dubs his Club about their pates and sleas them on a row.
And whilest (not daring to loke downe) by heaps on him they flie,
Some stumbling on the bodies dead are smothered so and die:
Some sliding in their slipperie bloud, wherewith the place did swimme,
were strangled so: some others whilest disordredly at him
They freat and foyne, are crowded on by those that hindmost be,
and with their weapons spoyle themselues and fellowes two or thrée:
Some others with the wounding points of broken weapons die:
and others daring with their Foe their bootles force to trie,
were in a moment slaine by him: and thus in little space,
Without resistance Hercules had Lordship of the place:
And, maugre swords or studied Starres, brought Atlas to the seas,
whereas Philoctes did in time his pensiuenes appease:
And to his friend commends the Foe for bountie, which at last
himselfe did finde: and when as time his griefe had ouerpast,
The same that for Astrologie the Skies support was said,
In such his Science Hercules a perfect Artist made.
The Vonth of Truce by this had end, and Hercules returnes

To Affer, that incamped at the Lybian walles soiournes.
A second battell then begonne. Antæus like a Baer
Bestires himselfe amongst his Foes: whilest Hercules did faer
as roughly with contrarie blowes, till none to fight did daer.
But humblie all submitting them subdued by his might,
He gaue them grace, and staied theare, to dow them law and right.
Meane time Antæus, lately fled, returnes from Mauritain,
And with a mightie Troupe of Moores renewed fight againe.
And all the Fields with Carcases of mangled men were filde,
And numbers failed to the Moores that Hercules had kild.
But when Antæus saw his men to lessen more and more,
Resoluing or to win the Spurres or lose himselfe therefore,
He makes a bloudie glade vntill the Thæbane he espide,
And finding him: bestowe on me thy blowes, the Giant cride,
That am both able to endure, and to repay the same,
A Flie is not an Eagles praie, nor Mouse a lions game.
My death might countenance thy dëedes (if that it so would be)
But make account that I anon will triumph ouer thëe.
In saying which he smites his Foe, performing wondrous might:
And bodie vnto bodie they with equall dammage fight.
But Hercules disdaining that so long Antæus standes
with him in combat, griping him betwixt his angrie handes,
Did crush his Carkasse in the ayre that life did leaue him so:
And thus did reape a Monarchie, and rid a mightie Foe.
Then Hercules (Antæus dead) with ease he ouercame
all Lybia, with the Prouinces and Kingdomes of the same,
And maketh Affer King of al that beares the Donëes name.

IN erpedition of which warre when Hercules would dwell
no longer time, but purposed to bid his friends farewell,
A warlike wench, an Amazon, salutes him by his name,
And said: knowe Hercules (if it thou knowest not by fame)
how that the Scythian Ladies, late erpeld their natiue Land
by King of Ægypt, haue contriu'd amongst themselues a bande,
And with the same haue conquered all Asia, Ægypt, and
all Cappadocia. Now that for we Victors vnderstand
the Africanes are our Allies, we minding to procëd

In further conquests, tendring them, haue therefore thus decréd:
That you two Champions shall elect, and we will also send
two Ladies, that for victorie shall with your Knights contend.
And if your Champions vanquish ours, then we will tribute pay:
But if that ours do vanquish yours, then you shall vs obay.
But hope not so, more profite giues our bountie then our bloes,
And vnenforced tribute may procure you friendlie Foes.

Then Hercules, admiring much the Chalengers, did yéld
two aduerse Knights the morrow next should méet them in the field.
And mounted well on Corsers twaine next light by dawne of day
Into the Listes came Hercules and Theseus. Mid the way
vpon a brace of milke white Stédes the two Viragoes méete
the Knights: and each the other did with ciuill Congies gréete.
Then either parte retiring backe began to make their race,
And couching well their valiant Speares did run a wondrous pace.
With Menalippe Hercules the fight did vndertake,
And Theseus with Hippolite did his Encounter make.
They méeting, either part both horse and load to ground were cast,
Whereat the Africanes did muse, and Scythians were agast.
Unhorsed thus, disdainfully each Knight defendant tooke it:
And either Ladie so disgrac'd as scornefullie did brooke it.
Then settle they to handy Armes, the which was long and fierce,
And with their cutting weapons did both Helms and Harnesse pierce.
But Hercules, though neuer matcht so hardie in his life,
Disarmes at length his Scythian Task, and ended was their strife.
But Theseus with his Combatteese in doubtfull battell fights,
Till, blushing at the Maidens blowes, he checks his mending sprights:
And laide so hardlie to her charge, not able to sustaine
his fresh-got force, that he also the second Prize did gaine.
Antiope, a third vnto those warlike Sisters twaine,
Beholding how similerly the double fight had past,
Makes sorrow, whilst the Africanes reioice for it as fast.

The Scythians to the Africanes did Homage then, and pray
their Ladies might be raunsomed. That sute did Theseus stay,
For he through Lance, his Foe through loue went Victoresse away.
And therfore when th'Athenian Knight and Amazon were matcht
in mariage, Menalippe then from Durance was dispatcht.

And

And Hercules (then which to him no greater Prize could be)
had Queene Antiope her Beast and Armour for his fee,
And sets the Dames of Thermodon from other ransome free.
And Theseus with Hippolite at Athens landing takes,
And Hercules to Calidon a Dismall viage makes.

THeare did King Oeneus bounteously receaue so great a Guest:
Where scarcely had he any time from passed toiles to rest,
But that proud Achelous sent Ambassadors to knowe
If that King Oeneus on him his daughter would bestowe,
If not to threaten wreakfull warres: which much abasht the King,
Till Hercules, who then was come about the selfe same thing,
(For loue to Deianira both Competitors did bring)
Expelled feare by offring aide to backe him from the Foe,
By meanes whereof vnsatisfide away the Legats goe.
The Tyrant Achelous then, with all Epirus force
inuades the bounds of Calidon, and spoils without remorse.
But Hercules he leading forth his Armie got the day,
And well was he amongst his Foes that fastest ran away.
They and their King, with hard escape, immure themselues at length within a Castle neere the Sea, an Hold of wonderous strength.
The Thæbane then, as resolute to spoyle both Foe and Port,
Did burne his Foes forsaken shippes left riding in the Port:
And with a fewe besets the Holde. When Achelous he
so slender watch about the walles of Enemies did see:
He scorned that so weake a siedge should pen him vp so straight,
Who hauing ten for one of them, did issue out the Gate
against the Greekes, that willinglie his comming did awaite.
Espying Hercules, he cride, lo yond same Diuell is he
that droue vs out of Calidon: who so of mine he be
that slaieth him, shall be inricht with great rewards by me.
But he that made such offers large, did offer them in vaine:
For when his men sawe Hercules approching them amaine
With fierie eyes, and angrie lookes, and dreadfull Club in fist,
They thought it needles to assaile, and boteles to resiste,
And euerie man retired back into the holde againe,
Wheare many daies, attempting flight, they cowardly remaine.

From warre at length they fell to wieles. There lay vpon the shoare
a broken Hoy, that had not brookt the Seas of long before:
The Mast they boring full of holes, in euerie hole did sticke
a burning Torch, and lancht it out in night when cloudes were thick.
No sooner was the firie keele a float vpon the waues,
And that the Greekes espied it, but ech man rashlie craues
the viewing of so strange a sight. But Hercules did smell
the presupposed Stratagem, and raung'd his armie well,
And marching neere the guilefull light, did finde ambushment theare,
That playing on aduantage thus (preuented though) appeare.
Occasion happning, Hercules would not omit the same,
But toke them as he found them now, and fights it out by aime.
When Achelous he behild his guile by guile to faile,
Well might he chafe, but harder chaunce his courage might not quaile.
For loke how fierce and boistrouslie a chafed Bull doth fight,
So Achelous lustilie on either side did smite:
And by his only prowesse then a manie Knights were slaine,
Whilst Hercules with like successe his Opposits did paine.
And now, by chance, amidst the brunt the valiant Woers twaine
do single, and togethers tug, and as two Lions strong
ech one desiring others bloud did hold a Combate long.
king Achelous minding her for whom began that broile,
To conquere where he did contend, annexed hope to toyle,
Alcmenas Sonne remembring too, whose cause he did defend,
Euen hers on whom his being and his verie soule depend,
So chargd his Contrarie with knocks, and vsd his Club so well,
That vanquished (though valerous) king Achelous fell.
Th'Epirotes when they saw their King a Captiue led away,
Their hearts were done: and Hercules subdued them ere day.
And Achelous in exile did end his latter dayes:
And all Ætolia was fild with Hercules his praise,
To whom the King did giue to Wife faire Deianira, she
the pleasing prise of that his prowse, and dearelie earned Fee,
Who after, of her owne decay, and his, the meane should be.
The Centaure Nessus was the man that made her erre so much:
Of which her error, but his sinne, the circumstance is such.

CHAP

# CHAP. VIII.

WHen ouer déepe Euenus Fórd the paſſage did not fit,
This Giant, of a Stature tall, did offer helpe to it.
And Hercules, forgetting him (for at the Centaures Fray
The ſame vnſlaine, but not vnſkard, eſcaped then away)
Did pray him to the farther ſhoare with Deianire to waide,
And ſo he did, whilſt Hercules this ſide the Riuer ſtaid.
When Iunos Bréd on farther bankes his Paſſenger had ſet,
Then luſt and long conceaued grudge to foule reuenge did whet:
Not Deianira coulde auoid a Rape, or little leſſe:
Or Hercules diſioynd by Fórd, giue aide to her diſtreſſe.
One while, contrarie to himſelfe, full humbly he intreates,
Anon, like Hercules indéede, he did commaund with threats.
But firſt nor latter might preuaile, for Neſſus hald her thence.
I may not follow, nor in flight is (Centaure) thy defence
ſaid Hercules. His déeds approue his latter ſaying true,
For letting flie a fatall Shaft the Rauiſher he ſlue.
And though the arrow galled him euen at the very heart,
Yeat for a while he did indure the not iuduring ſmart.
And hauing brought his trembling Rape into a vallie, ſaid:
Sée Deianira how thy Loue an end of me hath made.
Yet is my death leſſe griefe to me, then that thou ſhouldſt beſtow
thy ſelfe on ſuch a changing Churle as Hercules: I know
(ſwéet Wench I know) he doth preferre contrarie Loues to thée,
Wherefore my graue (the leſſe my griefe) in this thy gard ſhall be.
Take this (he gaue a folded cloth, and to the baene therein
he mixed ſomewhat of his bloud) this ſame (quoth he) ſhall win
To thée again thy Husbands loue, when he ſhall it eſtrange:
For out of doubt, I know it I, he takes delight in change.
When thou ſuſpecteſt ſuch a wrong, do boyle a ſhirt with this:

No sooner shall he weare the same (herein such vertue is)
but that his nouell Loue will change and fall whence it did slie:
Meane while do not the vnction touch, least so the vertue die.
In all this time betwirt his armes he did the Ladie claspe,
And hild her so, as Hawke a Pray, vntill his latest gaspe.
Then leauing him a liueles Coarse, mistrusting nought his drift,
She meaning simply, toke with her the traitours poisned gift.
And Hercules by this had past the Riuer deepe and wide:
Who (Deianira first imbrast) drew from the Centaures side
the fatall Shaft that should the death of braue Achilles proue,
In Phœbus Church, by Paris hand, for Polixenas loue.

The Centaure left vntombed there, Hée, Shée, and all their träine
are come to Lerna, whom the King did noblie entertaine.
Theare had he from their common teares the cruell hauock made
by Lernan Hydra, whom in Fenne not armies durst inuade.
His vpper parts had humane forme his nether Serpentine, (fine,
The whole was monstrous, yeat his wit more monstrous, but most
(For wit is monstrous when the same from vertue doth decline.)
Such were his subtill arguments, and still supplies therein,
That he by often losse of heads was fained heads to winne.
And wittie thus to others wrong confounded all he found,
Propounding questions, and a word vnanswerd was a wound.
The Scourge of Tyrants hearing this, did promise death or aide,
Whilst fearefull Deianira did the contrarie perswade.
But womans speech from weapons vse might not withdraw him then,
Till entring Palus, he had rousd the Monster from his Denne.
Disdainfullie did Hydra take the presence of his Foe,
And after subtill arguments to sturdie fight they goe.
Two blowes at once with Glaue and Taile made Hercules to rèele:
Who since he first had vsed armes the like did neuer fèele.
Not long he borrowed had the Loan, but Hydra had the like:
So either twaine repaie their debt, and neither faintlie strike.
But who might stand with Hercules? By him the Monster fell:
Who, burning vp his vgly shape, did passe his soule to hell:
Which happie fate of Hydras fall left Lerna glad and well.
From whence to Athens, and from thence to Lycia did he saile,

Then

Then to Hesperia Gerions Realme his outrages to quaile.

HE by his triple tyrannie (for Gerion he was said
three-headed, in respect that him three other Giants aid)
So spoild and plag'd the neighbour Realmes with daily wrongs & war,
That all the force of Africa his furie could not barre.
In Gadira when Hercules his Pillers reared had,
The which (our Westerne world not knowne) mē farther land forbad,
Then with victorious ships he sets on Gerions chased Fleet:
And secondly at Megida did either armie méete.
Theare Gerion with his brothers twaine the Cittie did beset,
And scornefullie aduaunce themselues as men not to be met.
Prouiding therefore murall workes, they threaten hot assault:
Whilest Hercules contrarie warres vnto his souldiers taught.
The Gates wide opened, out he comes vnto the Giants three,
Your men, he said, are well at worke, well met are also we.
This lesse then Monster, more than man, a Fiende in humane shape
the Spanyard said, is he from whom I made so hard escape.
Yet hardlier shalt thou now escape, said Hercules, and than
betwéene them foure, three to one. A cruell fight began.
And euery of the Giants thought himselfe an ouer-match
to Hercules, who almost gaue to one a quick dispatch,
The second he dispatcht in deed, who fell his latest fall.
Then thousands came to rescue them, yeat one, he fights gainst all:
Till Theseus with the other knights did march their Armie out,
And ioyne to him, their Foes with them, and all make battaile stout.
Then Gerions brother fights againe, and both did bathe in bloud,
It was no fighting where they fought, or standing where they stood.
King Meleus, Theseus, Hispan, and Philoctes did no lesse:
But soueraignlie the Sonne of Ioue bestird him in the presse.
The Giant, Gerions brother, then by him did breath his last,
And Gerion did retire his men into their Gallies fast,
But where they land, theare Hercules wonne lāding, though he past
The Pikes: withstāding thousand Swords, & warding thousand slings
himselfe alone, ere that his men to fight on shore he brings.
Then Geryon, cursing heauen & earth: bestirre ye friends he cride,
Now is the time to liue or die, let good or bad betide,

Do liue as men, or die as men, see tenne we are for one,
What lets vs then from victorie, that victors haue béene knowne?
Reuenge your selues, reuenge your friends, reuenge our cõmõ mone.
Nor did he shrinke from what he saide, or said not as he wrought:
His onely deeds were manies death: Till Hercules he sought,
Whome singling, after combat long, of him his end he cought:
So to subiection Hespera by Hercules was brought.

NO better Spanish Cacus sped, for all his wondrous strength,
Whom Hercules from out his Realme debelled at the length.
A richer King or Tyrant worse liu'd not in any Land,
Nor any one gainst Hercules in hardier fight did stand.
Yeat chased by his Conqueror he was inforc'd to flie
vp to a Mountain in those parts: where as, at point to die
through famine, by his Magicke Arte he made the Mountaine flame,
And by that shift escapt his Foe, long wondring at the same.
Then fled the Giant night and day (for feare did lend him wings)
And as about from place to place the wandring Tyrant flings,
He on a Mount in Italie cal'd Auentine did light,
Where laboured Cacus did repose his wearied limmes all night.
In this same Hill he found a Caue, which fitting place espide,
He did resolue in secrecie thencefoorth himselfe to hide
in that same Mount from sight of men: and being theare alone,
That words at least might vent his woes he maketh thus his mone.
Ah wretch (quoth he) no longer King, that title now must change,
Thou late were fearfull vnto all, now fearing all must range.
This ragged Caue must now suffise in stead of Royall seat,
And though (alas) the place should please, yet want I what to eat.
where be my solemne banquets now? where is my stately traine?
My Tributes? nay my proper Gods? or do my friends remaine?
Not one I feare: proud wealth was such, that now in time of néed
I knowe not where to seeke a friend in any hope to spéede.
And yeat despaire not, Picus liues, indebted much to me
for great good turnes: to him I will ere here I setled be.
Thus droue he forth the dismall night, and vp by peepe of day
he sped him vnto Calabrie, for there King Picus lay.

His daughters three of long before, and still did loue him well:
And, whether with the kings consent, or not, it so befell
he toke them all to Auentin, and there with him they dwell.
About his boisterous necke full oft their daintie armes they cast,
Still plying him with kisses sweet, no sport was ouer-past
That Cacus would, e they might worke: and more, their custome was
by pleasant tales in order told the wearie times to passe.
And once especiallie it was concluded on a row
That each of them should tell her tale, the first beginning so.

## CHAP. IX.

KIng Aganippus ere his death had with his Lords decreed
his only daughter Daphles should in Empire him succeed.
A fayrer Ladie liu'd not then, and now her like doth lacke,
And nature, thinke I, neuer will a second She compact.
The king intombed, Daphles of his Scepter was possest:
And one there was, a Noble man, that could it not digest.
Who (for he was of fame and force) did bid her battaile, and
In doubtfull end of victorie their ciuill quarrels stand.
At length the Argiue Maiden Queene she Doracles subdued:
But (Cacus) of this Stratagem a Tragedie ensued.
Now Loues, not Launces fame in vre, the man that lost the day,
and lies in Thaines, left her in cares: her Conquest was his pray.
Full often did she blame her selfe for louing him her foe,
But oftner thought she it more blame not to haue erred so.
Thus whom in Tampe she loathed late, in chaines she loued now,
And thought him sure, because so sure. To Princes prisoners bow
Thinks shee: and watching fitting time, vnto the Prison went,
Where at the doore of such his Lodge a many teares she spent.
But entring, when her eyes beheld the Image of her hart,
To her still peerelesse, though his hands had altred him in part,

Shee casting down her bashfull eies stood senceles then a space,
Yeat what her tongleſſe loue adiorned was extant in her face:
And now the Goaler left to her the Prisoner and the place.
Then, cheering carefull Doracles, let it suffice (quoth shee)
That I repent me of thy bands, and frankly set thee free.
And let that Grace grace-out the rest, for more remaines behind
then, being said, may decent seeme to such as faults will find.
My selfe, my Land, my Loue, my life, and all what so is mine
possesse: yet loue, and saue my life, that now haue saued thyne.
Then sownes She at his sullen feete, that yet abode in thrall:
Which to auoid, he faintly rubs his Liuer on his gall:
And with his hand, not with his heart, did reare her sinking downe,
And faining to approue her Choise, had promise of the Crowne.
But neither Crown, nor Countries care, nor She (worth all the rest)
nor grace, nor dutie, reconcile whom enuie had possest.
No sooner was he got at large, and wealth supplid his lack,
But he to seeke her ouerthrow to forren aids did pack.
Demaund not how the wronged Queene disgested such her wrong,
But aske if she, the tidings tolde, to heare them liu'd so long.
She liu'd in deede, yet sowned oft, and sowning ouerpast,
From her mistempered head she teares her louely Tresses fast.
And beateth on her Iuorie brests, and casts her on the ground,
And wrings her hands, and stricheth out, and flingeth vp and downe.
Her Ladies pittying her distresse had got their Queene to rest:
From whencefoorth outward signes & sighes her inward griefe exprest,
Her sparing Diet, seldome sleepe, her silence, and what not:
Had framd her now right Louer-like, and bild her so, God wot:
Who hearing where he made abode these lines to him she got.

WHat fault of mine hath causd thy flight doth rest in cloudes to me,
But faultles haue I heard of none, and faultie may I be.
Yeat not my Scepter, but my selfe, haue kinglie Suters sought:
Did all amisse, saue thou alone, that setteſt both at nought:
At nought, said I: Yea well I said, because so eallie cought.
But cite a Crime, and for it I will shed a million teares:
And to be penitent of faults with it a pardon beares.
Ah, Doracles, if our extroames, thy malice and my loue,

The formers euer ill shall not the latters good remoue.
I heare thou doest frequent the warres, and war thou wilt with me,
Forgetfull that my Argiue men unpatient Warriours be:
Sweet, hazard not the same to sword that Loue doth warrant thée.
Ech Spear that shall but crosse thy Helme hath force to craese my hart:
But if thou bleede, of that thy blood my fainting soule hath part.
With thée I liue, with thée I die, with thée I lose or gaine,
Liue safe therefore, for in thy life consists the liues of twaine.
Most wiselie valiant are those men that backe their armed Stéeds
In beaten Paths, ore borded Tylthes to break their staffe-like Réeds:
Wheare not the dynt of wounding Launce, but some deuise of loue,
Sans danger, hath sufficient wait their manhods to approue.
Wheare braue Aspectes of louely Dames Tantara to the fight,
Whose forms perhaps are weg'd in harts, whẽ Fauours wag in sight.
Whearas the Victors Prize is praise, and Trumpets sound ech blow,
Wheare all is well, that seemes but well, in courage or in show.
Wheare Ladies doffe their Champions Helmes, & kisse wheare Beauers hid,
And parlie vnder Canapies how well or ill they did.
Retire therefore, sweet heart retire: or, if thou wilt be arm'd,
Then fight as these where all things make that all escape vnharm'd.
Such manhod is a merriment: things present are regarded:
Not thousand drammes of blood in warre, one drop is here rewarded.
In few, the warres are full of woes, but here euen words of warre
haue brauer grace thẽ works thẽselues, for Courts frõ Campes be far.
Than are ỹ valiant, who more vaine: Than Cowards who more wise:
Not men that trauell Pegasus, but Fortunes fooles do rise.
Me thinks I see how churlish lookes estrange thy chéerefull face,
Me thinks thy gestures, talke, & gate, haue changd their wonted grace:
Me thinks thy sometimes nimble Limbs with armour now are lame:
Me thinks I see how scarres deforme where Swords before did maime:
I see thée faint with Sommers heat, and droup with winters cold:
I see thée not the same thou art, for young thou seemest old:
I see not, but my soule doth feare, in fight thou art too bold:
I sorrow, lastlie, to haue seene whom now I wish to see,
Because I see loues Oratresse pleads tediouslie to thee.
If words, nor weepings, loue, nor lines, if ease, nor toyle in fight,
May vaine thée from a pleasing ill, yet come thou to my sight:

Perchaunce my presence may dissuade, or partnership delight.
But woe am I, dead paper pleades, a senceles thing of woe:
It cannot weepe, nor wring the handes, but say that she did so:
And saieth so discredited, or if, then thought of course:
Thus thus, because not passionate, to paper failes remorse.
O that my griefes, my sighes, and teares, might muster to thy viewe,
Thē woes, not words, thē paine, not pē, should vouch my writing true.
Yeat fare thou well, whose fare-well brings such fare-ill vnto me:
Thy fare-well lackes a welcome home, and welcome shalt thou be.
These lines, subscribed with her name, when Oracles did viewe,
He was so far from liking them, that loathing did ensue.
And, least that hope should ease her heart, or he not seeme vnkinde,
In written Tables he to her returned thus his minde.
The Bées of Hybla beare, besids swæt honny smarting stings
And beautie doth not want a baite that to repentance brings.
Cōtent thee, Daphles. Moles take mads, but mē know Moles to catch,
and euer wakes the Dawlian bird to ward the sloe-wormes watch.
I haue perus'd, I wot not what, a scrole, forsoth, of loue,
As if to Dirus in his Tent should Cupid cast his gloue.
A challenge proper to such Sottes as you would make of me,
But I disdaine to talke of loue, much more in loue to be.
Nor thinke a Quæne, in case of loue, shall tie me to consent,
But holde the contrarie more true, and it no consequent.
For persons must in passions iumpe, els loue it proueth lame:
Nor thinke I of a womans graunt, but as a woers game.
Your Sex withstands not place and speach: for be she baese or hie,
A womans eye doth gvide her wit, and not her wit her eye.
Then senceles is he, hauing speach, that bids not for the best:
Euen Carters Walkings will disdaine when Gentrie will disgest.
The better match the blauer mart, and willinger is sought:
And willing sute hath best euent: so Vulcan Venus cought.
I argue not of her estate, but set my Rest on this,
That opportunitie can win the coyest She that is.
Then he that rubs her gamesome vaine, and tempers toyes with Arte,
Brings loue that swimmeth at her eyes, to diue into her hart.
But since the best, at best, is bad, a Shrow or els a Sheepe,
Just none at all are best of all, and I from all will keep.

Admit

Admit I come, and come I then because I come to thée?
No, when I come, my comming is contrarie sights to sée.
My leasure serues me not to loue till fish as haggards flie:
Till Sea shall flame, till Sunne shall freése, tyll mortall men not die,
And Riuers, climing vp their bankes, shall leaue their channels dry.
When these shall be, and I not be, then may I chance to loue,
And then the strangest change will be that I a louer proue.
Let Beuers hide, not bulles hurt, my lips, for lips vnfit:
Let skarred limbes, not carefull loues, to honor, honor get.
I skorne a Kate effeminate, but hate his bastarde minde
That, borne a man, preposterously by Arte doth alter kinde:
With fingers, Ladie-like, with lockes, with lookes, and gauds in print,
With fashions barbing formeles beards, and robes that broke no lint,
With Spear in wrest, like painted Mars, from thought of battaile frée,
With gate, and grace, and cuetie gaude, so womanly to sée,
As not in nature, but in name, their manhood seemes to bée.
Yea sooner then that maiden heares bud on his Boyish chinne,
The furie of the fierie God doth in the foule-beginne.
And yeat to winne, whom would be wonne, these woo with lesser spéed,
Then might be won a towne of warre, the croppe not worth the séede.
But let them trauaile till they tire, and then be ridde for Jades,
If Gamesters faire, if Souldiers milde, or Louers true of Maides:
Who loue in sporte, or leaue in spight, or if they stoupe to lier,
Their kindnes must haue kindely vse: faultes onely make them suer.
Did fancie: no, did furie: yea, hang vp the Thracian Maide.
The wonder seauen should then be eight, could loue thée so perswade,
But loue or hate, fare ill or well: I force not of thy fare:
My welcome, which thou doest pretend, shall proue a thankelesse care.
When Daphlos heard him so vnkind, she held her selfe accurst:
And little lacked of so well but that her harte did burst.
And wheare she read the churlish scrole, she fell into a sowne,
But, brought againe, vpon a bed her selfe she casteth downe,
Not rising more: and so her loue and life together end:
Or (if I so may gesse) in death her soule did liue his friend.
The Queene enterr'd, and Obbit kept (as she in charge did giue)
A Knight was shipt to Calidon, wheare Doracles did liue,
To offer him, as her bequest, the Argiue Throne and Crowne.

Not that we force, or feare, (quoth he) thy fauour or thy frowne
We moue this peace, or make thee Prince, but Daphles sworne vs so,
Who loning more then thou couldst hate, nor liu'd nor died thy Foe.
And is she dead (quoth Doracles) that liued to my wrong?
I gladly doe accept these newes, erpected-for of long.
The Lord and Legate were imbarkt, and Ship ran vnder saile,
Vntill into the Argiue Strond the Mariners did haile.
To Daphles, by adoption, theare inthronized a King,
Ye diuers yeares good fortune had successiue in each thing,
All friends, no Foes, all wealth no want, still peace, and neuer strife,
And what might seeme an earthly heauen to Doracles was rife.
A Subiect, but a Noble man, did ritchly feast the King:
And after meat presented him with many a sight and thing.
Theare was a chamber in the which, portraied to the quick,
The Picture of Queene Daphles was: and deepely did it prick
The King his conscience, and he thought her like did not remaine:
So, whome her person could not pearce, her Picture now did paine.
A kissing Cupid, breathing loue into her breast, did hide
Her wandring eies, whilst to her heart his hand a Death did guide:
Non mœrens morior, for the Mott, inchased was beside.
Her curtesie and his contempt he calleth then to minde,
And of her beautie in himselfe he did a Chaos finde.
Recalling eke his late degree, and reckning his desart,
Ye could not think (or faintly thought) his loue to sterne her heart:
And to the Maker of the feast did such his thoughtes impart.
And doubtes your Grace the Feaster said, if Daphles lou'd or no:
I wish (I hope I wish no harme) she had not loued so,
Or you not loathed as you did: then she had liued yet:
To what her latest speach did tend I neuer shall forget.
My selfe, with diuers noble men whose teares be wraid our care
was present, when her dying tongue of you did thus declare.
My hap (quoth she) is simple bad that cannot haue, nor hope:
Was euer wretch (I wretch except) held to so skant a scope.
I see him roue at other markes, and I vnmarkt to be:
I finde my fault, but followe it, whilst death doth followe me.
Ah death (my Lords) dispaire is death, and death must ransome blisse,
Such Ransome pleaseth Doracles and Daphles Pliant is.

Not

Not bootlesse then (since breathles strait) sweet Loue doth flames con-
The which shall burne me vp at once that now dw burne aliue. (triue,
Alas (then did she pause in teares) that Doracles were by,
To take it from his eyes, not eares, that I for him doe die:
At least, perhaps, he would confesse my loue to be no lie.
But (Want-wit I, offensiue sights to Doracles I craue:
Long liue, deare Hart, not minding me, when I am laid in graue.
And you (my Lords) by those same Goddes whose sight I hope anon,
I coniure, that ye him inuest your King when I am gon.
Alonely say I liu'd and died to him a Louer true,
And that my parting ghost did sound, sweet Doracles adue.
A sigh concluding such her words, she closed vp her eye:
Not one of vs, beholding it, that seemed not to die.
Thus to your Grace I leaue to gesse how tragick Daphles died:
In loue, my Lord, yea louing you, that her of Loue denied.

The Picture, and this same discourse afford sufficient woe
To him, that maimed in his minde did to his Pallace goe.
Theare Doracles did set abroch a world of things forgot:
What meanest thou man? ah frantick man, how art thou ouershot
(He said) to hate the substance then, and loue the shadow now,
Her painted board, whose amorous hart did breake whilst I not bow?
And couldst thou, churlish wretch, contemne the Loue of such a Queene?
O Gods, I graunt for such contempt I iustly bide your teene.
Her onely beautie (worthy Ioue, that now on me hath power)
was worthie of farre worthier loue, without a further dower.
But gaze thou on her senceles Signe, whose selfe thou madest thy pray,
And gazing perish: for thy life is debt to her decay.

Time going on, griefe it grewe on, of dolour sprung dispaire,
When Doracles to Daphles Tombe did secretly repaire:
Theare (teares a preface to the rest) these onely words he spake:
Thy Loue was losse, for losse my life in recompence doo take,
Deare Daphles. So a daggers stabbe a Tragedie did make.

Well did this Tragicke matter sort to Cacus tragicke vaine:
But merrier matter did behoue such humour to restraine.
That knew the second Sister well, who, smiling ere she spake,
Began her turne, and of her Tale the next report I make.

CHAP.

# CHAP. X.

A Proper Lad made Loue (quoth she) vnto a prettie Lasse:
In self-same house, for-worne with age, this Maidens Grandame was.
Her eyes were sunck into her head, her chéekes were leane and lank,
Out stood her chin, into her mouth her bloodlesse lips they sanke,
Her toothlesse chappes disgraced her tongue in telling of a Tale,
And sucke she might a Teat for téeth, and spoonage too did faile,
Her haire since fortie yeares not blacke, was now or white or none,
The substance of her wrinkled face was only skin and bone,
Dimme were her eyes, deafe were her eares, ranke smelt it she could (sent,
A Palsie made her féeling cease, downe tastlesse food it went.
Sight, hearing, sent, touch, tast, and all, thus failing with her strength,
She to her chamber, bed, and chaire, betoke her at the length.
But gold is lou'd till graue hath lodg'd, her bags and she were one:
And she must giue the Maidens Dowre, or els her Dowre is none.
The young man, though he lou'd the Maid, on whom no loue was lost,
Yeat did he loue to liue, and knew that marriage asketh cost.
The olde wiues bags did let the Banes: with whom he smoothed so,
That flattered, she fantised, her moldie braines did cro.
What Diuell I wote not made her dote, she doted on the man:
Her rotten trunke and rustie face she fintfied than:
And séeth what she could not see, her senselesse Senses worke,
And vnderneath a wrinckled hide a wanton heart did lurke.
Vnkindly too she kisses gaue, which he did kindly take,
Supposing that her kindnes was but for the Maidens sake.
Her crooked ioynts, which long ere then supported, scarcely stood,
She brought vnto a wallowing pace, disfellowing so her blood:
And all for loue (surreuerence Loue) did make her chew the cudde.

Young Battus from his Omphida (for, they were named so)

Dislodged

Dislodged by the Grandame long, to worke did roundly goe:
Desiring both the Maiden, and to marrie her a Dower.
The old-wife, netled at his words, for all her loue, did lower,
And drying vp what drained out in belching, thus did say:
The thing (friend Battus) you demaund I gladly not denay,
But well you wot that I am old, and yeat not all so old,
But that the remnant of my life may spend the wealth I holde.
As all are neerest to themselues, so to my selfe am I:
And all shall lacke ere I will lacke: store is no sore we trie.
If you do like of Omphida, I also like the match:
Loue hath no lacke, ye both are young, wealth comes to such as watch.
You loning her, she to her selfe a dowrie is, if not,
My money shall not sell the Maid, a sinfull sale God wot:
For money shall not sell my selfe. And yeat I cannot see,
But that a comfort to mine age an honest match would be.
My Gods besides doe want a Guide, and often did I knowe
Your youngers vpon elder wiues then I themseues bestow,
And liued well, and loued well. But as I doe not care
for mariage, so an honest match I neuer will forsweare.
Well, Battus, take you Omphida: but if you money craue,
My bagges must onely vent to him whome I my selfe shall haue.
Yeat thinke not I mislike of you in that you haue not sped,
But thinke I wish no better match, if I my selfe should wed.
Thus cunningly she closde with him, and he conceaues her thought:
Unequall was the Combat then that Loue and Lucar wrought.
The one was in her flowring age, the other too too old:
The first with beautie did allure, the latter with her Gold. (liue,
But stormes (thought Battus) haue their stops, not long the Troen can
Or if my kindenes length her life, my kindenes God forgiue.
Resoluing therefore on such hope, with easie suite he got
Assurance to be wedded to the old deformed Trot.
Medea charmed Æson yong, Battus Medea-like,
Did worke no lesse a cuer vpon this vaine vnweldie Tyke.
Now on the bridell played she: yeat as she laughes she lookes
With ielious eyes, if Omphida be blotted out his bookes.
Yea she that could not moue before, now crauleth euery wheare,
To pry if Battus play not false, and cause there was to feare.

But all this while no mariage was: nor witnesse of their match:
And well he knewe that widdowes shrinke, if men forslowe dispatch.
So hasting what she hindred not, come was the wedding day:
The Morning thawde the eaueningfrost, and slipprie was the way:
Yeat hobling on her rustie ioynts, to Churchward goes the Bride:
Whose fête (her harts vnequall gides) could nothing els but slide.
Then Battus kindly leadeth her, and euer as she trips,
God blesse thée Mouse the Bridegroome sayd, and smakt her on the lips.
The oftner stumbled then his Beast, the oftner to be kist:
And thinketh in her gentle Choyse her self not meanly blist.
But when the Priest had done his part, and that they homeward come,
The Bride, for Battus, might salute the Pauement with her bomme.
She rèeled oft, and loked backe: he salue, but would not sée:
At length she stumbled headlong downe, hoyst vp againe, quoth hée:
The second tyme she did the like, hoyst Brock, her good-man sayde:
And thirdly falling, kindly bad her breake her necke, olde Jade.
The old-wife toke it to the hart, and home she went and dyde:
But Battus, ere his first was sicke, had owed his second Bryde.

THis Jest from Cacus straynde a smyle, but quickly was it donne:
When, turning to her Sisters twaine, the yongest thus begonne.
Ye, Sisters, seuerally haue tolde how foes in loue did fall,
And age with youth: but I doe say that Loue can all with all.
Examples we, whom Loue hath brought from Court to liue in Caue,
And were there nèede of further proofe, a thousand proofes I haue.
Could Latmus speake, it might accuse euen Phœbe of a kis:
And of a Votarie of hers to speake my purpose is.
But first she cheared thus her friend (for Cacus sadly sits)
Be merrie man, thy pensiueneste our pastimes badly fits.
Be as thou art, not as thou wouldst, it will be as it is:
Learne then to lacke, and learne to liue, for crosses neuer mis.
Thinke Fortune newly hatcht is fidge, and waggeth wing to flye:
All suffreth change: our selues, new borne, euen then begin to dye.
Be resolute, not desperate: the Gods that made thée poore,
Can, if they will (doe waite their will) thy former state restore.
At least let patience profite thée, for patience is a thing
Whereby a Begger gayneth of a discontented King.

Knowe

Knowe Destinie is Destinie. This Epitaph I réede,
Though common-boked Poetrie, yeat not vnworthie héede:
Vnborne, to knowe what I should be to Gods my mother prayde:
A Male quoth Phœbus, Female Mars, and Iuno neither sayde:
An Hermaphrodit was I borne. My death then askt she after:
By Sword quoth Iuno, Trée quoth Mars, and Phœbus sayd by water.
A Riuer-shadowing trée I climb'd: out slipt my Sword: I slidd:
By féete I hung, stabd with my Sword, my head in water hidd:
Male, Female, neither, hanging, Sword, and drowning I abidd.
Thus, Cacus, howsoeuer things from likelihodes discent,
in birth, life, death, the Gods are first, the middell, and Euent.
And not what they can doe they will, but what they will they can:
And that they doe, or doe it not, behoues not vs to skan,
And saying so, and kissing too, her tale she thus began.

## CHAP. XI.

I Speake not of the Argiue Nimph that had the telious Syer,
To whome, shut vp in brasen Tower, Ioue passage had for hyer.
Not of Europa, Semele, or Maia, will I dwell:
Not of your Foe his bastardie, or Lædas rape I tell:
Not of King Ceus Daughters fault, or other freake of Ioue
speake I: saue of th'Arcadian Nunne, with whom he thus did roue.
Calysto was as faire a Mayde, as faire as one might bée,
Her father King Lycaon fled, Ioue chaunced her to sée:
And séeing liked, liking lou'd, and louing made it knowne
To her (sweéte Lasse) for fathers losse that maketh then her mone.
Take patience wench, sayd Iupiter, with thée shall all be well,
Thy fathers déeds haue their deserts, but thou in peace shalt dwell.
I am his Victor, but thy selfe art Victoresse of me:
Doe graunt me loue, my zeale is more than fatherlie to thée.

The restlesse clouds that mantling ride vpon the racking Skie,
The scouring windes that sightlesse in the sounding aire do flie,
The thristie Earth that bringeth out and bredeth vp her brèd,
The shifting Seas whose swelling waues on shrinking shores do fède,
Shall fall, and faile, ere I be false (Lycaons Impe) to thée:
Of heartie Loue this kisse (he kist) an happie hansell be.
But hapleſſe termes are these, quoth she, vnfitting to a Thrall:
Yeat, in respect of that I faile, I heare them not at all.
A friend (ah friendlesse name I Friend:) it being as it is,
A friend I say, much more a foe, and more, and worse then this,
The sonne of Saturne should, and shall, that spèd and hearing misse.
Doe rid, ah rid mine eyes of teares, and set my heart at rest,
By taking life, not making Loue: the former likes me best.
Or, if that poore Calistos life shall lengthen to her woe,
Graunt that among Dianas Nunnes a Votarie I go:
For neither fits it now to loue, or euer shall it so.
What viewed Iupiter this while, not pleasing to his sight:
Or what vnuiewed did he gesse, not adding to delight:
Not excellent, but exquisite, was all to minde and eye:
Saue she, the hansell of this loue, did him of Loue denie.
It grèeues that Natures Paragon in Cloister, not in Court,
Should lose the beautie of her youth, and he thereby his sport.
But constant in her chast pretence, he graunts that would gain-say,
And seated in Religion now, with Phæbe did she stay.
Blame Iupiter of other Loues, of this doe set him clèere:
It was his first, and first is firme, and toucheth verie nèere.
He did forgoe, but not forget Calisto in hir Cell:
When setting higher thoughts apart, the Frithes did please him well:
He takes his Quiuer and his Bow, and wheare she hunts, hunts he:
And sacrificed to his eyes that day he did her sée.
About the Chase, Toyles, Dogs, & Bowes, the Stand, Quarrie and all
he vseth double diligence: so often did befall,
Not onely sight of her his Saint he got, but also talke,
Whilst thus for his Calistos loue, he haunted Phæbes walke.
But sight and talke accrew to loue, the substance must be had:
And for to bring his drifte about, he virgin-like is clad.

His

His nonage kept his Beard frō blœme, no Wench moze fair then he,
Whome at her Nunnarie a Nun Diana takes to be,
And with his Sisters brotherly bo gesse him to agrée.
Thus faines Lycaons Conquerer a Maid, to winne a Maid:
His hands to woll, and Arras woze, and womans Chares he laid,
That not so much as by the tongue the Boy-wench was bewzaid.
Yeat thought is frée, he sées, and smiles, and longs perhaps foz moze:
No maruell, foz that Sister-hood had gwdlie Ladies stoze.
Scarce one foz birth and beautie tw was theare vnwozthie him,
Yet chieflie to Calistos vaine he fozmed life and limme.
And Sister-like they single oft, and chat of manie things,
But that Calisto mindeth loue no likelihod he wzings.
So Ioue not once durst mention Ioue, and fozce was sinne and shame;
But loue is hardie. Thus it hap: by long pursute of game,
She wearie resteth in the Thicks: wheare sitting all alone,
He séeing her, is resolute oz now to end his moene,
Oz foz so sweet a bodies vse, to leaue his soule in loene.
And Nymph-like sits him by the Nymph, that twke him foz no man:
And after smiles, with nérer signes of Loues assault began.
He féeleth oft her Iuozie breasts, noz maketh coy to kisse:
Yet all was well, a Maiden to a Maiden might doe this.
Than ticks he vp her tucked Frocke, noz did Calysto blush,
Oz thinke abuse: he tickles tw, no blab he thinks the Bush.
Thus whilst she thinkes her sister Nunne to be a merrie Lasse,
The Wanton did disclose himselfe, and told her who he was.
Away the Virgin would haue fled, whom he withhild by fozce:
Thy loue (sweet Nymph) hath wzg'd this shift, wel wozthie thy remozse,
he said: noz scozne with me a King to toyne thy selfe a Quéene:
Oz doe but Loue, and I will liue in Phœbes Celles vnséene:
And theare in beds, in bushes héere (My Fainings fit so well)
we may enioy, what Loue enioynes, and none our scapes shall tell.
She would not loue, he could not leaue: she wzangleth and he woeth:
She did resist, he did persist, and spozt denied doeth,
That done, which could not be vndone, what boteth discontent:
As gwd be pleas'd, as not be eas'd: away Calysto went
To Cloyster, Iupiter to Court: noz much she did repent,
Vntill her gzowing wombe disclos'd an ante-cedent fault.

Then in the Chapter house she told of Iupiters assault.
Diana, and her virgins all, admyring that escape,
Did gird at her, maligning Ioue for such his subtill Rape.
And who more ready to controule, then Athalanta was:
Whome shortly Meleager brought vnto the selfe same pas.
The Lady Abbesse did discharge Calysto from her Cell:
And, silly Nymph, she great with child some other where must dwell.
Pelasgis it was Iupiters, and he her cause of blame,
The King her father in exile, her selfe in this defame,
What then remain'd? euen secrecie, to hyde her selfe from shame.
Keepe close (quoth she) from world yee woods mine error, Ioue his crime:
And setling theare in simple Caue, did waite her childing tyme.
At length was hairy Arcas borne: no sooner could he go,
But that his wildnes eiked to his wretched Mothers wo.
No beast so strong that he would shunne, and man he neuer sawe,
Nor yeat his vered mother could from fearcenes him withdrawe.
Long time (the Daughter of a King) she liued thus in Caue,
Not wanting griefe, but wanting all that poyest wretches haue.
And (worst of all) her sauage sonne (whose manners did agree
Vnto his birth-place) howerly threates his mothers death to bee:
And angrie once, pursued her so long from place to place,
That euen into the Cittie gates he followed her in chase.
The people when they did behold so fayre a Nimph in flight,
A Bear-like Arcas in pursute, (for being naked quite,
His skinne was swart and hairie) they did wonder at the sight.
And some that would his passage stop, he rudely casteth downe,
And spares no spoyle vntill the sight was noysed through the towne.
Then out came Iupiter in Armes, whom when Calysto knewe,
Helpe Ioue (she cryde) for loe thy sonne his mother doth pursue.
He knewe his Leiman at the first, and ioyed of her sight:
Then kisse they, when the Sauage boy by force did leaue to fight.
Calysto liued Lady-like, yea Iunos Riuall now:
And Arcas, nobly mannaged, such vertues him indow,
That (Ioue consenting) him for King Pelasgis did Allow.
A Sonne well worthy such a Syer: and for his prowes and fame,
Pelasgis then, of Arcas, tooke Arcadia to name.

But

BVt neither might these Ladies fayre by any pleasant tale,
Or dazeling toye of mashing loue, (swéet Consorts to preuaile)
Disswade outragious Cacus from vnpatientnes of minde:
Who in his greatest tyrannies did chiefest pleasures finde.
He sleas the harmles Passengers, from eldest soule to childe,
He burnes and spoyles the neighbour parts, and women he defild:
And to his Caue (Troponius Caue) did bring the spoiles he gaynes,
In which (except to doe more harme) he secretly remaynes.
Whilst none did passe, that did repasse vnspoyld or vnkild
(None knowing how) all Italie with feare thereof was fild.
But, lo an helpe: when Hercules had slaughtered out-right
Tenne Giants, of Cremona Kings, and put the leauenth to flight,
From thence the Worthy did arriue with his victorious band
At King Euanders Cittie, that by Auentin did stand.
Amongst a many richer Spoyles, thought none to him so rare,
He brought a sort of Spanish kyne. Euander taking care,
(Because the like misfortunes oft had hapned theare before,)
Least Hercules should lose his Kyne, of which he made such store,
Gaue counsell that within the walles they might be kept all night.
And, better to approue his words, with teares he did recite
The murthers, thefts, and cruelties, without compassion made
Vpon his Subiects, and their goods: by whom could not be said,
But that the Gods (for so they gesse) for sinne them so inuade.
I am resolu'd, qusth Hercules, wheare gods doe vengeance craue,
It is not strong or fenstue walles that any thing can saue:
My Kyne shall therefore grase abroade: if mortall man it be,
Then know, a Tyrant is my Taske, his blood the Taskers fée.
The Cattell grasing then abroade (as was his vse allwaies)
The Gyant left his cruell Denne, to sæke his cursed praies.
The Moone not wanting of her light, the Kyne he did espye:
And knowing them, he also knewe his feared Foe was nye.
And far much better feare had bin, then niallice at that tide:
But hardly shunneth pollicie, what destinies prouide.
He might haue lurkte a while in Denne: but of a péeuish spight,
Eight of the Kine with fastned cords, by pollicie and might,
He dragged backward by their tailes into his diuelish nest:
Then stopping vp the subtill hole, did lay him downe to rest.

Now

Now Hercules (the rather pricke by king Euanders talke)
Into the fieldes to see his Kine by prime of day did walke.
Wheare missing eight, he could not gesse which waie they should be gō:
A many therefore had in charge, to search them out anon.
The Searchers, following enery signe, great store of footings found,
Descending from Mount Auentine, into the lower ground:
But for the footings did descend, and not ascend, they thought
of no such cunning as in deed in Auentine was wrought.
Alcæus Grand-sonne searching long the Thefts he could not finde,
Was much disquieted in himselfe, and angrie in his minde:
And chafing, when he should depart, he twise or thrise did shake
A Tree that grew on Auentine: which rooted vp did make
So large a vent, that one might view the hollowe Caue belowe,
And Cacus with his Leash of wiues they were disclosed so.
Whome, when the Greeke espied theare, O graceless King, he said,
Whose Tyrannies haue made the Realmes of Hespera afraid,
Whose cruelties haue been the cause of all the losse thou hast,
What moueth thee in Italie to prosecute such waste:
Thinkst thou, whom neither mightie Realmes, nor royall Gards of me
Could late defend, now to escape, inclosed thus in Den,
The iust reuengement of the Godds: no, no, the Heauens we see,
Haue brought to light a wretch so lewd, euen by a senceles Tree:
And since that neither wealth nor want to goodnes may thee win,
A greeuous death, condignly, shall cut off thy grounded sinne.
To it did Cacus answer thus, doest thou pursue me still:
Who onely art the chiefest cause of these my doings ill.
Not suffering me to liue the rest of myn vnhappie daies
Among the fruitlesse Rocks, a wretch in miserie alwaies.
Cease further prate; said Hercules, in troth it greeueth much,
To see a King in this Distresse, but since thy life is such
As neither in aduersitie, nor prosperous estate
Thou canst afford one iot of good, I purpose to rebate
Thy wicked dayes by worthy death, prepare therefore to dye.
When Cacus sawe he must perforce so harde a combate trye,
He by inchanted flames againe endeuored to flye.
But Hercules, deluded once by that deuise before,
Had learned now for being so deceiued any more:

And.

And, casting feare aside, did leape into the flaming Caue,
And theare by Arte did conquer Arte. The Gyant then to saue
Himselfe, did take his Axe in hand, wheare Hercules and he
Couragiously bestirre themselues, vntill they did agrée,
To trye it out in open ayer. So doubtfull was their fight,
That Lookers on could not discerne to whether best should light.
The frighted Ladies did their best to helpe their fighting friend:
But Hercules had victorie, and Cacus had his end.

## CHAP. XII.

FOr Gyants of Cremona slayne, and Cacus ridded so,
The Latine Princes prayse on him and presents did bestoe.
Wheare Rome is now, Pallantia then, Euander he did frame
A Temple, & to Hercules did dedicate the same:
And he (intreated thereunto) in Italie did stay:
To honour whome did Princes come from farre and euery waye.

King Faunus had affaires abroad, when from Laurentum came
His wife Marica, Facua some this louely Quéene doe name.
From liking did she fall in loue with Hercules, and he
Woe ready to haue made demaunde, then like to disagrée,
Conceauing her by circumstance, so coupled by contract,
That, had King Faunus neuer liu'd, Latinus had not lackt:
Yeat home came Faunus, fathering his late Corriuals act.
But whether gotten lawfully, or thus in loue forbod,
Latinus, Brute his Gran-dams Syer, was sonne vnto a God.

WHilst that in loue of this same Quéene, and laude of all besides,
The vanquisher of Vulcans sonne in Italy abydes,
Of Calabrics a mightie host King Picus he prouides.
And, in reuenge of Cacus, swore his Slayer should be slaine:

But he, ere long, that so did sweare, vnsweared it againe:
When, chased home into his holdes, theare sparred vp in gates,
The valiant Thæbane, all in vaine, a following fight awaites.
He, for dispatch, did fayne himselfe a Legate to the King,
And him the Porters, as the same, before their Tyrant bring.
Then, shaking of his ciuill Robes, his shining Armes appeare:
And renting downe an Iron sparre, both Prince and people feare.
Some ran to Armor, other some did fight with him their last:
Both Court and Cittie in the ende did lay vpon him fast.
Theare Picus, worthely, did winne of valiantnesse a name:
Yeat Hercules more valiantly by death doth Picus tame.
And to attend their King his ghoste he sendeth flocke by flocke:
His furie was as fier to Ferne, his foes as waues to Rocke:
Nor did his Lyons Spoyle giue place to darting or to knocke.
Meane tyme his men assault without, whil'st he assayles within,
Wheare fighting to beate downe the Gates he so the Goale did win.
Within the King his ransackt Court he Iole espyes,
Whose teares, then mounting from her hart, dismount thē frō her eyes.
King Picus (now a lifeles corse) was father of this mayde:
In vaine therefore did Hercules her pensiuenesse dissayde:
Nor could he but lament her fate, and loue so swéete a face,
Whose person also did containe the type of female grace.
At first she was so farre from loue she rather séem d to hate,
Yeat could she not so giue the Checke, but that she toke the Mate.
Then eithers loue, was eithers life: poore Deianira she
Was out of commons, yea of thought: an other had her fée:

With this, so faire and portly wench, he sayled into Thrace:
And heares how Diomedes did tyrannise in that place.
No Straunger scapes vnraunsomed: but Raunsome wanting, then
Ye casteth them, as prouendor, to Horses eating men.
A Garde of Tyrants, like himselfe, attending on him still,
Who richly did maintaine themselues, by such their doings ill.
The Scourge of such was moued, not to be remoued now
by Iole, whose louing teares such labours disalow.
With Diomedes and his Garde in Forrest did he méete,
Who with their common Stratagem the Stranger thinke to gréete.

Hands

Hands of, commaunded Hercules, for Horse I am no hay,
All Straungers Raunsom, once for all, my comming is to pay:
Which sayd, himself against them all began a noble fray.

The sturdie Thracians, mightie men, did hardly lose their ground:
But, than the King, a mightier man not any wheare was found.
These all at once assayle, and strike, and thunder on his Shéld:
But number fitted to his force, vnwonted so to yéld.
For with his club he skuffles then amongst their Curets so,
That spéedie death was swéter dole, then to suruiue his blo.
Well mounted comes the King himselfe, whom he dismounts anon,
But, rescued to his Horse againe, away he would be gon.
Lesse haste, he sayd, I Harts out runne, nor shalt thou me out ride:
Out-stripping so the man-fead horse, he topled ore his side
The Monstrous King, that rescuelesse to flying people cride.
Who, lying all to frushed thus, the sonne of Ioue did bring
His cruell Jades, that sone deuoure their more than cruell King.

The Thracians all submit themselues, and ioye their Tyrants death,
And thinke some God had left the Heauens, to succour men on earth
From such as what they would they will, and what they will they can,
And what they can they dare and doe, and doing none withstan.
Nor thought they better of the man then did his dædes approue,
That neuer was a Conqueror vnto his owne behoue,
But to establish vertuous men, and Tyrants to remoue.

This common Soldiour of the world with Iole did land
in Lycia: and, the earth in peace, discharged theare his band.
Swéete busses, not sharpe battells then did alter man and minde:
Till he, as others, sorrowe in securitie did finde.
From Assur went the Empire then when Tonos he had tyme
To court his Trulles, Arbaces so espying place to clyme.
Secure in Tomyris her slight, was valiant Cyrus slaine.
From Capua, not from Cannas, gre we braue Hanybal his baine.
The same to whose victorious Sword a second world was sought,
That Macedon in Court, not Campe, to traytrous end was brought.
A Louer, not a Soldiour, went Achilles to his graue.
And Cæsar not in stéele, but silke, to Rome his farewell gaue.
Euen so, this second vnto none, superior vnto all,
To whome did soner Causes cease then Conquests not befall,

This Monster-Master Hercules, this Tyrant-Tamer, he
Whose high Exploytes did leaue the Earth from spoyle and Spoylers (free,
In pleasures did he perish now, that did in perills thriue:
A greeuous Taske I vndertake his dying to reuiue.

## CHAP. XIII.

WHen Deianira vnderstood her husbands back returne,
She thought it strange, that hee from her so strangely did soiorne:
Explorers sent to search the cause, returne was made that he
Did loyter in a Strangers loue: and Iole was she
That euer hanged at his lips, and hugged was of him,
And that, his armor layd a-part, in silke he courts it trim.
The daughter of th'Ætolian King did little lesse then raue:
And can the churle (quoth she) preferre in loue a captiue Slaue
Before his wife, whome late he kayn'd inferiour vnto none?
Ah Hercules thou art a man, thy manhood thus is knowne.
Fye, may a forren Strumpets armes so fasten on his necke,
As he (the Rector of the Earth) must bowe if she doe becke?
Oh how vnlike to Hercules, is Hercules in this?
But, leaning men to natures fault, in her the lewdnes is,
No man so chaste, but such as she may worke to do amis.

Thus whilst her ouerplus of loue to Ielosie did growe,
She simply mynds the spightfull gift that Nessus did bestowe.
And, for he dying spake the words, she held it as her Creede
That it could winne him to her selfe: of which (no lo hauing néede)
She vseth part, and sent a Shirt so boyled as she bad
To Hercules: and Hercules was of the Present glad:
Confessing her his onely Wife: And whilst he did repent
His breach of loue, on Oeta Mount to sacrifice he went.
Philoctes, Pæans valiant Sonne, and Lychas, he that brought
The poysned Shirt, were present theare: but of no treason thought:

Nor

Nor Deianiras selfe (good Soule) till tryall made it playne,
When as his body and the fire gaue moysture to the bayne.
His stoutnes hid such torments long, as els could none abyde,
Yea till the baine his Bowels and his verie Marrow fryde.
But when his torments had no meane, the Altar downe he throes,
And from his martred body rents the gory smoking clothes,
And striuing to strip off the Shirt he teareth flesh from bone,
And left his breaking Synoes bare, his Intrailes euery one
Did boyle, and burst, & shew themselues wheare lumps of flesh did lack,
And still the murdrous Shirt did cleue vnto his mangled backe.
Espying Deianiras Squire, that quaking stode, he sayde,
And art thou wretch the Instrument of my distruction mayde?
Whome swinging then about his head, he slinged downe the hill:
And so did silly Lychas dye, that purposed no ill.
Then running downe from hill to Playne, from Playne to hill againe,
He rents vp Rockes and nightie Hils in error of his paine:
Till, sadly leaning on his Club, he sighing, vowes that none
Should be the death of Hercules but Hercules alone.
And to his friend Philoctes toke his Arrowes and his Bow,
And gladly to the hallowed fyer, as to his bed did go.
Wheare lying downe, and taking leaue with reared hands to skye,
The Earths Protector so, in peace, amidst the flames did dye.
Philoctes, neere orgone with greefe, his Ashes did conuaye
To Italy, inshrined in his Temple there to staye:
And wofull Deianira heares of Hercules decay.
His Ghoste she voucheth and the Gods to witnes, that her minde
Was giltles of a traitrous thought: nor thinke me so vnkynd
(Sweet Husband) as to haue the will to ouerliue thée heer,
But that my ghoste before thy ghoste it selfe of guyle shall cleer:
And now I come, ah now I come, forgiue yée gods the deed
She sayde: and pearsing so her breast, a breathles Corse did bleed,

AS Greekes lament their Champions losse, so did the Phrygians ioy:
And Priamus did fortifie his stately Cittie Troy,
Twise Hercules had rased it, and thirdly was it reard
By Pryam, strong in wealth, and walles through Asia knowne and feard.
He cald to mynde Laomedon whome Hercules had slayne,

His Sister to Hesione, that Captiue did remayne
In Salamis with Telamon: and well he was apayde,
In that the Doer of the same liu'd not the Greekes to ayde.
His Sister therefore not restorde, his Legates asking it,
By stealing of the Spartane Quéene did Paris crye them quit.
Twelue hundred fiftie fiue war-Shippes, with mẽ & Armor frought,
By seauentie Kings & kingly Péeres, frõ Greece to Troy were brought,
To winne her thence. King Priamus (besides his Empire greate)
Had ayders Princes thirtie thrée: lesse Lords I not repeate,
Nor Sagitar, that in this Warre did many a valiant feate.
Tenne yeres, tenne monthes, & twise fiue daies, ỳ siege they did abide:
Eight hundred sirtie thousand Greekes, by Troian weapons dyed:
Sixe hundred fiftie sixe thousands of Troians fighting men,
Besides the slaughtred at the sacke, by Grecians perisht then:
And (if that Hector, Troilus, and Paris, so we name)
Fell fortie Kings: omitting more, of little lesser fame.
Wilike, and triuill quarrells, when the Grecians homewards drewe,
Did well néere waste the remnant Kings that Phrigia did subdewe.
Thus secure Troy was ouer-set, when Troy was ouer stoute,
And ouer rich, was ouer-runne, and tardie lokt about.
The Greekish Ships, wh Phrigian Spoyles, through Xant & Zimoes roe,
For now Antenor had betrayde Palladium to the foe,
And with Palladium Priamus. Æneas sought to hide
From Pyrrhus Polyxena (the for whom Achilles dyde,
Wherefore vpon Achilles Tombe her selfe was after slayne,
What tyme old Hecuba diserydе yong Polydor his bayne:)
For which, Æneas banished, did hoyst his sayles to winde,
And, after many perilles, rule in Italie did finde.

ÆNeas dead, Aschanius raign'd: Aschanius dead, his brother
Posthumus Syluius did succéde. Lauinia was his mother,
Her Syer Latinus, Faunus his, and Picus him begot,
And Saturne him. From mother thus Posthumus lacked not
The noblest bloud. On Fathers side his petigrée was thus:
Ioue had Dardanus: and the same begot Erictheus:
He Tros: Tros, Assaracus: he Capys: and the same
Anchises: he Æneas had: of him Posthumus came:

And he was father vnto Brute: and thus the Brutons bring
Their petigrée from Iupiter, of Pagane Gods the King:
And adde they may, that Brute his Syer of Venus sonne did spring.
Thrise fiue degrées from Noe was Brute, and fower tymes fire was he
from Adam: and from Iaphets house doth fetch his petigrée.

Posthumus Syluius perishing in Chace amongst the brakes,
Mistooke for Game by Brute his sonne, Brute Italie forsakes:
And to associate his Exile, a many Troians mo
At all aduentures put to Seas, vncertein where to go:
To whom did Fortune, Fortune-like, become a friend and foe:
Till Brute, with no lesse payne and praise then had his Grandsier late
Achiued Latium, landing here, suppressed so the state
Of all the Fiend bréd Albinests, huge Gyants fearce and strong,
Or race of Albion Neptuns sonne (els some deriue them wrong)
That of this Ile (vn-Scotted yet) be Empire had ere long.

THE

# THE THIRD BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

## CHAP. XIIII.

NOw, of the Conquerour, this Ile had Brutaine vnto name,
And with his Troians Brute began manurage of the same.
For raſed Troy to reare a Troy fit place he ſearched then,
And vewes the mounting Northerne partes: Theſe fit (quoth he) for men
That truſt aſmuch to fight as fight: our Bulwarks are our breſts,
The next Arriuals héere, perchaunce, will gladlier build their neſts,
A Troians courage is to him a Fortres of defence.
And leauing ſo wheare Scottes be now, he South-ward maketh thẽce:
Whereas the earth more plentie gaue, and ayre more temprature,
And nothing wanted that by wealth or pleaſure might allure.
And more, the Lady Flood of Floods the Ryuer Thamis, it
Did ſéeme to Brute againſt the foe, and with himſelfe to fit.
Vpon whoſe fruitful bancks therefore, whoſe bounds are chiefly layd,
The want-les Counties Eſſex, Kent, Surrie, and wealthie Glayde
Of Hartfordſhire for Cities ſtore participating ayde,
Did Brute build vp his Troy-nouant, incloſing it with wall:
Which Lud did after beautifie, and Ludſ-towne it did call

That

That now is London: euermore to rightfull Princes trewe,
Yea Prince and people still to it as to their Storehouse drewe,
For plentie and for populous the like we no wheare bewe.
Howbe-it many neighbour townes as much ere now could say,
But place for people, people, place, and all for sinne decay.
When Brute should dye thus to his sonnes he did the Isle conuay.
To Camber Wales, to Albanact he Albanie did leaue,
To Locrine Brutaine: whom his Quéene of life did thus bereaue.

THe furious Hun, that drowning theare to Humbar left his name,
The King did vanquish, and for spoyle vnto his Naute came.
Where Humbars Daughter, Parragon for beautie, such a Dame
As Loue himselfe could not but loue, did Locrine so inflame.
That Guendoleyne, the Cornish Duke his daughter Locrins Quéene,
Grewe in contempt: and, Coryn dead, his Change of Choyse was séene.
To Cornwall goes the wrothfull Quéene to seaze her fathers Land,
Frō whence she brought, to worke reuenge, of warriours stout a band,
And bids her husband battell, and in battell is he slaine:
And for their sonne in Nonage was, she to his vse did raine.
The Lady Estrild Locrins Loue, and Sabrin, wondrous faire,
Her Husbands and his Leimans impe, she meaning not to spare,
Did bring vnto the water that the wenches name doth beare.
There binding both, and bobbing them, then trembling at her yre,
She sayd: if Scythia could haue hild the wandring King thy Syre,
Then Brittish waters had not béen to him deserued bayne:
But Estrild, snout-fayre Estrild, she was sparde, forsoth, to trayne
With whorish tricks a vicious King. But neither of you twayne,
Thou stately Drab, nor this thy Brat, a bastard as thy selfe,
Shall liue in triumph of my wrong: first mother and her Elfe
Shall fish in Flood for Humbars soule, and bring him newes to hell,
That Locrins wife on Locrins whore reuenged her so well.
They lifting vp their lillie hands, from out their louely eyes
Powre teares like Pearles, & wash those Chéekes where naught saue beautie lyes:
And séeking to excuse themselues, and mercie to obtaine,
With spéeches good, and prayers fayre, they speake and pray in vaine.
Quéene Guendoleyne so bids, and they into the Flood are cast,
Whereas amongst the drenching waues the Ladies breathe their last.

As

As this his Grandame, such appear'd Mempricius, Madans sonne,
Whose brother Manlius traytrously by him to death was done.
And since of noble Brute his line prodigious things I tell,
Skipping to the Tench from him, will shewe what then befell.

Bout a thirtie yeares and fiue did Leir rule this Land,
When, doting on his Daughters three, with them he fell in hand
To tell how much they loued him. The Eldest did esteeme
Her life inferior to her loue, so did the Second deeme:
The Yongest sayd her loue was such as did a childe behoue,
And that how much himselfe was worth, so much she him did loue.
The formost two did please him well, the yongest did not so:
Upon the Prince of Albanie the First he did bestoe:
The Middle on the Cornish Prince: their Dowrie was his Throne,
At his decease: Cordellas parte was very small or none.
Yeat for her forme, and vertuous life, a noble Gallian King
Did her, vn-dowed, for his Queene into his Countrie bring.
Her Sisters sicke of Fathers health, their Husbands by consent
Did ioyne in Armes: from Leir so by force the Scepter went:
Yeat, for they promise pentions large, he rather was content.
In Albanie the quondam King at eldest Daughters Court
Was setled scarce, when she repynes, and lessens still his Port.
His secõd Daughter thẽ, he thought, would shewe her selfe more kinde,
To whom, he going, for a while did franke allowance finde.
Ere long, abridging almost all, she keepeth him so loe,
That of two badds, for betters choyse he backe agayne did goe.
But Gonorill at his returne, not only did attempt
Her fathers death, but openly did hold him in contempt.
His aged eyes powre out their teares, when holding vp his hands,
He sayd: O God, who so thou art, that my good hap withstands,
Prolong not life, deferre not death, my selfe I ouer-liue,
When those that owe to me their liues, to me my death would giue.
Thou Towne, whose walles rose of my wealth, stand euermore to tell
Thy Founders Fall, and warne that none do fall as Leir fell.
Bid none affie in Frends, for say, his Children wrought his wracke:
Yea those, that were to him most deare, did lothe and let him lacke.
Cordella, well Cordella sayd, she loued as a Childe:

But ſweéter wordes we ſéeke than ſoth, and ſo are men begilde.
She only reſts vntryed yet: but what may I expect
From her: to whom I nothing gaue, when theſe do me reiect.
Then dye, nay trye, the rule may fayle, and Nature may aſcend:
Nor are they euer ſureſt frends, on whom we moſt do ſpend.
He ſhips himſelfe to Gallia then: but maketh knowne before
Vnto Cordella his eſtate, who rueth him ſo poore,
And kept his theare ariuall cloſe, till ſhe prouided had
To furniſh him in euery want. Of him her King was glad,
And nobly intertayned him: the Quéene, with teares among,
(Her duetie done) conferreth with her father of his wrong.
Such duetie, bountie, kindner, and increaſing loue, he found
In that his Daughter and her Lord, that ſorrowes more abound
For his vnkindly vſing her, then for the others crime:
And King-like thus in Agamps Court did Leir dwell, till time
The noble King his Sonne-in-law tranſports an Armie great
Of forcie Gawles, poſſeſſing him of diſpoſſeſſed Seate:
To whom Cordella did ſucceéde, not raigning long in queate.
Not how her Nephewes warre on her, and one of thē ſlew th'other
Shall followe: but I will diſcloſe a moſt tyrannous mother.

## CHAP. XV.

GOrbodugs double Iſſue now, when eightéene Kings were paſt,
Hild ioyntly Empier in this Land: till Porrex at the laſt,
Not tyed ſo by brotherhood, but that hée did diſdaine
A fellowe King, (for neuer can one Kingdome brooke of twaine)
Did leuie ſecrete bands: for dread whereof did Ferrex flye,
And out of Gallia bringeth Warre, in which himſelfe did dye.
Then Porrex only raigned héere, and ruled all in peace:
Till Iden, mother Quéene to both, her furie did increaſe

So fearcely, as she seekes reuenge euen in the highest degrée.
Why liueth this (quoth she) a King? in graue why lyeth he?
Dye Iden, dye: nay dye thou wretch, that me a wretch hast made:
His ghost, whose life stood in thy light, commaundeth me of ayde.
Nor want I (Ferrex) will to ayde: for why the Gods I sée
Deferre reuenge, nor with a Deuill the Deuils disagrée.
The heauens, me thinks, w̄ thunderbolts should presse his soule to hell,
Or Earth giue passage, that at least with men he might not dwell.
But I my selfe, euen I my selfe, their slackneſſe will supplye,
And mothers name and Nature both to such a Sonne denye.
Dead night was come, when Iden found the King her sonne a sléepe,
And all was still: not then as now did Gards their Princes kéepe.
Admit they had, who would haue fearde such mischiefe in a mother?
She whispring softly, sléepe thy last, yea sléepe as doth thy brother,
Did gash his throte: who starting vp, whē strength & spéech were gone,
Lifts vp his fayntíng hands, and knewe the Tyrannesse anone:
And maketh signes, as who would say, ah mother, thou hast done
a déede, as neuer mother earst did practise on her Sonne.
But name of Son, nor signes did serue, him still w̄ wounds she plyes,
Nor (more than Monster) did it please that simply so he dyes,
But that his bodie, péecemeale tore, about the Lodging flyes.
And thus from noble Brute his line the Scepter then did passe:
When of his bloud for to succéede no heire surviuing was.

FOwer Dukes at once, in ciuill broyles, seiuerally after raine.
Néere when, the Scottes (whom some accuse by Ante-dates to gaine)
Did settle in the Northerne Iles. These people bring their line
from Cecrops, and that Pharo he that euer did decline
from Moses, séeking Hebers house from Ægypt to conuay.
His daughter Scota Gathelus their Duke brought thence away,
When Pharos sinne to Iacobs Séede did néere that Land decay.
And Cecrops some brought thē frō thence (as Scottes inforce the same)
The Stone that Iacob slept vpon, when Angels went and came.
Of it was made their fatall Chaire: of which they beare in hand,
That whearesoere ỳ same is found, the Scottes shall broke that land:
At Westminster that Monument doth now, decaying, stand.

In

In Lusitania Gathelus did first his Kingdome found:
And of his race (of Scota, Scottes) when Spanish Scottes abound,
Arriue in Ireland, and in it a second Empire ground.
And thirdly, when their bloodie Race that Isle did ouer-store,
Amongst the Islands Hebredes they seeke out dwellings more,
These Irish, sometime Spanish Scotts, of whence our now-Scotts bee,
Within the Isles of Albion thus, whil'st Brutaines disagree,
Did seate themselues, & nestle to amongst the Mountaine groundes:
What time a Scythian people, Pichtes, did seaze the middle boundes
Twixt them and vs: and these did proue to Brutaine double woundes.
The Penthland people and the Scots alying, friendlie liue,
Untill the Pichts, by Brittish wyles, contrarie cause did giue.
Then from their Captaines fell the Scots, and chuse to them a King:
And Fergus out of Ireland did the Chaire of Marble bring:
In which, instal'd the first Scotch King in Albion, so he wrought
That Pichts and Scots, then vp in Armes, were to attonement brought.
Three valiant people thus at once in Albion Empire hold,
Brutes, Scots and Pichts: the latter twaine lesse ciuil, but as bold.
The Pichts were fierce and Scythian like: much like the Irish now
The Scots were then: couragious both. For them I disallowe
That write they fed on humane flesh, for so it may be well,
Like of these men their bloudie mindes their native stories tel:
But to our Brittish busines now, to shew what theare befell.
Not how the rti-partited Rule vnto his quartarne Rayne
Donwallo, after fortie yeres, did Monarchize againe:
Not what precedent Kings in France, and Denmarke did obtaine
Speake I. From Porrex fortie Kings in silence shall remaine:
Alonelie valiant Brennus, and his brother Belinc, thay
Unpraised for their warres and workes shall not escape away.

# CHAP. XVI.

THese Brothers, thirsting amplier Raignes, did martiallie contend,
Till Brenn his force was not of force his brothers to defend.
To Norway sayles he, wheare he got an Armie, and a Prize,
The Prince of Norwaies Daughter, whom he winneth in this wise.
The King of Denmarke stode with him, vntill the States decréede
That both should plead before their Prince, and better Pleader spéede.
And when the Norgane Prince and Péeres were seated for their strife,
The King of Danes beginning first, thus pleaded for a wife.
Not yet a King, King Philips sonne with none but Kings would cope,
His reason was, inferiour strife of glorie giues no hope.
I am a King, and grant the Prize in question worthie me,
But grudge that my Competitor a banisht man should be.
Doe grant him what he hath for-gon, and neuermore shall git,
Yeat were he but a Demi-king, to challenge me vnfit:
Dunwallos yonger Sonne, that hath his Brother to his Foe,
And worthelie, his trecheries haue well deserued soe.
And yet (audacious that he is) he blusheth not to heare
The troth of his vntroth, nor yeat an héere-Repulse doth feare.
Would she for whom I must contend were not to me the same
She is, or he that stands with me a man of better fame.
But since in this vnequall Plea I must my selfe imbace,
Knowe, Norwaies, that my pleaded cause concernes your publique cace.
It is the King of Denmarke doth your Prince his daughter craue,
And note, it is no little thing with vs Allie to haue.
By League, or Leigure, Danske can fence, or fronte you, friend, or foe,
Our Neighborhod doth fit to both, your wel-fare or your woe.
Combine therefore in néedfull League our néere conioyned States:
I may your god, nought lesse can he that thus with me debates.
He is a Bruton (if Exile allow we call him so)
And farre from aiding you, that knowes himselfe not to bestoe.

Admit

Admit he were receiued home, what Empire doth he sway?
A sorrie Ilands Moyetie, and farre from hence away.
Her Dowrie is your Diademe: what Joynter can he make?
Not anie: giue not then to him, from whom ye cannot take.
And Ladie (She for whom they stroue was present) well I wot,
My loue doth claime a greater debt than so to be forgot.
I wish (mine Opposite his want) that Armes might giue the right,
It is not dread, but dom'd (sweet wench) that thus with tongue I fight.
Proude Bruton (frowning so on Brenn) disclaime in her my dewe,
Els thou repining shalt repent: doe make thy choyce a newe.
At least amend thine Error, and mine Enuie shall haue end:
I néede not force so weake a Foe, séeke thou so strong a frend.
Norwaies consent, and Ladie, be no Counter-mand to this:
Dissent not Brenn: conclude her mine: els my Conclusion is,
If not for worth, by force perforce to winne her from you all,
Yea though our banisht Copes-mate could his Brittish Succours call.
The King of Danes concluded thus: and after silence short,
The Brutaine Heros bailed, and did answere in this sort.
Most gracious Norgane Péeres, you heare the ouer-tearming taunts
Of this Appelant, that himselfe and Scepter ouer-vaunts.
It lesser gréeueth he should grudge that I with him co-riue,
Than this so peremptorie speach in your despight to wiue.
It gréeues, in troth, not for my selfe, but for he beardeth you,
And séemes disdainfull of your aide, that doth so proudlie wowe.
How captiouslie he derogates from me, and mine estate?
And arrogates vnto himselfe, to bring me so in hate.
How daintelie his eyes endure so base an Obiects view?
How desperately doth he conclude, and threatneth me and you?
Well, barke he, byte he, bragges nor blowes shall dare me to defend
A Challenge, wheare so braue a Prize stands for the Wagers end.
Nor thinke (vain-glorious that thou art) me lesser than a King,
Or greater than by sute, or sword, to prize so rare a thing.
Vpbrayd me not with banishment, nor Belyns quarrell touch,
Nor yeat my petite Signorie: nor more than troth by much.
These present Nobles knowe the cause for which I hether come:
Not as an Exile, but for aide, and they assure me some.
Then knowe, the cause is honest when their Honors giue supplies:

As capable are they of troth, as thou art apt for lies.
My Brothers Kingdome seemes, forsoth, an Ouer-match to mine,
My Kingdome, Cutlake, therefore is an Vnder-match to thine:
Nay, giue (and so I hope ye will) the Prize to me, and than
Let Cutlake with his Crowne of Danske vn-crowne me, if he can.
Then he, disabling me to make a Joynter, happelie,
With Denmarke such a Joynters want (if wanting) should supplie.
But neither haue I such a lacke, nor holde I such a loue,
As that her Dowrie (not in quest) before her selfe doth moue.
He harpeth as himselfe would haue, that maketh loue his Staile:
Els would he sue in milder sort, and, suing, feare to faile.
For, Ladie, see your Louers Plea: your loue, saith he is debt:
And if not words, nor worthines, then Armor shall you get.
Braue words, and fit to feare, not feede, a courted Ladies vaine.
But say he cannot wowe in print, but Soldior-like and plaine:
Nor I, in soth, more loues my heart than can my tongue explaine.
Conclude we therefore Souldior-like, and let a Combate yeeld
Vnto the hardier of vs twaine the honour of the field.
If not: then, if my Lords so please, or she thereto agree,
Although thou should'st by force of Armes subdue her hence to thee,
Yeat from thy strongest Holde in Danske I would thy Cõquest free.
Loe here my Gage (he terr'd his Gloue) thou know'st ỹ Victors meede:
(So did he pause, his Pledge vdoucht, and then did thus proceede)
Then fret thy fill, and worke thy worst: deliuer, Lords, your willes:
Ye haue experience how this same with brags, not battell, killes.
He threatneth onelie, I intreate, he claimeth her of dew,
I wish, and hope for to deserue. The Counsell then withdrewe
Themselues apart: and sone for Brenn a verdict did ensewe.
The Dane inraged sayled thence, and rigged out a Fleete,
And did with Brenn, resayling home, at great aduantage meete.
Their Shippes did grapple, and their swords did sunder life from lim:
So fought they, as their Shippes did seeme in Seas of blood to swim.
But multitude oppressed Brenn, he hardlie did escape,
His Ladie will he, nill he, left the King of Denmarkes Rape.
Not meanelie insolent the Danes hoyst vp their home-meant Sayles:
But after manie crabbed Flawes, and long contrarie Gayles,
The Kings and Norgane Ladies Shippe was tossed to the Coste

Of Brutane: wheare, imprisoned, King Belyn was their Hoste:
Untill, sufficient Pledges had that Denmarke it should pay
Continuall Tribute to the Brutes, he them dismist away.
Meane while King Brenn (receiued now amongst the Gawles) did threate
For Englands Crowne-halfe him with-held his Brothers selfe and Seate:
(For Time, alaying Loue, did add vnto domesticke hate)
And with the Cenouesean Gawles, whose Prince his heire of late
He had espoused, did inuade the Empier of his Brother:
And almost did their Battels ioyne, when thus intreates their Mother.
I dare to name ye Sonnes, because I am your Mother, yeat
I doubt to tearme you Brothers, that do Brotherhood forget.
These Prodigies, their wrothfull Sheilds, forbodden Foe to Foe,
Do ill beseeme allyed hands, euen yours allyed soe.
O, how seeme Oedipus his Sonnes in you agayne to striue?
How seeme these Twords in me (aye me) Iocasta to reuiue?
I would Dunwallo liued, or ere death had lost agayne
His Monarchie, sufficing Power, but now too small for Twayne.
Then either would you, as did he, imploy your wounds elswheare:
Or for the smalnes of your Power agrée, at leasl for feare.
But pride of ritch & rome-some Thrones, that wingeth now your darts,
It will (I would not as I feare) worke sorrowe to your harts.
My Sonnes, swéet Sonnes, attend my words, your Mothers words attend,
And for I am your Mother do conclude I am your frend:
I cannot counsell, but intreate, nor yeat I can intreate
But as a Woman, and the same whose blod was once your meate.
Hence had ye Milke (She baerd her Pappes) these Armes did hug ye oft:
These fyled hands did wipe, did wrap, did rocke, and lay ye soft:
These Lippes did kisse, or Eyes did wéepe, if that ye were vnqueat,
Then plye I did, w̃ Song, or Sighes, with Dance, with Tung, or Teate.
For these kind Causes, déere my Sonnes, disarme your selues: if not,
Then for these bitter teares that now your Mothers Chéekes doe spot:
Oft vrge I Sonnes and Mothers Names, Names not to be forgot.
Send hence these Souldiers: yée, my Sonnes, & none but ye would fight:
When none should rather be at one, if Nature had her right.
What comfort, Beline, shall I spéede? swéete Brenn, shall I preuaile?
Say yea (swéete Youthes) ah yea, say yea: or if I néedes must faile,
Say noe: and then will I begin your Battell with my baile.

Then then some Stranger, not my Sonnes, shall close me in the Earth,
When we by Armor ouer-come shall meet, I feare, in death.
This sayd, with gushing teares eftsones she plyes the one and other,
Till both did shewe themselues at length Sonnes worthy such a Mother:
And with those hands, those altred hands, that lately threatned bloes,
They did imbrace: beconning thus continuall frends of foes.
Glad was the Queene: and Beline hild sole Empier: more he had
From Denmarke Tribute: and to this a greater honor add,
His daughter Cimbra, wedded to the Almayne Prince, gaue name
Unto the Cimbrians, holding Rome so long and warlike game.
Some (if no Error) giue to him for forraine Conquests fame.
His Valour, Warre, and Peace ore-past: now speake we of the knight,
That this side and beyond the Alpes subdewed all by fight.
The stateliest Townes in Italie had Brenn their Builder, and
Euen Rome, the terror of the World, did at his mercie stand.
The Senate, giuing to the Earth ear-while both warre and peace,
Could not themselues, their Citie, scarce their Cappitoll release.

Their Gander Feast, what Manlius and Camillus did therein,
How This the Cappitoll, and That from Brenn his Spoyles did win,
I pretermit. The three-topt Mount Parnassus had beloe
Apollos Temple, whether men for Oracles did goe.
This, with the Gad and Gods the Gawles did put to sacke and spoyle:
And whil'st, incamped here, they kept such sacreligious coyle,
The God, or rather Diuell, whom th'Almightie did permit,
His Deitie prophaned, to deceiue the world in it,
With Tempests, Earth-quakes, Stench, & Sights, so cryde the Spoylers quit,
That most did perish, fewe disperse, and all were out of harte,
Yea Brenn himselfe, discouraged, did chaunge in euery parte.
He looking after and vpon the scattered and the slayne,
Did seeme a second Cadmus, saue lesse patient of his payne.
And, shaming to be seene to weepe, deuoured sightles teares:
And, in these words, his heartie greefes did number to their Eares.
Sweet Soldiours leaue me to my selfe, it likes me that ye leaue me,
More takes your tarriãce frõ my health than cã these plagues bereaue me:
Each of these Masse of Corpses dead hath bin a death to mee,
Deliuer then mine Eyes of you, too many deathes I see.

Surviue,

Suruiue, and tell the Westerne World what we ervployted haue:
How that to Rome, amidst her Rose, the mayden Sacke we gaue.
Tell of our Battels, Bowties, and our Buildings: lastly tell
(An honor to our Duerthrowes) that we at Delphos fell
By wounds deuine, no humane Armes. But God, who so thou be,
Lesse is thy courage than Commaund, els would'st thou cope with me,
As Pluto with Alcides did, and Mars sometimes with men:
Do me like honor, and these Graues shall lightly grœue me then.
But thou full little darest so. Nay, I do dare too much,
That with my so vnhallowed tongue thy Deitie dare touch.
Ah, sée these Slaughters, and reserue aliue this small Remayne,
Let lastly me, and only me, ieke number to the slayne.
But bootlesse on a ruthles God I sée my prayers spent,
As haughtelie doest thou reuenge, as humblie I repent.
Well (God of Delphos) since our teares, this Incense, nor these Graues
Appease thyne yre, persist to plague this flesh, that henceforth craues
No pitie: to the Hebrewe God, of power excéding thyne,
(Yen say) appeale I, and bequeath the Soules of me and myne:
Accept my simple Legacie, O Godhood most deuyne,
Sayd Brenn. And with a selfe-wrought wound did perish: and his men
Departing, wonne, and left the name to Gallo-Grecia then.

The righteous Gorboman might add fresh Subiect to our Muse,
But skipping to his Fathers Sonnes, of them it thus ensewes.

FIue yéeres had Archigallo raign'd, when hated doing wrong,
He was depriued of his Realme, and liued vagrant long,
And fearing all that frended none, kept close the Wlods among.
Theare Elidurus hunting found his wretched Brother, and
They gasing each in others face, with sighes and wéepings stand.
A King, as Elidurus is, once was I thinkes his brother,
A wretch, as Archigallo is, I may be thinkes the other.
The lowlie King alights anon, and when they had imbrac'd,
Then Archigallo secretly in Ebranks Towne was plac'd:
In which, the King commaunding so, the Nobles did conuent,
To whom did Elidurus thus informe of his intent.
If Fortune had bin crosse (my Lords) to me, or any feare

Of Armor were approching vs, I should perchaunce appeare
Faint and false-hearted in my charge, but euer lackt the one,
Nor hath the other likelihod, for quietler ruleth none.
Yeat Kings may think their heads too weake their Dyademes to sustaine,
For endles cares concurre with Crownes, a bitter sweete is Raine:
Howbeit, Subiects falsely iudge their Princes blessed are,
When both of peace and perills they containe the common care,
And yeat for this they grudgingly from Pounds a Penny spare.
Not these, my Lords, make me disclaime in it which all pursue,
But Iustice bidds my Brothers right I should commend to you.
This one Request includes, I knowe, exceeding dangers twayne,
To me, if for a priuate life I change a publique Rayne,
To you, if whom ye haue depriu'd ye shall restore agayne.
But for I haue done right, no wrong, though Iustice wants not foes,
And though vnto a Magistrate disgrading bringeth woes,
Yeat to the bad a conscience good may safe it selfe oppoes.
Nor be ye fearefull of reuenge, that did no more than right:
Euen Archigallo will confesse his sinne, and cleare your spight:
Whose restitution (were he wrongd) at least shall you acquite.
You hassard lesse, re-kinging him, then I vn-king'd to bee,
And Danger ouer-dares, if it from Iustice disagree.
Then, good my Lords, do right his wrong, at least-wise do him right,
Whose smarte, no doubt, hath wrought in him a reconciled spright.
Iust Gorboman his brotherhod succeeding in their Line,
Then Archigallo should be King, to him let me resine.
So much the King did vrge this Tert, that Archigallo rayn'd,
And Elidurus willingly in priuate life remaynde:
The one restored, for his late depriuing nothing mou'd,
The other (wonders tell I now) dis-crowned yeat belou'd.
Tenne yeares did Archigallo raigne, beloued well, and dyed:
And Elidurus once againe the Kingly Throne supplyed,
Untill his Brothers secondly depose him of his raine,
But they deceasing, thirdly he was crowned King againe,
And so, vntill his Dying day, with honor did remaine.
A many Kings whose good or bad no Wrighter hath displaide
Did followe. Lud, and Hely, for their stately buildings made

Rest chiefly famous. Nor forget King Bledgrabed I shall,
Whom Brutons did their Glee-god for his skill in Musicke call.
The nert whose dayes gaue famous deedes, Cassiuclan is sayde,
Whom Caius Iulius Cæsar did with Armor thus inuayde.

## CHAP. XVII.

THis Conquerour of Gallia, found his Victorie prolong'd
By Brittish Succours, and for it, pretending to bee wrong'd,
Did send for Tribute: threatning els to bring the Brutons Warre.
The latter going forward first, the Albinests to barre
A common foe, concurr as friends: and now was come the Spring,
When Cæsar out of War-wonne France victorious Trowpes did bring.
But earlier wonne the Grecians land at Pargama by much,
Than got the Latines foting heere, their Contraries were such.
Yee might haue seene of Hectors race, ten thousand Hectors heere,
With pollicie on either part, the Romanes buying deere
The blodie Shore: the water yeat lesse deerer than the land
To them, whom valiantlie to prose the Ilanders withstand.
Of battell they, the Brutons still victorious, and in vaine
Their foes were valiant: onelie heere was Cæsars force in waine.
And as our men vnto his men were as tempestcous Thunder,
So did his ankred Shippes on Seas by Tempest dash in sunder.
But twice (quoth Cæsar) Fortune, thou wert opposite to mine,
But thirdlie heere, to Cæsars selfe thou (wontles) dost decline.
Conuaying then his wearie men into his wasted Shippes,
To Gallia, there to Winter them, he miscontented slippes.
Of this same Victorie did spring securitie and strife,
The Scottes and Pichtes did sunder hence, the Brutons, ouer-rife
In Largesse, making frollike Cheere, a quarrell then aroes
Betwixt the King and Luds false Sonne, and they dis-ioyne as foes:
That Cæsar slippes Aduantage such were error to suppoes.

Euen of the Brutons some there were recalling backe the Foe,
And Winter past, with dubled power he backe againe did roe.
The Romaines more, the Brutons they farre fewer than before,
Offend, defend, fight for, fence from, to winne, and warde the Shore.
But Cæsar landed: and ensew'd continuall cruell fight,
Thrice put the fierce Cassiuelanes the Cæsarines to flight:
And still the King incouraging in euerie wing appeares,
So giuing needlesse spurres to fight, his Souldiours broke not feares:
Nor little did the Cornish Belles offend the Romaine eares.
When Cæsars oft succesles fight had tyred him and his,
Inringed with his mayhmed Campe, the Romane speaketh this:
Are these same Bands, those selfe-same Bands, that neuer fought in vaine?
And ye the men, that following still my Standard, still did gaine?
Euen these, and ye, are verie those: nor can I discommend
Your manhodes, that with lesser worke, brought greater Warres to end.
But not, as was my wont to wright, the Senate now shall rede,
I came: I saw: I ouer-came: such Foes forbid such spede.
Nor let the Senate muse, for Troy with Troy doth here contend:
This warlike people (fame is so) from whence sprong we discend.
Yea, if Æneas had not left the Phrygian Gods to vs,
And Greekes Palladium shipt to Greece, this Fortune foyling thus,
I would haue thought those very Gods had followed our anoy:
But them haue we, these onely haue vndanted harts from Troy.
But what? shall Cæsar doubt to fight against so braue a Foe?
No, Cæsars Tryumphes with their Spoyles shall giue the brauer shoe.
Ye Gods that guide our Capitoll, Mount Palatin thou Throne
Of stately Rome, ye Followers two of her assayres each one,
Delay not, but depriue me quite my Triumphes now in hand,
Nor let me liue, if so I leaue vnconquered this Land.
This Land, the last of Westerne Isles, an Isle vnknowen ere this,
Which famous now, through Cæsars fight, and our misfortune is.
Enough, my fellow friends in Armes, enough we Romaines haue
To seeke reuenge: your Conquest loe a Countrie rich and braue:
And (which perswadeth Victorie) in Troynouant there bee,
That hold that Citie to our vse: the Brutons disagree,
No Scot nor Pichte assisting them in these our Warres I see.

Their

Their ciuell strife will proue their scourge, how stout soere they seeme,
And perpetuitie doth faile in euerie thing extreeme.
Not Fortune still is good or bad, and now let be our day:
Too long we liue, if that so long we shall on trifles stay,
Said Cæsar. And with such his words did so inflame his men,
That with lesse patience did they liue, than linger battell then.
The Romaines bid the Base, and then did cruell Warre begin:
And little wanted that the Brutes the better did not win.
But Cæsar so forestawe Supplies, and Succors here and theare,
Perswading this, disswading that, controuling slight and feare,
That, after manie Romaines slaine, the Brutons tooke their slight,
To Southerne Shores: whereas to proue Cassiuelan did fight
With oft Eruptions out of Woods: vntill the traiterous Knight,
The Earle of London yeelds his Charge and Citie to the Foe,
Through which disloyall president did other Cities soe:
And thē with hard-won Tribute hence the Conquerour did goe.

BVt he, that wonne in euerie Warre, at Rome in ciuill Robe
Was stab'd to death: no certeintie is vnderneath the Globe.
The good are enuied of the bad, and glorie finds disdaine,
And people are in constancie as Aprill is in raine:
Whereof, amidst our serious penne, this Fable intertaine.
An Asse, an Old-man, and a Boye, did through a Citie passe,
And whil'st the wanton boye did ride the old-man led the Asse:
See yonder doting fole, said Folke, that crauleth scarce for age,
Doth set the boye vpon his Asse and makes himselfe his Page.
Anon the blamed Boy alightes, and lets the Old-man ride,
And, as the old-man did before, the boy the Asse did gide:
But, passing so, the people then did much the old-man blame,
And told him, Churle, thy limbes be tough, the Boy should ride for shame.
The fault thus found, both man and boy did backe the Asse and ride,
Then that the Asse was ouer-charg'd each man that met them cride.
Now both a-light, and goe on foote, and leade the emptie Beast,
But then the people laugh, and say, that one might ride at least.
With it they both did vndershore the Asse on either side,

But then the wondring people did that wittles prancke deride.
The old-man seeing by no waies he could the people please,
Not blameles then, did driue the Asse and drowne him in the Seas.
Thus whil st we be, it will not be, that any pleaseth all:
Els had bin wanting, worthely, the noble Cæsars fall.

## CHAP. XVIII.



Vgustus quayling Anthonie was Emperour alone:
In whose vn-foed Monarchie our common health was knowne.
The Brwser of the Serpents head, the Womans promis'd Seede,
The Second in the Trinitie, the Foode our soules to feede.
The Vine, the Light, the Dwre, the Way, the Shepheard of vs all,
Whose Manhod ioyn'd to Deitie did Raunsome vs from thrall,
That was, and is, and euermore will be the same to his,
That slæpes to none that wake to him, that turns our Curse to blisse,
Whom, yet vnseene, the Patriarkes saw, the Prophets haue foretold.
Th'apostles preacht, the Saints adore, and Martyres doe behold,
The same (Augustus Emperour) in Palastine was borne,
Amongst his owne, and yeat his owne did crosse their Blisse in skorne:
Bi-formed Ianus then in Mewe: so would this Prince of peace,
That Cæsars Edict euerie wheare should Mars his enuie cease.

THen raigned here King Cymbelin, King Theomantius sonne:
Next him Guiderius, that with-held the Tribute Cæsar wonne.
The Romaines that, in our respect, neglected Misia, Spaine,
Armenia, France, and Siria, then Recusants of their Raine,
Not by their Captaines, but himselfe the Emperour of Rome,
Into relapsed Brutaine with imperiall Ensignes come.
Then hotter than the Punicke Warres to Romaines did begin:
And Claudius loseth valiantlie all that the Brutons win,
But Romish Hamo, from whose death Southhampton had that name,

In

In Brittish Armes salutes the King, and slewe by guile the same.
Duke Aruiragus using then the Armor of the King,
Maintained fight, and wonne the field ere Brutons knewe the thing.
This hardie Knight, his Brother slaine, was Crowned in his place:
And with his winnings, also wonne the Emperour to grace:
Who sending for his Daughter, faire Geniſſa, so did ende
The Warres in Wedding: and away did Claudius Cæsar wende.
But Aruiragus after this reuolted, and to stay
The hauocke made of Romaines here came succors euery day.
His Quéene Geniſſa childing died, when his Reuolt she knew:
And Voada, deuorsed late, became his Quéene of new.
Then he that at Ieruſalem the fatall siege begonne,
Was sent from Rome: and warring here, the wonted Tribute wonne:
And through his gentle Victorie, bound Aruiragus still
A friend to Cæsar, whome the King adopted heire by will.
I here omit the dismall Warre in Isle of Mona made
Against the Romaines, whome the Priests the Druides inuade
With banning words, and women, with their haire vntrussed, stand
With brands of fire in furious wise about their desperat Band.
The King deceased, Voada and her two daughters, they
Abused by the Romaine Lords, doe hotter warres assay.

THe noble Scot King Corbred he confederats with the King
of Pichtes: and they, and Brittish Péeres to field their Armies bring
To aide the Quéene of Brutes, that like the Amazonian Dame
That beating downe the bloodie Greekes in Priams succour came,
Had pight her Iauelin at her féete, when entred in among
The fearce Confederates, thus she spake amidst the sylent throng:
My state and ser, not hand or heart, most valiant friends, with-hild
Me, wretched Cause of your repaire, by wicked Romaines ild,
From that reuenge which I do wish, and ye haue cause to worke:
In which, suppose not Voada in female feares to lurke.
For loe my selfe, vnlike my selfe, and these same Ladies faire
In Armor, not to shrinke an inch wheare hottest doings are.
Euen we do dare to bid the Base, and you your selues shall sée
Your selues to come behind in Armes: the Romaines taw that be

Such Conquerors, and valiantly can womankind oppresse,
Shall know that Brittish women can the Romish wrongs redresse.
Then arme ye with like courages as Ladies shall present,
Whom ye, nor wounds, nor death, the praise of Onset shall preuent.
Nor enuie that our Martiall rage exceeds your manly ire,
For by how much more we endure, so much more wee desire
Reuenge on those in whose default we are vnhallowed thus,
Whil'st they forget themselues for men, or to be borne of vs.
Ye yéeld them Tribute, and from vs their Legions haue their pay:
Thus were too much, but more then thus the haughtie Tirants sway
That I am Quéene, from being wrong'd doth nothing me protect:
Their Rapes against my Daughters both I also might obiect:
They Maydes deflower, they Wiues enforce, and vse their wils in all,
And yeat we liue deferring fight, inferring so our fall.
But valiant Brutons, ventrous Scots, and warlike Pichtes I erre,
Exhorting, whom I should dehort your fearcenes to deferre.
Lesse courage more considerate would make your foes to quake:
My heart hath ioy'd to sée your hands the Romaine Standards take,
But when as force, and Fortune faild, that you with téeth should fight,
And in the faces of their Foes your women in despight
Should fling their sucking Babes, I hild such valiantnes but vaine:
Inforced flight is no disgrace, such Flyers fight againe.
Here are yée, Scots that with the King my valiant Brother dead
the Latines, wondring at your prowes, through Rome in triumph lead:
Ye Mars-stard Pichtes of Scythian bréed are here Coleagues: and more,
Ye Dardane Brutes, last named, but in valour meant before:
In your conduct, most knightly Friends, I superseade the rest:
Ye come to fight, and we in fight to hope and helpe our best.
Scarce did this braue Bellona end, when as the Battailes ioyne,
And life and death was bought and sould with courage, not with coine.
Aboue the rest the Quéene of Brutes through blood did cut her way,
Sixe thousand Ladies Lyons-like exploiting like Afray:
Till Cattus with his Romaine Armes, subdewed, fled away.
Of Romaines seuentie thousand died, of Brutons then were slaine
Twise fiftéene thousand, and the rest their ceased frédome gaine.
When valiant Plancius, President, in Gallia heard such newes,

He wastes an Armie out of Fraunce, and Voada pursues,
The Albinests to aid the Quéene assemble at her call,
And then began a second Warre, nor was the slaughter small.
The Brutons, barring slight, had clos'de themselues with waines about
In which the aiwles women stood surueying who was stout,
Controuling Cowards, and among did fill the aire with dinne:
But, valiant though the Brutones were, the day the Romaines winne.
In vaine the furious women then on Sonnes and Husbands call,
Themselues with Sonnes and Husbands did by aduerse weapons fall.
Quéene Voada past helpe, and hope, betoke her selfe to slight:
Till looking backe, vnfollowed then, and hauing in her sight
The senseles Tronks of slaughtred friends, she leaning on her Lance
Did power forth teares, and grew at length impacient of the chance,
And said: my selfe, my trusty friends, wil with my dearest blood
Kéepe Obite to your happie Gostes, that for your Countries good
Be as you be, and I will be: no Romaine sword shal boast
Of my dispatch. So on her Lance she yéelded vp the Goste.
Her Daughter then, for to reuenge her friends vpon her foes,
Assisted by the vanquished, against the Victors rose,
And slaughtring through the Romaine Tentes the braue Virago goes.
Till Plancius, euer prouident of perils, brought supplies,
What time Vodicia, réging wounds, with constant courage dies.

SUch busines hanging, Lucius, here the first baptized King,
Died issuelesse: and for the Crowne did long contention spring.
At length Constantius Cæsar (for the Brutons yéelded so)
Did Helen, Colis daughter wed. Of her doe praises go
For finding of the holie Crosse, and for deuotion rare.
From these proceéded Constantine, the most vndoubted heire
Both to the Romaine Monarchie, and this his Parents Reame.
He turn'd the Empires ebbing pompe into her flowing streame,
And was a Prince religious: yeat (with reuerence be it said)
If lesse religious, then not he the Empire had decaide,
By largesse to a pompeous Priest, Apostolique ere then,
But now intruding euen on God, insulting ouer men.
Nor spares thou his native Realme that seazed thée of Rome,

Admit his frankneſſe were a fault (as is their common dome,
That ſay he made a Paule a Saule, that made a Prieſt a Prince,
And in that grace the Empires grace diſgraced euer ſince)
Find thou no fault with ſuch a fault whereby he fitted thée:
But, if thou wilt vngratefull proue, vngracious ceaſe to be,
A Traytors Tutor is a .R. nor force we ſuch a .T.
Let ſuch a Prelate bleſſe or banne, with Candle, Booke and Bell,
He cannot raiſe himſelfe to heauen, nor rid a knaue from hell.
Vaine are his Bulles engendring Calues, ſent hither from his Stals,
To feed (mad Sots) the Foule that by his name the Sendor cals.
Nor thinke he dreamed this in vaine, that dreamed thus of late:
One ſeemed to haue paſſed Stix, and entring Plutos gate,
Saw Hecat new canonized the Sourantiſſe of hell:
And Pluto bad it holliday, for all which theare did dwell.
Sterne Minos, and grimme Radymant, diſcend their duſkie rownes:
The Docke was alſo cleare of Gosts, adiorn'd to after-downes:
The Furies, and the deadly Sinnes, with their inuective Scroles
Depart the Barre: the Fiends rake vp their euer-burning Coles:
The Elues, and Fairies, taking fists, did hop a merry Round:
And Cerberus had lap enough: and Charon leaſure found:
The airy Sprights, the walking Flames, and Goblins great and ſmall,
Had theare good chéere, and company, and ſport the diuell and all.
To Tantalus the ſhrinking flood nor ſtarting fruit were ſuch:
Nor Tirius his bowels did the hungrie Vultur touch:
Vpon his Stone ſat Ciſaphus: Ixeon on his Wheele:
The Belides vpon their Tubs: no wonted toile they féele.
Till, in this anticke Feſtiuall, theſe laſt recited fiue
Of dignities for dueties theare they earneſtly did ſtriue.
And then the quarrell grew ſo hot that hell was hell againe,
And flocking Gosts did ſeu'rally their Fautors part maintaine.
With Ciſaphus toke part the Gosts of minds that did aſpire,
And by ambicious climing fell, deſarts vnlike deſire.
With Tantalus hild ſtarued Gosts, whoſe pleaſure was their paine,
Whoſe euer Hords had neuer vſe, and gettings had no gaine.
To Belides aſſiſted Soules of Vnthrifts, whoſe ſupplies (fiee-
Did paſſe from them as Scathrough Clues, whoſe waſts no wealths ſuf-

Vnto

Vnto Ixeon stood their Sprights that had their lusts for law,
Rebellants to a common good, and sinning without awe.
To Titius lastly ioyned Gosts, whose hearts did emptie hate
As Todes their poyson, growing when it seemeth to abate.
About slie Apples, Stones, and Tubs, the whéele was tumbled down,
The Vultur girds, no Goste but had at least a broken crowne.
This skusling and confederacie in hell made such a reare,
That (wontles of such braules and blowes) Proserpine did feare.
But Pluto, laughing, told his Bride to Ela it was Fa:
To morrowes dinne should prowe that same to be a ciuill day.
In peace these were their practises on earth, and here in hell
(Saue that their Soules haue neuer peace) we finde them as they fell.
They worke to me, each of these fine, though dailie count I aske,
Doe newlie number Million Soules, whose torments is their taske.
The Quéene of such, not frée of fear, replied thus againe,
And yeat, me thinks, that Pluto should haue pitie on their paine.
He lowers: and Feast with Fray had end, and drinke did euery soule
Of Lethe: who, their ioyes forgot, euen yet in torments houle:
Nay Pluto must be Pluto still, and so I will (quoth he,)
For this same onely day the Gosts indebted are to thée:
For as the like shall neuer come, so neuer like befell,
But henceforth all, yea Prince, and Pope, shall euer find it hell.
So dreamed one: but ouer-long on fantazies I dwell.

## CHAP. XIX.

THe Cosen of great Constantine, in Rome and here succéeds:
Betwixt the Brutes, the Scots, and Pichtes continuall trouble brééds:
And long the regiment of this Lande the Romaines did inioy,
Transmitting Captaines euermore as Foes did here anoy.
But Rome it selfe declined now, and Brutaine was oppresst,

No longer were the Scottish Spoiles by Romaine swords redrest.
Then ends the Tribute, then began new troubles, worser farre
Then Tribute: for the Scots and Pichtes inferre consuming warre.
The Brutons, vnder Rome secure, as men that did relie
On others, were disabled now by Martiall meanes to trie
The fame of fight: but Captainelesse, confusedly they deale,
And giue a wretched instant of an headles Common-weale.
And whom so many Romaine Pæers, grand-Captaines of such might,
Of whom nine Emperours themselues in persons here did fight,
Could hardly foyle, were fronted now euen of a barbarous Foe:
And at the point (a wondrous change) their Country to forgoe.
Such fruit hath ease, such pollicie did serue the Romaines turne,
Who, waining Martiall minds, themselues the quietlier here soiorn.
The Brutons thus dispoyl'd of Armes, and courage in effect,
Of Prince, of Captaines, and aduise, their busines to direct:
Dispatch their Legate to the Land Diminutiue in name
To Britaine: where the Legate thus his Ambassie did frame:

The back-slide of our helpless friends, the down-fall of our state,
Our lacke of Prince, of people, and our wealth, not now as late,
The sauage dealing of our Foes, consuming ours and vs,
Is cause (right mightie King) that we approch thy presence thus.
Not for we are in blood allied, or that whil'st Fortune smil'd,
Your Ancestors had rule from vs, not for the Dames defil'd
At Cullin, who withstanding lust for it did lose their liues,
That els to Conon and his knightes had liued noble wiues,
We are emboldned in our suit: though all of these might moue:
But for our former wants, O King, and for thine owne behoue,
Great Britaine doth submit it selfe thy Subiect (if thou please.)
Or els dispose it at thy will. Prouided we haue ease
Against such Foes, as would not saue our liues to haue our Land:
Whom to conclude (except thou helpe) we neuer may withstand.

The King Aldroen pitying much the cause of his Allies,
Arm'd thence his brother Constantine, a Captaine stout and wise.
He chasing hence the Scottes and Pichtes, with glorie wore the Crowne,
And through his vertue stayed vp a Kingdome sinking downe.

WIthin a while did Vortiger the Duke of Cornewalle raigne,
When Constans sonne of Constantine he traitrously had slaine.
The Scotts did ruffle then anew, nor did the king affye
In Brutones, for they hated him, and reason had they why:
And Saxon Flætes from Germanie in Armor here arriue,
Through whose support the king in wars against the Scots did thriue.
The Foe by Hengest foiled thus, he and his brother git
The chiefest credit with the king, but few gaine-saying it,
Necessitie of Souldiers here so well for them did fit.
And Hengests Daughter intertain'd King Vortiger so well,
That to misliking of his wife, and liking her he fell:
And sotted thus in forren loue, did wed the Saxon Wench:
Which wrought vnto the Saxons weale, but to the Brutes offence.
For whatsoere the Quéene did aske, the King would not deny,
Vntill his Subiects ran to Armes, and made the Saxons flie.
They putting downe the Father, then did set vp Vortimer,
He poisoned by his Stepdame, they restored Vortiger,
With this condition, that he should no Saxons intertaine.
But Hengest (hearing from the Quéene that Vortimer was slaine,
And Vortiger his Sonne-in-lawe re-kinged) did resaile
With Saxon forces: though with fraud, not force he did preuaile.
For thus by pollicy he did the Brutons circumuent:
He craued Parlie, as a man that were to quietnes bent,
The place appointed, Parlantes him in simple meaning méet
Farre from their Armie all vnarm'd, whom Saxon Traitors gréet
With deadly wounds by hidden knines, and held the King with them,
Confounding so the Brittish Ofte. Nor cease they to contemne
Both Christian rights, and ciuill Rule, subuerting either twaine:
And what they would of Vortiger through fearefull threats they gaine:
And plant themselues in Southfolke, Kent, and elsewhere at their will:
And ruffling runne throughout the Land oppressing Brutons still.
The King and Brutons fled to Wales. and Fiend-got Marlin theare
Bewraied more then I beléeue, or credit séemes to beare:
As shewing how the Castell worke, rear'd daily, fell by night
By shaking of two Dragons great that vnderneath it fight,
With other wonders, tedious if not trothlesse to resight.

Aurelius

Aurelius Ambroſe, brother to King Conſtans murdred late,
From either Bruton hauing aid, wonne ſo the kingly ſtate:
And, ere that Hengeſt or his ſonne ſtout Octa he ſubdew'd,
Firſt to reuenge his Brothers death he Vortiger purſew'd,
In vaine the Welſh wild Mountaines fence the Flier from his Foe,
Or Gerneth Caſtell, when as flames throughout the buildings go:
In midſt whereof the wretched King did end his daies in woe.

THe Brutons thus had peace a while, till Vortigerus Sonne,
And Guillamour the Iriſh King, in new Conflicts begonne:
Whom, whil'ſt that Vter valiantly in Wales to wracke did bring,
His brother Ambroſe did deceaſe, and Vter then was King.
What Vter did by Marlins Art, in compaſſing his will
Upon the wife of Garolus, tranſſigured by ſkill
Into the likeneſſe of her Lord, on whom he got a ſonne,
Renowmed Arthur: or to name the Acts by Vter donne,
Were much and needleſſe: onely note he was a valiant Prince,
But ſuch as was his noble ſonne, was not before or ſince.
Great blazing Arthur, as haue ſome, I might be ouer-ſeene:
He was victorious, making one amongſt the Worthies neene:
But (with his pardon) if I vouch his world of Kingdomes wonne,
I am no Poet, and for lacke of pardon were vndone.
His Scottiſh, Iriſh, Almaine, French, and Saxone Battelles got,
Geld fame ſufficient: theſe ſeeme true, the reſt I credite not.
But Bruton is my taſke, and to my taſke I will retire:
Twelue times the Saxon Princes here againſt him did conſpire,
And Arthur in twelue Battels great went vanquiſhor away:
Howbeit Saxon forces ſtill amongſt the Brutons ſtay.
This King to entertaine diſcourſe, and ſo to vnderſtand
What Accidents in after-times ſhoulde happen in this Lande,
He with the Britiſh Prophet then of Sequelles fell in hand.
Of ſir long after-Kings the man, not borne of humane ſeede,
Did Propheſie, and many things that came to paſſe in deed.
Now Arthur, chiefe of Chiualrie, had ſet his Crowne at ſtay,
And to his Nephew Mordred did commit thereof the ſway,
When with his Knights, the wonders of the world for Martiall deeds,

Beyond

Beyond the Seas in forren fights he luckely procedes:
Till faithlesse Mordred cal'd him backe that forward went with fame,
For at his Uncles Diademe he traiterously did aime.
Twise Arthur wonne of him the field, and thirdly slewe his Foe,
When, deadly wounded, he himselfe, victorious, died so.

INterred then with publique plaints, and obsequies,
A drouping of the Brittish state: the Saxon still subdewes,
Howbeit worthy Kings succéd: but destiny withstood
The auncient Scepter to inure in Brutes succéding blood.
Unlou'd Careticus was he that lost the Goale at length:
Whencefoorth, in vaine, to win their losse the Brutons vse their strength.
Yea God, that as it pleaseth him, doth place or dispossesse,
When foes, nor foiles, nor any force, their courage might suppresse,
Séem'd partiall in the Saxon Cause, and with a Plague did crosse
The Brutons, that had els at least rebated from their losse:
For Cadwane, and Cadwallyn, and Cadwallader, the last,
But not the least for valorous of Brittish Princes past,
Brought out of Wales such knightly wars as made their foes agast.
The Plague (worse spoyler then the Wars) left Cambre almost waste,
Which to auoid, the remnant Brutes into their Ships did haste.
Cadwallader, in leauing thus his native Shore, he firt
His eies from whence his bodie should, and with his sighes he mixt
His royall teares, which giuing place, he speaketh thus betwixt.
Swéet Brutaine (for I yet must vse that swéet, and ceasing name)
Adew, thy King bids thée adew, whose slight no weapons frame:
But God commaunds, his wrath cómandes, all counter-maund is vaine,
Els, for thy loue, to die in thée were life to thy remaine.
Thus tymes haue turnes, thus Fortune still is flying to and fro:
What was not, is: what is, shall cease: some come, and others goe:
So, Brutaine thou of Nation and of name endurest chaunge,
Now balking vs whome thou hast bread, and broking people strange.
Yeat (if I shot not past mine aime) a world of time from me,
Part of our blood, in highest pompe, shall Englands glorie be:
And chiefly, when vnto a first succéeds a second She.
But, leauing spéeches ominious Cadwallader is woe,
That séeing death determines griefe, he dies not on his foe.

Ah, Fortune fayleth mightie ones, and meaner doth aduaunce:
The mightiest Empier Rome hath chaunge, the Brutaine hawk thy chance:
Let it suffice thou wert before and after Rome in fame:
And to indure what God intends were sinne to count a shame.
Nor vaunt, ye Saxons, of our flight: but if ye needs will vaunt,
Then vaunt of this, that God displac'd whom you could never daunt.
This said, the teares contrould his tong, and sailes wrought land frō sight
When (saue a Remnant small) the Isle was rid of Brutons quight.

THE

# THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

## CHAP. XX.

THe Brutons thus departed hence, Heauen Kingdomes here begonne:
Where diuerſly in diuers broyles the Saxons loſt and wonne.
King Edel and king Adelbright in Diria iointly raigne:
In loyall concorde during life theſe kingly friends remaine.
When Adelbright ſhould leaue his life, to Edel thus he ſayes:
By thoſe ſame bondes of happie loue, that held vs friends alwaies,
By our by-parted Crowne, of which the Moyetie is mine,
By God, to whome my ſoule muſt paſſe, and ſo in time may thine,
I pray thee, nay I coniure thee, to nourith as thine owne
Thy Neece my Daughter Argentile, till ſhe to age be growne,
And then, as thou receiueſt it, reſigne to her my Throne.
A promiſe had for this Bequeſt, the Teſtator he dies:
But all that Edell vndertooke, he afterward denies.
Neat well he foſters for a time the Damſell that was growne
The faireſt Lady vnder heauen: whoſe beautie being knowne,
A many Princes ſeeke her loue, but none might her obtaine:
For grippell Edell to himſelfe her Kingdome ſought to gaine,
And for that cauſe, from ſight of ſuch he did his Ward reſtraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne vnto a Prince in Danske did sée
The Maid, with whom he fell in loue as much as one might bée:
Unhappie Youth, what should he doe? his Saint was kept in Mewe;
Nor he, nor any Noble-man admitted to her vewe.
One while in Melancholy fits he pines himselfe away,
Anon he thought by force of Armes to win her, if he may,
And still against the Kings restraint did secretly inuay.
At length the high Controller Loue, whom none may disobay,
Imbased him from Lordlines, vnto a Kitchin Drudge:
That so at least of life or death she might become his Judge.
Accesse so had to sée, and speake, he did his loue bewray,
And tells his hearth: her answer was she husbandles would stay.
Meane while the King did beat his braines his booty to atchieue,
Not caring what became of her, so he by her might thriue:
At last his resolution was some Peasant should her wiue.
And (which was working to his wish) he did obserue with ioye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge, scapt many an amorous toy.
The King, perceiuing such his vaine, promotes his Vassall still,
Least that the baseneſse of the man should let, perhaps, his will:
Assured therefore of his loue, but not suspecting who
The Louer was, the King himselfe in his behalfe did wowe.
The Lady, resolute from loue, vnkindly takes that he
Should barre the Noble, and vnto so base a Match agrée:
And therefore shifting out of doores, departed thence by stealth,
Preferring pouertie before a dangerous life in wealth.
When Curan heard of her escape, the anguish in his hart
Was more then much, and after her from Court he did depart.
Forgetfull of himselfe, his hearth, his Country, friends, and all,
And onely minding (whom he mist) the Foundresse of his thrall.
Nor meanes he after to frequent or Court or stately Townes,
But solitarily to liue amongst the Country grownes.
A brace of yéeres he liued thus, well pleased so to liue,
And Sheapherd-like to feede a flocke himselfe did wholly giue.
So walking loue, by worke, and want, grewe almost to the Waene:
But then began a second Loue, the worser of the twaene.
A Country wench, a Neatheards maid, where Curan kept his Shéep,
Did féed her Droue: and now on her was all the Shepheards kéepe,

He borrowed on the working daies, his holie russets oft:
And of the Bacons fat, to make his Startops blacke and soft:
And least his Tarbor should offend, he left it at the Folde:
Sweete Growte, or Whig, his Bottle had as much as it might holde:
A Sheeue of bread as browne as Nut, and Cheese as white as snowe,
And Wildings, or the Seasons fruite, he did in Scrip bestowe:
And whil'st his py-bald Curre did sleepe, and Sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow Quilles of Oten strawe he piped melody.
But when he spied her his Saint, he wipte his greasie shoes,
And clear'd the driuell from his beard and thus the Shepheard woes.
I haue sweet Wench, a peece of Cheese, as good as tooth may chaw,
And bread, and Wildings souling wel (and therewithall did drawe
His Lardrie) and, in eating, see you Crumpled Ewe (quoth he)
Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou if I might tup with thee.
Thou art too eluish, faith thou art too eluish, and too coy:
Am I (I pray thee) beggerly, that such a Flocke enioy?
I wis I am not: yeat that thou doest holde me in disdaine
Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe to all that keepe this Plaine.
There be as quaint (at least that think themselues as quaint) that craue
The Match, that thou (I wot not why) maist, but mislik'st to haue.
How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot, thou art a Female) I,
I know not her that willingly with Maiden-head would die.
The Plowmans labour hath no end, and he a Churle will proue:
The Craftsman hath more worke in hand, then fitteth vnto loue:
The Marchant trafficquing abroad, suspects his Wife at home:
A Youth will play the Wanton, and an olde-man proue a Mome.
Then Chuse a Shepheard. With the Sun he doth his Flocke vnfold,
And all the day on Hill or Plaine he merrie chat can holde:
And with the Sun doth folde againe: then iogging home betime,
He turnes a Crab, or tunes a Round, or sings some merrie ryme:
Nor lackes he gleefull tales to tell, whil'st round the Bole doth trot:
And sitteth singing care-away, till he to bed hath got:
Theare sleepes he soundly all the night, forgetting Morrow cares,
Nor feares he blasting of his Come nor vttering of his wares,
Or stormes by seas, or stirres on Land, or cracke of credite lost,
Not spending franklier then his Flocke shall still defray the cost.
Wel wot I, soth they say that say, more quiet nightes and daies

The shepheard sleeps and wakes than he whose Cattel he doth graize.
Beléeue me Lasse, a King is but a man, and so am I:
Content is worth a Monarchie, and mischieses hit the hie.
As late it did a King and his, not dwelling far from heike:
Who left a Daughter, (saue thy selfe) for faire, a matchlesse wench:
(Here did he pause, as if his tongue had done his heart offence.)
The Neatresse, longing for the rest, did egge him on to tell
How faire she was, and who she was. She bore (quoth he) the bell
For Beautie: though I clownish am, I know what Beautie is,
Or did I not, yeat seeing thee, I senceles were to miss.
Suppose her Beautie Hellens like, or Hellens somewhat lesse,
And euery Starre consorting to a pure Complection gesse.
Her Stature comely tall, her gate well graced, and her wit
To marueil at, not meddle with, as matchles I omit.
A Globe-like head, a Gold-like haire, a Forehead smoth and hie,
An euen Nose, on either side stood out a grailsh Eie:
Two rosie Cheekes, round ruddie Lips, white well-set Teeth within.
A mouth in meanie, and vnderneath a round and dimpled Chin.
Her Snowish necke with blewish Vaines stood bolt vpright vpon
Her portly shoulders: bating Balles her vained Breasts anon
Adde more to Beautie: wand-like was her Middle, falling still,
And rising whereas women rise: but ouer-skippe I will,
What Vales in Females ouer-skipp: imagine nothing ill.
And more, her long and limber Armes had white and azure Wrists:
And slender Fingers aunswere to her smoth and lillie Fists.
A Legge in print, a pretie Foot conjecture of the rest,
For amorous Eies, obseruing forme, thinke parts obscured best.
With these (O thing deuine) with these, her tong of speech was spaer:
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake the Ball from Ide to baer.
With Phœbe, Iuno, and with both her selfe contends in face:
Wheare equall mixture did not want of milde and stately grace.
Her smiles were sober, and her lookes were chearefull vnto all:
And such as neither wanton seeme, nor waiward, mell, nor gall.
A quiet mind, a patient mood, and not disdaining any:
Not gybing, gadding, gawdie, and her faculties were many.
A Nimph, no tong, no heart, no Eie, might praise, might wish, might see
For life, for loue, for forme, more good, more worth, more faire, than shee:

Yea such an one, as such was none, saue onely she was such:
Of Argentile to say the most, were to be silent much.
I knewe the Lady very well, but worthles of such praies,
The Neatresse sayd: and muse I do, a Shepheard thus should blaze
The Conte of Beautie. Credite me, thy latter speech bewraies
Thy clownish shape a coined shew. But wherefore dost thou weepe:
(The Shepheard wept, and she was woe, and both doth silence keepe.)
In troth, quoth hee, I am not such as seeming I profess:
But then for her, and now for thee, I from my selfe digresse.
Her loued I, (wretch that I am a Recreant to be)
I loued her, that hated loue: but now I die for thee.
At Kirkland is my Fathers Court, and Curan is my name,
In Edels Court sometimes in pompe, till Loue contrould the same:
But now. What now? deare heart how now? what ailest thou to weep?
(The Damsell wept, and he was woe, and both did silence keepe.)
I graunt, quoth she, it was too much, that you did loue so much:
But whom your former could not moue, your second loue doth touch.
Thy twise beloued Argentile submitteth her to thee:
And for thy double loue, presents herselfe a single fee:
In passion, not in person chaung'd, and I, my Lord, am thee.
They swetly surfeiting in ioy, and silent for a space,
When as the Extasie had end, did tenderly imbrace:
And for their wedding, and their wish, got fitting time and place.
Not England (for of Hengest then was named so this Land)
Then Curan had an hardier knight, his force could none withstand:
Whose Sheepe-hooke laid apart, he then had higher things in hand.
First, making knowne his lawfull claime in Argentile her right,
He warr'd in Diria: and he wonne Brenicia too in fight:
And so from trecherous Edel tooke at once his life and Crowne,
And of Northumberland was king, long ragning in renowne.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXI.

THe Saxons that, in these Discents, derive frō Gods and men,
Ioue, Minos, Geta, Flokwald, Fyn, Fredwolfe, Frælosse, Woden,
Each as I name them others sonne, not only Conquer here,
But with their wāding Armies spoile the World through-out welnere.
The English Saxon kings oppresse, the mightier ones the weake:
Each trifling cause sufficing here their loue and leagues to breake.
One seazeth of his Neighbours Realme, and is dissеazed eve-long:
For Empier some, for Enuie some, and some to right their wrong
Contend vnto their common losse, and some like Monsters raine:
As Sigbert, who for tyrannie did bannishment sustaine.
He wandred vnbewailed long, a man whom men exempt
From house, and helpe, pursuing him with capitall contempt.
Forlorne therefore, with drouping limbs, and dropping eies, in vaine,
He frendles walks the fruitles Woods, and fodles did complaine.
A Swineheard meeting him by chaunce, and pittying his estate,
Imploy'd the Westerne King, vnknown, on his affaires to wait.
Nor did the needie King disdaine such rowne, for such relieфe:
An Under-Swineheard ship did serue, he sought not to be chiefe.
But when by speech, and circumstance, his Maister vnderstood,
His seruant was the somtimes king: blood cries (quoth he) for blood:
My giltles Maister in thy pompe thou, Tyrant, diddest slay:
Nor vnreuenged of his death thou shalt escape away.
With that he toke a Libbat vp, and beateth out his braines:
And dead (so odious Tyrants be) not one for him complaines.

NOt all so ill, yeat cause of worse vnto the English state
Was Osbret of Northumberland: his loue did winne him hate.
Enamored on Lord Buerns wife, as tired in the Chace,
He left the Hounds, and with a fewe dismounts at Buerns Place.

Her

Her husband absent, heartely his Lady entertaines
The King, and feasts him royally, not sparing cost or paynes.
But he that fed on Fansies food, and hungred whil'st he eates,
Thought Venus sparer in her loues, then Ceres in her meats.
The Trayne and table voyded, then he taking her a-part,
Directs her by his tongue and teares, vnto his louing heart.
Delay, he sayth, breedeth doubts, but sharpe denïall death:
Or do not long surcharge my blisse, or sone discharge my breath:
For if my prayers adde no edge vnto thy begged dome,
The Vintage of my thriftlesse loue is blasted in the bloome.
Be fauourable to my fire: for thy sweete sake, be bolde,
I durst attempt euen Hell (if hell so sweete a thing might holde.)
Doe thinke her coie, or think her chaste, my Censure I suspend:
Some Women yeeld not at the first, yeat yeeld they in the ende.
She gaue repulses to his lust, and he replies of Loue:
Not all the Witts Diana had might Cupids Plaint remoue.
She countermaunding his demaund, he ceased Courting now,
And did with her by violence, what vertues disallow:
And then departed, leauing her in self-conceit disgraste:
More trespassed then some would thinke, and yeat perhaps as chaste.
Home came her Lord, whose browes had buds, and found his wife in
And (foolish Thing) she told a troth, for which reuenge he swears. (tears,
But so the man did proue a beast: he better might haue hid it,
Some such are mistically domme, yeat domly doe forbid it.
His wiues escapes done secretly, if by the man detected,
She wes hilled büps (supposed büps) meere hornes, not hornes suspected.
At Denmark in his Cosins Court, he telleth of his wrong:
And gaines against his soueraigne Lord of Danes an Armie strong.
Hungar and Hubba, and himselfe, Conductors of this Hoast,
Did with their forren forces land, and spoyle the Northerne Coaste.
The vicious valiant Osbret, that had vanquished ere then
The King and kingdome of the Scots, though wanting armes and men,
Thought skorne his Foes should beard him so, & bar him vp in walles,
And therefore, issuing out of Yorke, vpon the Danes he falles.
A bloodie Bargaine then begonne, no fight might fearcer be,
And of the Danish part were slayne for euery English three.
But manhod lost, and number wonne, the Danes they got the fielde:

And Osbret dyed valiantly, that not to line would yéeld.

MEane while the Danes with fresh supplies ariue at euery Shore,
And warre almost in euery shire, infesting England sore.
With whome courageous Etheldred contended long in vayne,
By them was he, King Ella, and the holy Edmond slaine.
Nothing was done, but all vndone, till King Alured hée
In daunger of his royall selfe did set his subiects frée:
For euery day, in euery place, the Danes did so increase,
That he nor any English King enioy one day of peace.
Nor mightier men at Armes than they, might any wheare be found:
Who in their diuers Wars els-where did diuers Realmes confound:
For as the Gothes, the Vandales, Hunnes, and Saxons earst did range,
So now the Danes did plague the world, as sent by interchange.
This Westerne and victorious king, and greatest Monarke héere,
Perceiuing of this spoyled Ile a toward Ruine néere,
Disguised like a Minstrell poore, did haunt the Danish Tents,
And with his feats and melodie the Enemie presents:
And of their sloth, their gluttonie, and Counsels priuie so,
He toke aduantage, giuing them a sodaine ouerthrowe.
And slayeth Hubba, Hungar, and the Cause of their repayre,
And putteth all to Sword and Seas that vnbaptized waire.
Yeat to Northumberland return'd fearce Gurmond with the Danes,
Meane time did king Alured die, the Hatchet of their Tranes.
But Adelstane (one king betwirt) not onely clear'd the Land
Of Danes, but of all England had sole Empire in his hand.
Thus of this long dismembred Realme was he the onely King:
In which, till Egelred his raigne did prosper euery thing.
He raigning, much of England then the Lordly Danes did hold,
Exacting Tributes euery yeare, and selling Peace for Gold.
And (which no doubt did hatch those Plagues) the king a wicked one,
Did enter by his Brothers blood, extorting thus his Throne:

KIng Edgar that subdew'd the Scots, and slaughtered the Danes,
And of the Welch had tribut Wolffs: of whom it more remaines
That, as it were in Triumph-wise, Eight Vnder-kings did roe
Him, Sterns-man, on the Riuer Dee, with diuers honors moe,

This

This Edgar by a former wife had Edward, by another
This Egelred, a Sonne vnto a kinde and cruell Mother:
For as she labors to prefer her owne by well and ill,
So to destroy her Son-in-law she wanted meanes, not will.
And meanes did hit. King Edward hunts, and hunting lost his Traine,
Whom, man-les, at her Castle Corfe the Quéene did entertaine.
He hauing séene to whom he came in curtesie to sée,
Made haste away, in Quest of them that still a hunting be:
And when he, mounted, should depart, to him his Stepdame drinkes:
Whom, pledging, him an Hierling stab'd, and life-les downe he sinkes.
Thus Egelred obtain'd the Crowne, but for his crowing so
His Subiects grudge, and he became a Preface to their woe.
For when this proud and vitious king, was neither lou'd of his,
Nor liued safely for the Danes, his secret Edict is,
That sodainly, in one selfe hower, throughout the Land should passe
A common Massaker of Danes, which so performed was:
Hartfordian Welwyn (Wealth-wyn then, for promptnesse in that charge)
Beginning, other Townes, as it themselues from Danes inlarge.

## CHAP. XXI.

THis common murther of the Danes, was common mirth to all
The Englisn, whom they did oppresse with slaueries not small,
Compelling men by grieuous Draught as Beasts to plough their Land,
Of whom the Englisn as of Gods, or Fiends, in terror stand.
The Husband durst not vse his Wife, if liked of a Dane,
Nor House, nor Goods, nor aught he had, for who resists was slaine:
That frankes and feedeth daintily, This pines and fareth ill,
And of his Sweat that hath the swéete, and is imperious still.
Each house maintained such a Dane, that so they might preuent
Conspiracies, if any were, and grope how mindes were bent:
Lord Dane the same was called then, to them a pleasing name,

Now odiously Lur-dane say we, when idle Mates we blame.
When Swaine the Dacian King did heare his Danes were murthered so,
With bitter vowes, he shipt his men for Englands ouerthroe:
And landing, spar'd no Shrine, nor Saint, nor Ser, nor any State,
Not wanting Aiders English-men, that held their King in hate.
Especially false Edricus the Admirall deceiues
His King and Countrey oftentimes, and Bribes of Swaine receiues:
And Egelred his cowardisse incouraged the Foe,
Till Swaine at length, for Masses great, was bribed hence to goe.
But, making short returne, the Péeres of England that disdaine
Th'indignities of such a King, that did so féebly raigne,
Submit them Subiects vnto Swaine: and Egelred did flie
Vnto the Father of his Quæne, the Duke of Normandie:
And Sawine, possessed of the land, did shortly after die.
His sonne Canutus present here, had Season of the Crowne,
Till Egeldred returning backe, by Armor puts him downe.
Who scarcely giueth breathing time, but that he back resailes
From Denmarke, and by force, by friends, and fortune here prevailes:
For in this Warre King Egelred did sicken and decease:
And then the broiles (Canutus king) did for a time decrease,
Till Edmond, sonne of Egelred, did interrupt that peace.

COnferring Armes to Edmonds age, when Egelred did lie
On death-bed, to his Sonne he sayd: not quite forlorne am I,
Whose life hath had so much of griefe, thus graciously to dye.
Ad more, thy vertues glad my death, yeat two things gréeue among,
To leaue my Kingdome so in Warres, and thée for Warres too young.
So may these troubles weare to none, as thou doest ware I pray,
And so possesse thy Fathers Seate that all approue thy Sway.
Not to be made a king (my Sonne) is so to make thée proude,
For mildenes fitteth Maiestie, high mindes are disaloude.
Sée me thy Father, now a king, and by and by but earth,
Nor thinke that euery king hath hap to die a happy death.
Let Nature for perfection molde a Paragon each way,
Yeat Death at least, on finest lumps of liuing flesh will pray:
For Nature neuer framed it, that neuer shall decay.
The bravest are as Blossomes, and the longest Liuer dies,

And

And dead, the loueleſt Creature as the lothſom'ſt Carrion lies.
Then thinke not but that kings are men, as and the reſt miſcarrie,
Saue that their fame or infamie contiuually doth tarry.
Déeme paſt Examples Sentences, and (which did fayle in me)
Make vſe of thoſe not now in vſe, for now will ceaſe to be.
Attempt not things beyond thy reach, ioyne Fortune to thy will:
Leaſt Phœbus Chaire doe elſe ſurcharge raſh Phaeton his ſkill.
If Fortune helpe whom thou would'ſt hurt, fret not at it the more:
When Aiax ſtormed, then from him the Prize Vlyſſes bore.
Try friends by touch, a féeble friend may proue thy ſtrongeſt Foe:
Great Pompeius head to Cæſars hand it was betrayed ſo.
Admit thou hadſt Pactolion waues, to land thée Golde at will,
Know Cræſus did to Cyrus knéele, and thou maiſt ſpéed as ill.
Abandon luſt, if not for ſinne, yeat to auoyd the ſhame:
So Hogges of Ithacus his men the Latian Witch did frame.
Be not too moody in thy wrath, but pauſe though fiſt be bent:
Oft Philips Sonne did raſhly ſtrike, and leiſurely repent.
Content thée with vnthreatned Meane, and play not AEſops Dogge:
The Golde that gentle Bacchus gaue did gréedy Mydas clogge.
Be valiant, not too venterous, but fight to fight againe:
Euen Hercules did hold it ods, for one to ſtriue with twaine.
Be not ambiciouſly a King, nor grudgingly decline:
One God did rote out Cis his ſtock, and rayſe vp Ieſſes line.
Ieſt not with edge toles, ſuffer Saints, let mightie Fooles be mad:
Note, Seneca by Neroes dome for Precepts pennance had.
Haue care to whom, of whom, and what to ſpeake, though ſpéech be trew,
That Miſſe made Phœbus contrary his Rauens Swan-like hew.
He frameth torments to himſelfe, that féeds a Tyrants vaine:
Perillus was by Phalaris adiudg'd to ſelf-taught paine.
Prayſe not the beautie of thy Wife, though ſhe of forme be ſped:
For Gyges, moued ſo, did graft on Candaules his head.
Shunne Ielouſie that hart-breake loue, if Cat will goe to kind.
Be ſure that Io hath a meane, that Argus ſhall be blind.
Commit not Treaſure with thy Childe to gréedy minded men:
Thou leaueſt Polidor a ſpoyle to Polymneſtor then.
Occurrants giue occaſions ſtill of like, in which be ſure
To ſerue thy God, to ſaue thy ſelfe, and wel to all procure.

Be vertuous, and assure thy selfe thou canst not then but thriue:
In onely vertue it is sayd that men themselues suruiue.
As for the vicious, such they are as is the heedlesse Flie,
That killes it selfe, and hurts his sight that hath her in his Eye.
Farewell my sonne: England farewell, thy neuer happy Prince
Doth take his leaue, an happy leaue, if taken so long since.
And, Edmond (burying not with me thy vertues, nor my speech)
I blesse thee in his blessed name whom I of blesse beseech,
Said Egelred: and shortly gaue a quiet gaspe or twaine,
And being dead, his noble Sonne succeeded him in Raigne.

THis like himselfe, euen knight-like and an English-man indeede,
Did quicken Englands quailing Prowes, and Mars-like did proceede.
A brauer Captaine than was he not any band might haue:
And yeat a Mars did match this Mars, Canutus was as braue.
These wonders of that age for Armes, and Dirij of those dayes,
Did often battell, equally to eithers losse and praies,
Now after many bloody Fieldes, when none might estimate
The better or the worser part, a Knight that saw the state
Then present, and by likelyhods presaged what might fall,
Said (hearing it the differing kings and Souldiers almost all:)
We euer warre, and neuer winnne, Edmund hath Fortitude,
Canutus Fortune, neither thus of other is subdude.
Death feares not vs, nor for their liues our Contraries doe care:
It followes then, that all must die, wheare all so despret are.
If all be slayne, then who shall serue our Princes that suruiue?
Or fence out Forrens: better one, then none of both should thriue.
To thriue therefore, were not a-misse, that seeing one of twaine
Wil Diuner all, that onely they the quarell doe maintaine.
Or if Combattantsie not please, the Land is rich and large,
And they Copernicers may liue, and vs of death discharge.
If Combat nor Partition be, then will his Warre reuiue,
Till one suruiuing all of vs, wants one with whome to striue.
This sayd, the Kings did marke and make a profit of the same,
And did conclude by Combacy to winne or lose the Game.
Within a little Island neare (round which the Armies stand)
The kingly Champions trie their force, by fighting hand to hand.

They

They spur their Horses, breake their Speares, and beat at Barriars long
And then, dismounting, did renew a Battel braue and strong.
Whilst either king thus Martially defends, and did offend,
They breathing, king Canutus said: we both I see shall end,
Ere Empire shall begin to one: then be it at thy choyce,
To fight, or part. With it their Knights crie out with common voyce,
Deuide, most valiant Kings deuide, enough ye haue of fight:
And so the Champions did embrace, forgetting malice quite.
Partition equally was made betwixt these Princes twaine,
And Brother-like they liue and loue: till by a deu'lish traine,
Earle Edricus, a Traytor to the Father and the Sonne,
Did murther Edmund: and his head (supposing to haue wonne
The fauour of Canutus so) presenting sayd (O King)
For loue of thée I thus haue done. Amazed at the thing,
Canutus sayd, and for that thou hast headed him for me,
Thy head aboue all Englisn heads eralted it shall be:
The Earle was headed, and his head pold vp for all to sée.
Of England, Dansk and Norway, then Canut was perfect Lord,
And in this triple Regiment all with vertue did accord.
Harold, and Hardi-knought his sonnes, each th'other did succéede:
of either which small certaine Fame of well or ill we réed:
Saue by their Raigns, to English-men did grieuous thraldom bréed.
But after Hardi-knought his death, the Danes were chased hence,
Not intermedling with the state of England euer since.

## CHAP. XXII.

OF foresaid Egelred his Sonnes, Alured, and his brother,
Was Edward King: (for Goodwyns guile had made away that other.)
Religious, chaste, wise, fortunate, stout, francke, and milde was hee:
And from all Taxes, wrongs, and Foes, did set his kingdome frée.
By ouer-ruling of his Lordes, intreating long the same,

Least, dying Issules, he leaue succession out of frame,
He toke to Quéene a Damsell fayre: howbeit, by consent,
In vowes of secret chastitie their louing liues they spent.
The Father of this maiden-wife, he sitting by the King,
And séeing one that stumbled, but not falling, vp to spring,
Did laughing say, the brother theare the brother well hath eas'd,
(His meaning was the Stumblers féete.) And haddest thou so pleas'd,
So had my Brother, quoth the King, bin easing vnto me.
The traiterons Earle tooke bread and sayd, so this digested be
As I am guiltles of his death: these wordes he scarcely spoke,
But that in presence of the King the bread did Goodwyn choke.
His sonne Harold, by Hardi-knoghts late daughter, him suruiues,
He, crossed by contrary winds, in Normandie ariues.
There Goodwins sonne did take an oth, Duke William urging so,
To kéepe vnto the Duke his vse, when Edward hence should go,
The Crowne of England (claimed by Adoption, and by blood.)
But Harold, after Edwards Death, not to his promise stood.
And for he was in wealth, in friends, in blood, and Armor strong,
And title had his Mothers right, he forced not the wrong:
But arming him against the Duke, so urged vnto wroth,
Did seaze the Crowne vnto himselfe, contrary to his oth.
Whilst William therefore works for War, King Harold had not rest,
For Harold Hare-foote, King of Danes and Norwaies, much oppresst
The English with his puissant Bands. But Harold him assailes,
And after fearce and doubtfull fight, most valiantly preuailes:
And with the Norgayne Prince, he slewe his people almost all:
When, for deuision of the spoyle, did much contention fall
Betwirt the King and English-men: and many a noble Knight
Not onely murmor and maligne, but did forsake him quite.
Such malice growing, William with his Normanes taking land,
Found hot-spur Harold prest in Armes, his puissaunce to withstand:
And either Battell Marshalled as either Captaine wild,
The King of England eagerly the Normane Dike behild,
And with his chearfull spéeches thus his men with courage fild.
Sée (valiant War-friends) yonder be the first, the last, and all
The Agentes of our Enemies: they henceforth cannot call
Supplies: for néedes at Normandie by this in Porches groe:

Then

Then Conquer these would Conquer you, and dread no further Foe.
They are not stouter than the Brutes, whom we did hence exile:
Nor stronger than the sturdy Danes, or victory erwhile:
Not Saxonie could once containe, or scarce the world beside
Our Fathers, who did sway by Swoorde where listed them to bide.
Then doe not ye degenerat, take courage by discent,
And by their burials, not abode, their force and flight preuent.
Ye haue in hand your Countreyes cause, a Conquest they pretend,
Which (were ye not the same ye be) euen Cowards would defend.
I graunt that part of vs are fled and linked to the Foe,
And glad I am our Armie is of Traytors cléered so:
Yea pardon hath he to depart, that stayeth Mal-content:
I prize the minde aboue the man, like zeale hath like euent.
Yeat troth it is, no well or ill this Iland euer had,
But through the well or ill Support of Subiects good or bad.
Not Cæsar, Hengest, Swayn, or now (which nertheles shall fayle)
The Normane Bastard (Albion true) did, could, or can preuaile.
But to be self-false in this Isle a self-Foe euer is,
Yeat wot I, neuer Traytor did his Treasons Stipend mis.
Shrinke who will shrinke, let Armors wayte presse downe the burdned
My Foes, with wondring eyes, shall sée I ouer-prize my death. (earth,
But since ye all (for all, I hope, a-like affected bee,
Your Wiues, your Children, liues, and Land, from Seruitude to
Are armed both in shew and zeale, then gloriously contend,
To winne and weare the home-brought Spoyles, of Victorie the end.
Let not the Skinners daughters Sonne possesse what he pretends,
He liues to die a noble death that life for frædome spendes.
As Harold hartned thus his men, so did the Normane his:
And, loking wishly on the earth, Duke William speaketh this.

To liue vpon, or lie within, this is my Ground or Graue,
(My louing Souldiers) one of twayne your Duke resolues to haue.
Nor be ye Normanes now to séeke in what ye should be stout,
Ye come amidst the English Pikes to hewe your honours out,
Ye come to winne the same by Launce, that is your owne by law,
Ye come, I say, in righteous warre reuenging swords to draw.

Howbeit of more hardie Foes no passed Fight hath spead ye
Since Rollo to your now-Abode with Bands victorious lead ye,
Or Turchus, Sonne of Troylus, in Scythian Fazo bread ye.
Then worthy your Progenitors ye Séede of Pryams sonne
Exployt this businesse: Rollons do that which ye wish be done.
Thrée People haue as many times got and forgone this shore,
It resteth now ye Conquer it, not to be Conqured more:
For Normane and the Saxon Blood conioyning, as it may,
From that consorted Séede the Crowne shall neuer passe away.
Before vs are our armed Foes, behinde vs are the Seas,
On either side the Foé hath Holdes of succour, and for ease.
But that Aduantage shall returne their Disaduantage thus,
If ye obserue no shore is left, the which may shelter vs,
And so holde out amidst the Rough, whil'st they hale in for Lée,
Whereas, whil'st men securely sayle, not seldome shipwracks bée.
What should I cite your passed Acts, or tediously incence
To present Armes: your faces shew your hearts conceiue offence:
Yea euen your courages deuine a Conquest not to faile:
Hope then your Duke doth Prophesie, and in that hope preuaile.
A People braue, a terren Heauen, both Obiects wroth your Warres,
Shall be the Prizes of your Prow's, and mount your fame to Starres.
Let not a Traytors periur'd Sonne extrude vs from our right:
Vowes to leaue a famous life, that doth for Conquest fight.
By this the furious Battels ioyne, a blody day to either,
And long they fight, the victory inclining vnto neither:
At length the English had the ods, who kéeping close aray,
Unto the Duchie Forces gaue no entraunce any way.
Who fayning feare, and Partially retyring as oppressed,
The English so became secure, and follow on dispersed.
To which aduantage, furiously the Normanes did returne,
And got a blody victorie. In vaine the English spurne
Amidst the Pikes against the pricke: King Harold then was slayne:
From whome began the Normanes sole, but sone conioyned rayne:
For second Henrie, Mawd her Sonne, freed Englands blood agayne.
Since when (and euer may they so) that Of-spring ruled vs:
Of whose Coniunction in the Crowne, the Genalogue is thus.
King Edmund Iron side Issue had Edward the Out-law: he

Had

Had Margaret: Mawd by Malcolme (then the King of Scots) had she:
Mawd to the Conqueror his Sonne first Henrie, Mawd did beire:
This second Mawd the Angeos wife, had second Henries heire.

EDward, King Harolds Peregnant, of the same Change foretold,
Who present, and succeeding times thus, dying, did vnfold:
It is a world, to note (quoth he) the waies that men adore,
And how Hypocrisie hath bred of God-like Deuills store,
That speak to seeme, that seeme to shift, that shift to spoyle by gile,
That smooth, and sooth, and yeat deceiue with Scriptum est meane while.
But let them heaue their hands to Heauen, they haue their hier in Hell,
That seeme deuoute to cloake deceit, and say, but doe not well.
The Rich are retchles in their willes, their liking is for law:
The Poore repine, and Goods, not theirs, by ydle shiftings claw.
The Lords and Landed ouer-rent, and cunningly the same
The Parasite doth ouer-reach, and beares away the game.
One riseth by anothers fall, and some doe clime so fast,
That in the Clowdes they doe forget what Clymate they haue past.
But Egle-winged mindes that flie to nestle in the Sunne,
Their lofty heads haue leaden heeles, and end wheare they begun.
It is a common poynt on which the aged grosely rönne,
Once to haue dared, sayd, and seene, more than was euer done.
The Youth are foolish-hardie, or lesse hardy than they ought,
Effeminate, phantasticall, in few, not few are nought.
At Cyprus not the wanton Saint, nor yeat her wylie Sonne,
Did want her Orgies: nor at Rome did Vesta lacke her Nonne:
The Lampsacens gaue Pryapus his filthy Rites, and Create
To Ioue his Bulles: and Sicilie to Ceres tithed Wheat:
The Thracians with their Bacchanales did Lybers Temple fill:
And Italie did blood of Babes on Saturnes Altars spill:
And fatall wreathes of Myrtill boughes were sacred vnto Dys:
In fewe, theare was no Pagane God his Sacrifice did mis.
But English-men, nay Christian men, not onely seeme prophane,
But Man to Man, as Beast to Beast, holds ciuill dueties vayne.
Yea Pulpits some, like Pedlers packs, yeeld forth as men affect,
And what a Synode shall conclude a Sowter will correct.
The rude thus boasting Litrature, one Schisme begets another,

And grosely though a Schisme, yeat hath each Schismatike his Sother.
Meane while the learned want their Weede, and none with profite heares
The tedious Doult, whose artles tongue doth preach to weary eares.
Here could I enter in a Field of matter more than much:
But gesse that all is out of frame, and long time hath bin such,
And what shall be let time disclose. This onely will I touch:
A Greene Tree cut from withered Stock, deuided Furlongs three
From proper Rote, it shall reioyne, and after fruitfull bee:
Thus sayd the King. And thus doe some expound that Prophesie:
The Tree this Land, the Stock and Rote the thralled English line:
King Harold, and the Williams twaine, the Furlongs some define:
Henry the Normane that begot on Mawde his English Queene
Mawde, second Henries Mother, was the Trees Returne to greene.
King Stephen first, though not so firme, did in this Turne procede:
But second Henrie perfectly restalled Wodens Seede.

# THE FIFTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

## CHAP. XXIII.

Aſſiſted by the former Bowne perſiſt, my Muſe, and tell
Howe by the Normane Conqueſt héere an other world befell.
New lawes (not Labyrinths as nowe through wreſted Quirkes) came in:
New Lords alſo, at whom, for moſt, our auncient Creeks begin.
The Engliſh ſinke, the Normanes ſwimme: all topſie turuie was,
Vntill the Conquerour had brought his whole commaund to pas.
Then was one Edgar, ſonne vnto the out-law Edward, he
To holly Edward had béen heire, had not King Harold be.
And William pleading tw by ſword admits no milder law:
So Edgar in his ſoneſt flight his ſafeſt iſſue ſaw.
Who with his mother (daughter to the King of Hungarie)
And Siſters, did attempt into his Grandſiers Realme to flie.
Thus Englands hope with Englands heir in one ſame Barke did saile:
When deſpzat from their villanage was Engliſh blood of baile.
But God, that to the hopeles is not helples, if he pleaſe,
Did driue the ſtorm-beate Engliſh ſhip into the Scottiſh ſeas.
Wheare, caſt aſhore, King Malcolme ſone had notice of the wracke,
And did become a gracious Lord vnto their preſent lacke.

And (Agatha a Uottarille) toke Margaret to Quéene:
Protecting Edgar, euen by armes, against King Williams téene.
Untill by warre, and wise conuay, he so to passe did bring
That Edgar reconciled was vnto the English King:
In credite, though withheld his Crowne: and thus at least did good:
His slight Scotch-quéen'd his Sister, she regraded Englands blood.
For let vs Edgar, gainst the haer preserued as erpresst,
And either William, luckie Kings at armes interred rest:
And set first Williams youngest sonne, first Henry, on the Throne:
Through him the royall English and the Normane bloods grew one.
On Mawd, Scotch Malcolms daughter by the foresayd Margaret héé
Had Mawd, that solie did suruiue her drowned brothers thrée.
Her, Empresse to the Emperour then newly being ded,
Did Geffrey Plantaganet the Earle of Anioy wed.
And she vnto Plantaganet did second Henry beire,
Of England, Angeo, Gascoyne, and of Normandie the heire. (marrie,
Yeat Stephen, first Williams daughters sonne whom th'Earle of Bloys did
Did with the Empresse and her sonne now King, now Captiue, varrie:
But lastlie, tyred and inter'd, all England by his death
Was quietly second Henries, who was lawfullst heire by birth.
With Hengests blood our drouped Muse it also now reuines:
For harshly sounds our Poeme, saue in matter where it thriues.
Let be our bitten Vine, we here a blissfull Vintage gayne,
That did, and doth, and euermore vnblasted may remaine:
For this coniuall séede begot England English againe.
From whence we note what Scepters, what discents, and turnes befell:
Lesse pleasing vnto some, perhaps, than toyes which many tell
That but of phansies, women, loues, and wantonnes can sing:
From which their tunes but pip their toungs & then they hang the wing.

THis second Henry, nightie both in Empire and in Armes,
Was onely by his Clergie crost with vnbeséeming harmes.
Perplexed therefore at th'apeales that waiward Becket made,
To some, demaunding his disease at Normandie, he sayd:
Our Popes that séeme (they doe but séeme) S. Peter to succéede
Who did denie, although deserue, high Styles to him decrée'd,
Are quite vnlike to Peter and Popes thirty thrée fore-past

Who

Who liu'd in miſerie and died by Martirdome at laſt.
Now néede not Tyrants: Popes to Popes be Tyrants: and they all
Doe wreſt euen Principalities ſubmiſſiue to their Pall.
Peter did ſinne, and ſinning to repentant teares did flye:
Popes ſinne not, but to others ſinnes giue pardon (els they lye.)
Chriſt waſhed féete, Kings kiſſe their féete, Chriſt gaue to Cæſar his,
They take, and ſay that either Sword in their ſubiection is.
The Pope did ſo our mothers Pheare the Emperour intreate,
As that his proud attempts I ſhame and ſorrow to repeate.
What cite I forraine matters, when our native Stories yéeld
Of Pyters medling with our Sword an ouerplenteous féeld:
We offer Tapers, pay our Tythes and Vowes, we Pilgrimes goe
to euery Saint, at euery ſhrine we Offrings doe beſtoe,
We kiſſe the Pix, we créepe the Croſſe, our Beades we ouer-runne,
The Couent hath a Legacie, who ſo is left vndone:
We faſt the Eaue, we feaſt the day of euery Saint they make,
Their houſlings, Shrifts, and Sacraments moſt reuerently we take,
By tale we ſay Dyſons, and to words vnknowne Amen:
The Quier doth chaunt, we knock our breaſts, wee bow & croſſe vs then:
Their ſhaer-ſpright water, bored Boans, their hoaſts, & what not brings
The Prieſt, the Frier, or Pardoner we count not holy things:
We ſeat them in our fatteſt Soyles for Paſture, Wood and Spring,
We lodge them ſafe in ſtately walles, we ſorrowing when they ſing.
Their Belles call them from eaſie beds to ſing in gownes as warme,
But Larums vs from reſtles Campes, by wounds to heale their harme.
And méete is ſo: but méete alſo that they, protected thus,
Be not vnquiet, but for their quiet pray for and further vs.
When our great Grandſier thought this Ile by Conqueſt cléerly wonne,
And entred Kent, what earſt he did did ſéeme in Kent vndone.
A mouing Wood ſtole marching on, and hem'd his Armie round,
When all at once, their boughes caſt downe, was heard a warlike ſound,
That to the Normanes did diſcloſe an Armie ordered well,
Reſolu'd to die, rather than leaue the lawes where they did dwell:
(For ſo, in way of Parlie, did their mytred Stygand tell.)
Their Biſhop, their Contriuer, and their thiefe conduct was he:
By whoſe deuiſe the Conqueror, intrapped, did agrée
To ratifie the lawes of Kent ſuch as they were and be.

But

But, bearing in a common good with Crosiers crossing Crownes,
Proud Anceline in our Uncles raigne did farre exceede the bownes
Of Prelacie or pietie (for Church-men should be meeke:
Yeat some in practise leaue what they of vs in preaching seeke:
For they that bid me doe, and doe themselues the good they bid,
Doe leade me to the Substantiue, and leaue me not in *quid*.)
Yea, either of our Uncles thriu'd in Forraine Conquests more,
Than gainst their Church-men, setting all their Kingdome in vprore.
One Prelate wrought the Pope to curse & crosse his Prince with foes:
Twixt others long ambitious Pleas for Primacie aroes:
And now, through Becket, to our selfe no lesser damage groes.
I haue had hardy Knights for warres, and helpfull friends in peace,
Yeat helples friends, and hartles Knights this Cleargie-pride to ceace.
These words heard diuers present Knights, who vered at the wrong,
Did, cleene vnwitting to the King, ariue in Kent ere long,
And at S. Bennits Altar, in the Minster of his Sea,
At sacring for a sacrifice the sawcie Clerke did slea.
Which heard, the Pope, canonized the stir-strife Priest a Saint:
Insencing Kings against our King, till warres made Henry faynt.
Then humbled vnto haughty Priests as Legates sent from Rome
He baeely bowes: and they to him for begged Pennance dome
Purs-payne and heathen battells: and (which worser was decreed)
Barefoote he went, whom Monkes did whip till feete and body bleede.
Barefoote to Iurie fare the Knights, so dying for their deede:
Nor might they mend it, for as bad euen Emperors did speede.

## CHAP. XXIIII.

THe Kings fayre Leiman Rosamund, and how his Sonnes rebell
Ouer-passe. To Richard nert the Dyadem befell.
He did in Cypris, Sycill, and in Syria warre and winne:
Whose glory his confederate Peeres to enuy did beginne:
And, warring with the Souldan, left the English King behinde:

Who

Who left not fighting till he forst Conditions to his minde,
And of Ierusalem was King. But as he did returne,
The Austrich Duke, (whose reared flagge our wronged King did spurne
From Acon walls, his victorie,) did Richard intercept,
And him in easeleſſe prison for reuenge and raunsome kept.
The Duke his daughter, as the King did theare a Captiue lie,
Did labour strongly in the loue she would but could not flie.
And sighing wept, and weeping spake, and speaking thus she sayd:
Richard through hate, through loue am I in diffring bands betrayd.
My harueſt hangeth in the grasse, and ere the prowse may blast:
Or Clew-led Theseus, from the denne of Minotaurus past,
To farre more harder starres than was poore Ariadne left
Leaue me he may: of all, yea, more than all, of him bereft.
Sweet Loue, Saint Loue, or rather I thy Saint and thou my God,
In such desarts let such deceite be, as should be, forbod.
The Gaylor, bribed, with his keyes to stay or free him sent her.
Loue (louely Richard) makes, quoth she, that I this hell-house enter,
Hence make escape, remembring me that thus for thee doe venter.
Attentiue to her speech, but more retentiue of her shape,
The King, awaking to her forme, did sleepe his owne escape.
And giuing her a meeting kisse, quoth he, so God me keepe
As true desire to quit this good in me shall neuer sleepe.
Yeat ransomleſſe I will not hence: but fetching backe the lone,
When as thy Father shall repay to England tenne for one,
I vowe thy Loue a recompence: till when I liue to thee.
Thus seuer they: and ransome him ere many weekes did free.
Some after on the Belgicke towers he English flags did reare:
Austrich and all the Empire of his prowesse stood in feare.
Untill a desperate Stragler with an arrowe pierst his head,
And sent the wofull English home, their worthie Leader dead:
Thus Lyons-hart (his courage got that surname) lastly sped.
To whom King Iohn, in courage not inferior to the other,
Succeeded: but in life and death more tragicke than his brother.

IN Scotland, Fraunce, Ireland, and Wales he warred, wearied leſſe,
Than by the Pope and English Priests wronged without redreſſe.
Nor was, saue from their Soueraignes death, their mallice out of date.

Yeat Iohn, faine they, but they, felt Iohn, did trouble Church and ſtate.
When (for as Gaylers with Conuicts, ſo Popes deale with a faulter:
Their ſin-ſalue like the letting looſe from Shackles to the haulter.)
When Maſſe and all the Sacraments were Strangers many a day,
And that, ſo farreforth as it in the triple Pyter lay,
Euen God himſelfe was barred hence, and that, proſtrate before
his Vaſſall Biſhop Langtons feete, the King did grace implore,
When Peter pence were graunted, and the Engliſh Crowne to hold
By Rent and Homage of the Pope, and that for ſummes of gold
The French kings ſonne was curſed hence, who els had wore ỳ Crowne,
And that the reconciled King did ſeeme on ſureſt ground,
Then he, whil'ſt in progreſſe did at Swinſhed Abbey lye,
Was poyſoned by a Monke, that vaend himſelfe that Iohn might dye.
The Monke, more ſolemnely inter'd and long for than the King,
Was cauſe that diuers diuerſly did conſture of the thing.
Some charg'd the Popes of auarice, for that when Kings offend
They ſell them peace: of pride, for that to them euen Monarks bend.
Of mere incharitie, for that to wreake their priuate ſpight
Gainſt Kingdomes Kingdomes they incenſe, and, worſer, do acquite
Euen Subiects to allegiance ſworne againſt their Lords to fight:
Of Treaſon, for that to intrap ſuch as from them diſſent
With othes and all things they diſpenſe: Some bid vs thus preuent
Their ſinnes and ſleights, doe not as they, nor deale with them, for why?
Who doth muſt liue their Vaſſall or their Victorie muſt dye.
A merrie Mate, amongſt the reſt, of Cloyſterers thus told.

THis cloyſtring and fat feeding of Religious is not old
(quoth he.) Not long ſince was a man that did his deuoire giue
To kill the paſſions of his fleſh, and did in pennance liue:
And, though beloued of the King, he liued by his ſweate:
Affirming men that would not worke vn worthie for to eate.
He told the erring their amiſſe, and taught them to amend.
He counſelled the comfortleſſe, and all his daies did ſpend
In prayer and in pouertie. Amongſt his doings well
High-wales he mended: doing which this accident befell.
A doſen Theeues to haue been hang'd were lead this Hermite by,
To whom he went, exhorting them as Chriſtian-men to dye.

So

So penitent they were, and he so pitifull (good man)
As to the King for pardon of the Prisoners he ran:
Which got, he gaue it them. But this Prouiso did he adde
That they should euer worke as he. They graunt, poore soules, and glad.
He got them gownes of countrey gray, and hods for raine and cold,
And hempen girdles, which (besides themselues) might burthens hold,
Pick-axe, and Spade: and hard to worke the Couent fell together,
With Roabes, and Ropes, and eu'rie tole for eu'rie worke and weather.
So did they toyle as thereabout no Cautle was vnwrought:
Wherefore new labours for his men the holy Hermit sought:
But at departure prayed them to fast, to watch, and pray,
And liue remote from worldly men, and goeth to his way.
The holy Théeues (for now in them had custome wrought content)
Could much of Scripture and, indéed, did hartely repent.
But when the countrey folke did heare of these same men deuout
Religiously they haunt their Celles, and lastly brought about
That from the Woods to Buildings braue they wonne ỹ Hermits crew,
Who was from found-out worke returnde, and their Apostle knew.
He going to their stately place, did finde in euery dish
Fat beefe and brewis, and great store of daintie fowle and fish.
Who séeing their saturitie, and practising to winne
His Puples thence, Excesse, he sayd, doth worke accesse to sinne.
Who fareth finest doth but féede, and ouer-féedeth oft:
Who sléepeth softest doth but sléepe, and somtimes ouer soft:
Who clads him trimmest is but clad: the fairest is but faire:
And all but liue: yea, if so long, yeat not with lesser care
Than formes, backs, boanes, and bellies that more homely cherisht are.
Leaue freedome and felicitie, Hawkes flying where they list
Be kindlier and more sound than Hawkes best tended on the fist.
Thus preacht he promist abstinence, and bids them come away.
No hast but good: well weare they, and so well as they would stay.
The godly Hermit, when all meanes in vayne he did perceaue,
Departing sayd: I found you knaues, and knaues I doe you leaue.
Hence sayd this merrie fellowe (if the meriment be trew)
That Cloystring, Friers cloathing, and a Couents number grew.
This heard a simple Northerne-man, no friend to Monke, or Frier,
Or preaching Lymmer: for his speach disclosed thus his yre.

A Fowle ill on their weazens, for they Carles garre syke a dinne,
That more we member of their iapes than mend vs of our sinne.
At Ule tyde we wonten gambole, daunce, to carrole, and to sing,
To haue gud spiced Sewe, and Rosle, and plum-pies for a King.
At Fastí-eue pan-puffes: Gang tide gaites did alie Walles bring.
At Paske begun our Morrise: and ere Penticost our May:
Thy Roben hood, litell John, Frier Tucke, and Marian deftly play,
And Lard and Ladie gang till Kirke with Lads and Lasses gay.
Fra Masse and Eensong sa gud chéere and glée on erie Gréene,
As, saue our Wakes twirt Eames and Sibbes, like gam was neuer seene.
At Baptís-day with Ale and cakes bout bon-fires neighbors stood.
At Martelmasse wa turnde a crabbe, thilke tolde of Roben hood,
Till after long time myrke, when bleft were windowes, darrs, & lights,
And pailes were fild, & hathes were swept, gainst Fairie-elues & spirites:
Rock, & plow Mondaies ganis sal gang, with Saint-feasts & kirk-sights.
Jis tell yée, Clearkes earft racked not of purpoe ne of pall:
Vlke yeoman fed moe powre tume wambes than Gentiles now in hall.
Yea, ledge they nere sa hally Writ, thilke tide was greater wrang
Than heretofore: tho words had soth, na writting now so strang:
I is na Wizard, yet I drad it will be warse ere lang.
Belyue dom lyther Kirk-men reaue the crop, and we the tythe,
And mykell bukish ben they gyf they tache our lakines blythe.
Some egge vs sla the Prince and shewe a Bullocke fra the Pape,
Whilke, gyf it guds the sawle, Jis sure the cragge gangs till the rape:
Syke votion gyles the people, sa but sylde gud Princes scape:
Sa tœnde our King his life, and song is *Requiem* for the Monke:
Gud King God rest thy sawle, but Fœnds reaue him bath sawle & tronke.

Such talke was long on foote, and still was quittance tale for tale:
Dunstone, quod one, made Edgar, earst an English Monarke, quale
For matter of lesse moment, euen for wedding of a Nunne,
Whom in her Cell the King espi'de, lou'de, wowed, and thus wonne.

THE same (quod he) that rules this Land the same intreateth thée:
Thou maist, sweet Wench, vnto thy selfe derue a Quéene from nie.
What lets, since none may loue thée more, vnles perhaps this Cell,
Too strict a place wherein thy selfe, euen Beauties selfe, shouldst dwell.
Let nature hide her barren formes and imperfections thus,

And in such Puritanes as thou commend her skill to vs.
Thou wrongest Nature, molding thée to molde by thée as facr:
Thou wrongest men, that would beget the fruit which thou shouldst baer:
Thou wrong'st thy Countrie of increase: thou wrong'st me in like sort:
Thou wrong'st thy kinne of kindred: and thou wrong'st thy selfe of sport.
Shouldst thou but dreame what marriage were, thou would'st not liue a
One heart of two, two Soules to one, by Wedlocke is conuaide. (maide:
An husbands open killings, and his secret coyings, nay,
The very Soule of Loue, more sweet than thou or I can say,
The ioy of babes which thou should'st beare, the Seruice at thy becke,
The sweet consorted common weale of household at thy checke,
Would make thée seeme a Goddesse: who, because thou art not such,
Offendest God in hyding of thy Tallent. To too much
Thou dotest on Virginitie, permitted, not impos'd
On any, saue on such as for no such thy selfe thou knowest.
Els what should meane this penning vp, such vowing, and these Vailes,
Since Vessels only are of worth that beare in stormes their sailes.
The Séedsters of thine Essence had they béen as thou would'st be
Thou hadst not béen: Then gratifie the same, thy selfe, and me,
And leaue these superstitious walles: Thou profitst not hereby,
Nor are we male and female borne that fruitlesse we should dye:
Then loue me, for, beléeue me, so will proue a Jubelie.
Her red dispersst in shadowed white, did adde to either more,
To her of beautie, and to him Loue greater than before.
She claimes the places priuiledge, and faintly cites a Text:
She pleades her birth too base, and playes the No-I of her Sex:
And fighteth as she would be foyld. But, prized, Dunstone makes
It Sacrilege: and for to wife the Recluse Edgar takes,
In twelue yeares would he not annoynt or crowne him King: and more,
Enioynes him seauen yeares pennaunce, and to edefie and store
Great Monasteries fortie ere Indulgence could be got.
Thus Edgar for his Cloyster chéere did pay this costly shot.

# CHAP. XXV.

IOhns murther bred such murmur. But third Henry, Iohn his sonne,
Assisted chiefly by the Pope, his fathers Scepter wonne:
Who interdited Lewis, till hee curst him into Fraunce,
And left to Henry prosprous raigne, till hapned this mischaunce.
A Parlament at Oxenford did derogate so much
From his prerogatiue, as that the Quarrell grew to such,
That ciuill warres betwixt the King and Barronage begun:
Not ending, but with tragike ends of many a worthie man.
Brother to brother, sier to sonne, and friend to friend was foe:
All labouring (which they should vphold) their Countries ouerthrowe.
Now was the King a Captiue, and the Barrons by and by
His Conquest: and the ciuill strife too fast begot supply.
My heart vnapts mine hand to write the troth of it too trew:
Euen warres Idea: more then tongue or eye can say or view.
But to conclude (which still concludes) the King he did subdue.
And shewes himselfe a gentle foe thus hauing wonne his peace:
And after liu'd in honor, and did happely decease.
Whose death (he warring with renowne in Syria) being knowne
To Edward, he resayled and possest his fathers Throne.

THe hansell of his Scepter was, the Welchmen did rebell:
Of whom to Edward, though with losse, the Victorie befell.
Then on the French he warred, and a winner did resayle:
And for that Baliol, whom he made the King of Scots, did fayle
His homage, thence from Albanack to England one and done,
Against the Scots he greeuous, but a glorious warre begun.
Not Barwick, though for number bold vntill it flowed blood,
Nor any Scottish armes or hold, though infinit and good,
Might stay his awing prowesse, till he had their King his thrall,
And in that Land, by Conquest, made himselfe the Lord of all.

Then

Then taking Scottish othes, which they did breake, and he reuenge,
With those Exploytes he French attempts as gloriously did menge.
Yea Paganes, French, Cambries, and Scots, remembring but his name,
Cannot forget their skarres he made, though enuious of his fame,
Watchles for Theualrie: and yeat his Iustice matcht the same,
Not partiall for the Prince his sonne, a rash vnbridled youth,
Whom he imprison'd, hearing of his outrages the truth:
And vnto whom he dying spake words worth report and ruth.
My life (quoth he) a warfare right in bodie and in soule,
Resignes my robed carkasse to be rotted in the moule.
If well I did well shall I doe, if ill, as ill and worse:
And therefore (Ned) worke as I will vpon my bleste or curse.
When thou becom'st an earthly God mens liues to ouersee,
Forget not that eternall God that ouerlooketh thée.
The least part of a King is his, all owing him, and none
Lesse priuate than a Prince, the weale or woe of euery one.
He and his people make but one, a bodie weake or strong,
As doth the head the limbs, or limbs the head assist or wrong.
Deriue thy lawes from wisest heads, to be vpholden still,
Not adding or abstracting as conceited Tier-braines will.
Be chéerefull, and in worke nor word be neither proud nor hot,
No sincere loue, but seruile feare, or neither, so is got.
Encourage good men by thy loue: reforme the bad by lawe:
Reserue an eare for either Plea: and borrowe least of awe.
Oppresse not rich men, séeking so to please the poore: for neither
Is to be damned, but as right or wrong is found in either.
To loyter well deserued gifts is not to giue but sell,
When to requite ingratitude were to doe euill well.
And (which saue for the ill-mist ill might els haue béen forgot)
Be choyse, but chuse: for wineles haue each straunger, place, and shot,
Their heire, their home, and cost: which, saue the last, in déed are not.
Reforme thée euen to day: vnapt to day, lesse apt to morrowe:
Youth aptly offers vertues such as yeares vnaptly borrowe.
For he that plies the lappes and lippes of Ladies all his prime,
And falles to Armes when age failes Armes, then also loseth time,
As if a Beare in Mone-shine should attempt the Mone to clime.
Well haue I driuen out my date, and well thy dates shall runne,

If thou prone not my Glories graue, nor I plange in my Soſme.
The ouer-weening of thy wits doth make thy Foes to ſmile,
Thy friends to weepe, and Clawbacks thee with Soothings to begile.
Yea, thoſe thy purſes Paraſites, vnworthie thine eſtate,
Doe loue thee for themſelues, nor will they leaue thee but too late.
I bleſſe thee; if thou baniſh them, and curſe thee, if they bide:
My bliſſe and curſe be at thy choyſe. And ſo be ſhortly dyde.

FOrthwith as ſecond Edward, ſonne to Edward, wore the Crowne,
He to promote his Flatterers did put his Nobles downe.
So Robert Bruze, then King of Scots, found ingreſſe for his Armes:
Recouering Scottiſh forces, and did ſpoyle our men by ſwarmes.
Barwicke in fine, and all erſt wonne, and more then all was loſt:
Peat of more malteous Armies we than Scotland were at coſt.
No Land deuided in it ſelfe can ſtand, was found too true:
To worſer then the warres abroad the home-bred Quarels grewe.
Grange-gotten Pierce of Gauelſtone, and Spenſers two like ſort,
Meane Gentlemen, created Earles of chiefe accompt and port,
Enuying all equalitie, contriue of many a Peere
The wreſted death: thoſe fewe that liue liu'd mal-contented heere.
Good Thomas Earle of Lancaſter, on whom the reſt relye,
The chiefe and graueſt of the Peeres, did, ouer-warred, flye
Into the woods: whereas himſelfe and ſtate he did bewray
Vnto an Hermite: vnto whom he, ſighing, thus did ſay.
Happie are you ſequeſtred thus from (ſo I may deuine)
Our common wracke of common weale: for how it doth decline
Through wilde and wanton Guydes in part I feele, in part I aime,
By Preſidents too like, and fire too likely here to flame:
Heare (if you haue not heard) what fire, our leiſure fits the ſame.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXVI.

THe Spartanes warre for rapted Queene, to Ilions ouerthrowe,
The Monarke of Assyria chang'd, & Latine Kings also
For Tarquins lust, yea howe with vs a double chaunge did groe,
When Brittish Vortiger did doate vpon the Saxons daughter,
And Buerne for his forced wife from Denmarke brought vs slaughter,
I ouerpasse. Who knoweth not Ireland, our neighbour Ile:
Where Noe his Neece, ere Noe his flood, inhabited a while.
The first manured Westerne Ile, by Cham and Iaphets race:
Who, iointly entring, sundry times each other did displace:
Till Greece-bred Gathelus his brode from Biscay did ariue,
Attempting Irelands Conquest, and a Conquest did atchieue.
Fiue Kings at once did rule that Ile, in ciuill strife that drowes,
When fierce Turgesius landed with his misbeléeuing Trowes.
This proud Norwegan Rouer so by aides and armes did thriue,
As he became sole Monarke of the Irish Kingdomes fiue:
Erecting Paganisme, and did eiect the Christian lawe:
And thirty yéeres, tyrannizing, did keepe that Ile in awe:
Nor any hope of after helpe the hartlesse Irish sawe.
Alone the wylie King of Meth, a Prothew plying fauor,
Stode in the Tyrants grace that much affected his behauor.
For what he said that other soothde, so ecco'ing his vaine,
As not an Irish els but he a petite King did raigne.
Turgesius friends that Vice-roy for his daughters loue the rather,
And therefore for his Leiman askt the Damsell of her Father.
Ill wot I what they knowe that loue, well wot I that I knowe
That that browne Girle of mine lackes worth to be beloued so.
I haue a many Neeces farre more fairer than is she,
Yéat thinke I fairest of those faires vnworthy you, quoth he,
But she and they are yours, my Lord, such Beauties as they be.

This Preface likte the Tyrant well, that longed for the play:
Not well contented that so long the Actors were away:
Oft iterating his demaund, impatient of delay.
Now haue I, quoth the King of Meth, conuented to your bed
My Neeces, and my daughter, loath to lose her Maidenhead.
But doubt not Sir: coy Wenches close their longings in their palmes,
And all their painted Stormes at length conuert to perfect Calmes.
Alonely if their beauties like (as likelier haue we none)
You may conclude them women, and the Goal therefore your owne.
To morrow, severed from your Traine, vnlesse some speciall fewe,
Expect them in your chamber: wheare I leaue the game to you.
Feat when your eie hath serude your heart of her that likes you best,
Remember they are mine Allies, vntoucht dismisse the rest.
Sweete also was this Scene: and now vnto an Act we groe.
The Irish Princesse, and with her a fiftene others moe,
With hanging Glybbes that hid their necks as tynsel shadowing snoe:
Whose faces very Stoickes would, Narcisius-like, admire:
Such Semeles as might consume Ioues selfe with glorious fire,
And from the Smith of heauens wife allure the amorous haunt,
And reintise the Club-God, Dys and all his diuells to daunt,
And make the Sunne-God swifter than himselfe, such Daphnes chaced,
And Loue to fall in loue with them, his Psichis quite disgraced:
These rarer than the onely Fowle of Spice-burnt Ashes bread,
And sweeter than the Flower that with Phæbus turneth head,
Resembling her from gaze of whome transformde Acteon fled,
From Meth came to Tergesius Court, as Presents for his bed.
In secret was their comming, and their chambering the same:
And now the lustfull Chuffe was come to single out his game:
His Pages onely, and a youth or twaine attending him,
Wheare Banquet, Bed, Perfumes, and all were delicately trim.
He giues them curteous welcome, and did finde them merry talke:
Meane while (the Harbengers of lust) his amorous eies did walke:
More clogde with change of Beauties than King Midas once with gold:
Now This, now That, and one by one he did them all behold.
This seemed faire, and That as faire: and, letting either passe,
A Third he thought a proper Girle, a Fourth a pleasant Lasse,
Louely the Fifte, liuely the Sixt, the Seuenth a goodly Wench,

The Eight of ſwéete Complection, to the Ninth he altreth thence,
Wildly maieſticall ſéemes ſhée: Tenth modeſt looke and tongue,
Th'Eleuenth could ſwéetly intertain, the Twelfe was freſh & yong,
The Nert a gay Brownetta, Nert and Nert admirde among:
And eurye feature ſo intycte his intricate affection,
As liſting all alike he lou'd confounded in election.
Swéete harts, quoth he, or Iupiter fetcht hence full many a Theſte,
Or hether brought he Theſts that héere their Leiman Children leſte.
Héere wandring Cadmus ſhould haue ſought his miſſed Siſter, whoare
Faire Leda hatch her Cignets, whilſt nor Cocke nor Henne did feare.
How many view I fairer than Europa' or the reſt,
And Girle-boyes, fauouring Ganimæde héere with his Lord a Gueſt.
And Ganimædes we are, quoth one, and thou a Prophet trew:
And hidden Skeines from vnderneath their forged garments drew,
Wherwith the Tyrant and his Bawds, with ſafe eſcape, they ſlew.
Of which young Iriſh Gentlemen and Methean Ladies act
The Iſle was filled in a triſe: nor any Iriſh ſlackt
To proſecute their frædome and th-amaſed Norgaines fall,
Which was performed, and the King of Meth er told of all.
Thoſe Rouers (whoſe Originals, and others not a fewe,
As Switzers, Normaines, Lumbardes, Danes, from Scandinauia greiwe,
A mighty Iſle, another world, in Scythian Pontus Clyne)
Thus wrackt, left Ireland frée vnto our ſecond Henries time:
When, farre vnlike the Methes that earſt their Countrey did reſtore,
An amorous Quéene thereof did cauſe new Conqueſts and vprore:
Dermot the King of Leyniſter, whom all beſides did ſpight,
Did loue, belou'd, the Quéene of Meth to whom he thus did wright.

THy King, ſwéete Quéene, the hindrance of our harts-eaſe is away,
And I, in heart at home with thée, at hand in perſon ſtay.
Now is the time (Time is a God) to worke our loue good lucke
Long ſince I cheapned it, nor is my comming now to hucke.
But, ſince our fire is equall, let vs equally aſſiſt
To finiſh what we fancy, ſay Maligners what they liſt.
No like immortall she-Egge Chucke of Tyndarus his wife,
(The wracke of Dardane walles) ſhall moue to vs like coſtly ſtrife.
Thy husband no Atrides is: or were it he were ſuch,

The Idane ball-Iudge did not moze, but I would doo as much.
Foz why? thy selfe, a richer cause of warre, art wozthy so:
Whome to continue euer frend, I careleſſe am of foe.
My kingdome ſhall containe thée, that containeſt me and it:
Yea, though we be condemned, Loue oz armour ſhall vs quit.
Loues lawe, at leaſt, adiudgeth barres, cléere bookes to pleade in bréefe
Prescription to obiections how his paſſions be our chéefe:
Foz none doth liue not paſſionate of loue, ire, mirth, oz gréefe.
I waite thée in the néereſt woods, and thether, watching watch;
Doe waite eſcape: of all things els my ſelfe doe care diſpatch,
Let onely Loue (ſweéte Loue) perſwade, if moze remaine to wowe,
I hope I wiſh not moze be done, than what you meane to doo.

This read, and red her cheékes, and to his réede already bent,
Not calling further doubts vnto her Paramour ihée went,
Conueyed vnto Leyniſter. Not many wéekes enſewe,
When Morice King of Meth returnes, and what had hapned knew.
A whirle-winde in a whirle-pole roſt that paire of doues (quoth he)
The ſingle ſtate is double ſweéte, at price too déere I ſée.
How wowe we woe? and won, how loath we fowle and doubt we faire?
And onely then lacke women faults, when men their faults forbeare.
The diuell goe with her, ſo that I with credite might forgoe her,
But ſuch doth ſinne with fauour, he is flouted that doth owe her.
I may not put it vp, vnleſſe I put vp many a mocke:
Fowle fall that Harrolde cauſing that my Geitrone is the ſmocke.

He wroth, and wronged, and his wrong a common quarrell made,
Aſſiſted by the Iriſh Kings, did Leyniſter inuade.
King Dermote, whom his ſubiects then and long ere then did hate,
Was left defenceleſſe, deſpzat of his life, depziu'de his State,
And fled to England: whear the Pope imbulled had of late
England foz Irelands Conqueſt: So the Exile welcome was,
As apteſt Inſtrument to bring that Stratageme to paſſe.
Foz but to be reſeated was the Fugitiues requeſt,
And then to tribute part, and leaue to Engliſhmen the reſt.

King Henry, yeat in warre elſe-where, did freely license any
To make aduenture foz themſelues: ſo Dermot ſped of many.
Earle Strangbowe, and the Geraldines, Fitz Stephans, Reymonde, and
Hee wozthy Knights, of Wales foz moſt, did take the taſke in hand,
And to the Crowne of Englands vſe, made Conqueſt of that Land.

But

But should you aske how Dermot sped (Father) he sped too well:
And nothing else the Irish bookes do of his Leiman tell.
Alone obserue what changes heere through onely lust befell:
And note our England surfetteth in greater sinnes than it,
The onely cause that I an Earle an Erile heere do sit.
The County thus concluded, and the Hermit answered this:]

## CHAP. XXVII.

TO lose an Earldome, and to liue an erile, what it is
I cannot tell: but not to haue what may bee lost were blis.
I will not speake of Coiture, nor of Conception, naither
It fits I should, for neuer made I Grandsier of my father:
But mine experience at our birth begins it birth, I speake
How than doe we no creature worlds lesse helpefull or more weake.
From birth our Infancy throughout we liue as not aliue:
To others diuersly a care, we senceles how we thriue.
No sooner we vncradell, be we females, be we boyes,
But we affect so many, and (God wot) such foolish toyes,
And are so apt for daungers, and vnapt to shift the same,
As aptly vanities by terme of childishnes we blame.
Thence growe we to more strength and sence: still senceles howbeit
Of vice or vertue: bettring by correction, not by wit:
Gamesome, not caring who takes care: nor can we saue or git.
Next but demies, nor boyes, nor men, our daungerous times succeede:
For vanities erst aymed at we shortly act in deede:
Wilde roysting, wanton loue, or else vnthrifty shots and game
Doe cuppell, ere we finde our fault, distresse vnto defame.
Perhaps experience beating vs doth bid vs lay to thriue:
The first degree to which (say some) is warely to wiue.
But, wiued, if our Saint become (as not vnlike) a Shroe,

Then is that first degrée to thrift the third degrée in woe.
Or be it she be constant, wise, well intertayning, faire,
Doe graunt her silence, patience, and what vertues els be rare,
Yeat by how much more she deserues so much more we desire
To please and profite such an one, for whome and hers we tire
Our selues and sences: yea perchaunce, labour the most we may,
Much labour is too little that should houshould charge defray.
We aged carke to liue and leaue an ouerplus in store:
Perhaps for Spendalls: so amidst abundance liue we poore:
Our heirs ware sickishe of our health, too long our here abod,
Meane while, the neerer to our graues, the further wee from God.
Grippell in works, testy in wordes, lothsome for most at length,
And such at fourescore as at foure for manners, witt and strength.
Our Infancy is feeble, and our lusty youth vnstayde,
Our manhod carking, and our age more lothed than obayde.
And thus from first to last our liues be fruiteles and vnquiate.
But you, perhaps, expect I should of nouelties intreate.
I haue no tales of Robin Hood, though mal-content was he
In better daies, first Richards daies, and liu'd in Woods as we
A Tymon of the world: but not deuoutly was he soe,
And therefore praise I not the man. But for from him did groe
Words worth the note, a word or twain of him ere hence we go.
Those daies begot some mal-contents: the Principall of whome
A County was, that with a troope of Yomandry did come:
Braue Archers, and deliuer men, since nor before so good:
Those toke from rich to giue the poore, and manned Robin Hood.
He fed them well, and lodg'd them safe in pleasant Caues and Bowers,
Oft saying to his merry men, what iuster life than ours:
Here vse we Tallents, that abroade the Churles abuse or hide,
Their Coffers exercements, and yeat for common wants denide.
We might haue sterued for their store, and they haue dyest our bones,
Whose tongues, drifts, harts, intice, meane, melt, as Syrenes, Fores,
Yea euen the best that batterd them heard but alose our mones. (stones,
And redily the Churles could prie and prate of our amis,
Forgetful of their owne, when their reproses had prose as this:
* It was at midnight when a Nonne, in trauell of a childe,
Was checked of her fellow Nonnes for being so defilde.

The

The Lady Prioresse heard a stirre, and starting out of bed,
Did taunt the Noualle bitterly: Who lifting vp her hed,
Sayd, Madame, mend your hood (for why so hastely she rose,
That on her head, mistooke for hood, she donde a Chamons hose:)
* I did amis, not missing friends that wisht me to amend:
I did amend, but missed friends when mine amis had end:
My friends therefore shall finde me true, but I will trust no frend.
Not one I knewe that wisht mee ill, nor any wrokt me well,
To lose, lacke, liue, time, frends, in pricke, an hell, an hell, an hell:
Then happy we (quoth Robin Hood) in merry Sherwood that dwell.
Thus sayd the Out-lawe: But no more of him I list to tell.
Grammarian-like, in order wordes significant to speake,
Logitian-like, to reason pro and contra am I weake:
Rhetoricall I am not with a fluant tongue to ster:
Arithmeticke in nombring hath substracted me from her:
Geometrie her Plattes, Bownes, and Proportions passe my strayne:
Not Musicke with her Concords or her Discords breakes my braine:
Nor yeat Astronomie, whose Globes doth Heauen and earth containe:
Let faire Mnemosine her prowde their thrise thrée selues explaine.
Expect not here Anotamies of Lands, Seas, Hell, and Skyes,
Such length, bredth, depth, and height I balke: nor would I be so wise,
Least, knowing all thing els, I should not knowe my selfe precise.
The Skyes containe the fierie Lights: Clowdes moysture: and the ayre
Winds, Birds and Vapors: men & beasts the vpper Earth doth beare:
Her Bowells Wormes and Mettalls: Seas to Fishes proper are:
Whome this Astrologie, and this Cosmographie mislæke,
Beneath the Earth, beyond the Mone, further then farre must sæke.
Signes workings, Planets Junctures, and the elcuated Poale,
With thousand toyes and tearmes wherein our curious Artists roule,
Be straungers to my Cell: yeat loe as sound a minde and heart
As theirs that calculate their times, eate, slæpe, and wake by arte.
What was the world before the world, or God ere he was God,
Why this he did, or doth not that, his bidden, or forbod,
I dare not thinke, or arrogate such Mysteries deuine:
Faith with her fruites significant suffice these wits of mine,
To loue God, and our neighbour as our selfe is all in fine.
One Law and Gospell was and is, and eithers drift is thus,

To shewe vs how the Law doth kill, and Gospell quicken vs:
Which Corasiue and Lenatiue of Simples made compound
Doe rather cure, he kindly heales that also feeles his wound.
This is my Rest: if more I knewe I should but know too much,
Or build in my conceited brayne too high aboue my touch,
Or else, against the hare, in all proue toyous: euen such
As be too many blockish Clerkes and bookish Clownes, extreme
In all things saue in honesty, that haue no zeale but seeme.
As for the Court it is, you knowe, become a skittish Coult,
Of wise men hardlier mannaged than of the glorious doult:
Vice rides on horseback, vertue doth from out the saddell boult.
Theare all deformities in forme in some one man we see:
More garded than regarded, franke not to continue free,
When as the Marchants booke the Map of al his wealth shalbe.
The Muses bacely begge, or bibbe, or both, and must, for why?
They finde as bad Bestoe as is their Portage beggerly.
Yea now by melancholie walkes and threedbare coates we gesse
At Clyents and at Poetes: none worke more and profite lesse:
None make too more, vnmade of more, the good of other men,
For those inrich our Gownests, these eternize with their pen.
Veat, soothly, nodds to Poets now weare largisse, and but lost,
Since for the Noddant they obserue no pen-note worth the cost:
For pallace Hermites liue secure obscure in roufes imbost:
Their lines so left in Limbo, here from mouth to mouth vntost.
Some fewe there be much honored (well worthy of so much,)
Once wanting, wealthie, then and now in either fortune such:
But many a bace stoute blood theare is more lordly than be Lords,
Who wheare himselfe once coucht and bowde nor cappe or beck affordes:
But should we sinne (God shield we should in smallest sinnes offend)
What smaller sinne than skoffe such fooles so skornefull to no end:
The Souldiers haue nor pay nor pray, but (if I may be bolde)
Themselues be prayd vpon by some that doe it vncontrolde.
And whilst the same on shore or seas be ouerset or pine,
Or's Cuppes on Cushions full secure we victory define:
We cast what may be done, but keepe the helps meane time away,
And diat thriftely our friends to giue our foes a pray.
The Cittizens, like pomned Pikes, the lesters feede the greate.

The

The rich for meate seeke stomackes, and the poore for stomackes meate:
And euery wheare no Gospell is more gospelled than this,
To him that hath is giuen, from him that hath not taken is.
Court, Citie, Countrey, Campe, and I, at odds thus euen bee,
I intermeddle not with them, they intercept not mee,
For still I tether thence mine eyes, so here mine heart is free.
Beleeue me, Sir, such is this world, this crosse-blisse world of ours,
That Vertue hardly hides her selfe in poore and desart Bowres.
And such be best that seeme not best: Content excedes a Crowne:
They may be richer, but more sweet my pennie than their powne.
For wrest they, cark they, build they, sport they, get they worlds together,
At first or last they dye from all, and passe they wot not whether:
Then comes their pelfe in plea, themselues not praysed at a feather.
And then (for so the Princes of great Alexander did)
Greedie of his, they striue and let the dead-man stinke vnhid.
Or he that had a Countrie hath, perhaps a Coffen now:
Perhaps lesse cost, a Sheete and corse: perhaps, his heires allow
The tombe himselfe aliue had build, els tombles might he lye,
As, saue for fashion, teareles. And it matters not: for why:
Testators and Executors so giue and so receaue,
As doubtfull whethers ioy or griefe is more to take or leaue:
For, as doe hogges their troughes to hounds, so these giue and get place:
Death, not the Dier giues bequests, and therefore but Graue-grace.
Nor all dye testate: if they doe, yet wieles may wills preuent:
Or what by rigor was misgot, in ryote is mispent.
Then Churles, why are they Churles vnto themselues and others too:
The good that commeth of their goods is good themselues shall doo.
But men doe walke in Shadoes, and disquiet themselues in vaine
To gather Riches, ignorant to whom they shall remaine.
The world thus breeding Vanities, and I obseruing it,
Here in the world, not of the world, such as yeu see me sit.
The Earle did well allow his words, and would haue liu'd his life,
Darst he haue staide, for whome pursute in eu'rie place was rife.
He reconuenting armes therefore, and taken Prisner so,
Dyed to his Countries friends a friend, and to her foes a foe.

# CHAP. XXVIII.

NOr might the Quéene and Kings owne Sonne
escape the Spencers pride:
But, fearing, fled to France, and there as banished abide:
Till thence supplanted, safetie at Henaude they prouide.
Iohn, brother to the Earle, a Knight of Chiualrie the chiefe,
With little, but a luckie band, was shipt for their reliefe.
No sooner had the Zealand ships conuaide their men ashore,
But English Succors daylie did increase their Standerds more.
Peat first the Quéene, Prince Edward, and the Nobles humbly craue
Theirs and their Countries enemies, but no redresse might haue:
And then Sir Iohn of Henaude shewde himselfe a warrior braue.
The King, his wicked Councellors, his big Vpstarts, and all
Were ouercome: So Spencers both from heauen to hell did fall,
Put to a fowle and shamefull death: with others that misled
The King in Out-rages more great than earst in England bred.
Pyolers, Blood-thirstie, Parasites, Make-shifts, and Bawdes did thriue:
Nor was an ancient English Péere vnbanisht or aliue:
For forreine and domesticke Swords, Plague, Famine, and Exile,
Did more than tythe, yea tythe the Tythe of men within this Ile.
Of Baldricks, Hoodes, Tabrides, & Furres, from Knights disgraded tore,
Attaintures of Nobilitie, and Armes reuersed store,
So many Spurres hewen off the héeles, and Swords broke ouer head,
Were through a King so light and lewd a Councell neuer read.
The King in prison and deposde, tyrannised, he dide
By trecheries of Mortimer that rulde the Rolle that tide,
Whilst Edward, in Minoritie, his Fathers throne supplide.
THis third of that same Name, as yet in Nonage, for a time
Although a King, was vnder-kept by some that ouer-clime:
Quéene mother and proude Mortimer, familiar more than should,
Did and vndid more than they might, not lesse than as they would:

Till

Till Edward, better counselled, hong Mortimer, the death
Of many a Peere: who Earle of March, and haughtie for his birth,
Was Lord of nine skore dubbed Knights, his other traynes except,
For greater pompe than did his Prince this Lord of Wigmore kept.
But more he had bëen happie though lesse hautie in his Halls:
More honour in humilitie than safetie in walls:
Proud Climers proue not monumẽts, saue only in their falls.
The senseleſſe pride of Fooles therefore, whom reuerently we ride,
Should lessen, at the least because that earth their earth shall hide.
The Countrie purg'd of Fleecers, and of Flatterers the Court,
The King became a Mars for Armes, and Iupiter for Port.
Th-Olympids, the Pythea, and the Prowesse of the Earth,
Did seeme euen now, and not but now, to haue in him their birth.
East, South, and North, gaue ayme farre of, admiring so the West,
As if that Mars discarding them had set our Realme his Rest.
Philip Valois, and Dauid Bruz, of power and courage more
Than any French or Scottish Kings since or of long before,
Confederate with thrée other Kings and Princes farre and nëere,
Warre all at once on Edward, but did buy their warring dëere.
Dauid, rebelled, left his land, but lastly did returne,
And, whilst our King did warre in France, much did he spoyle and burne:
And proude of mightie Troopes of men, of vnresisted prayes,
And Edwards absence, prosperously he on aduantage playes:
Untill, not sending hence for helpe, the Quëene did muster Knights,
And with the Foe, though tripled twise, victoriously she fights:
The Scots for most did perish, and their King was Prisner taine,
And Scotland wholly for a pray to England did remaine.
Meane while was Paris scarcely left, to rescue Philips Goale,
Whom Edward ferrits so from hold to hold as Fox from hoale,
That melancholie he deceast: and valiant Iohn his sonne
Was crowned King of France: and then the warres afresh begonne.
But after many fields, vnto the Foes continuall wracke,
The French King captiuated to the English Monarke, backe
His Victor sayles, the Prince of Wales, Edward surnamed blacke:
The flower of Chiualrie, the feare of France, and scourge of Spaine,
Wheare Peter, dispossest of Crowne, was crownde by him againe.

Fower yeres the French, eleuen yeres was the Scotch king prisners héere:
Whose, and the Dolphines ransomes were as great as god their chéere.

PRince Edward, Iohn of Gaunt, and all their Fathers sonnes might boast
Of famous Sier, and he of sonnes matchlesse in any Coast.
Howbeit, King and Prince at last, misled by counsell ill,
Through Tares lost a many hearts that bore them earst good will.
Thence finding Fortune contrary to that she was before,
Yeat either dying seaz'd of French and Scottish Conquests store.
Yea Callice late, and Barwick yet of their Exploytes is left,
Though Sonne before the Sier and both of liues long since bereft.
When Barwick was besieged, and stood bravely at defence,
Sir Alexander Seiton, theare chiefe Captaine, had pretence
To linger forth the Siege till Scots should draw the English thence
To rescue of Northumberland, and therefore sent his sonne
As Pledge to treate a Truce: and when the guile-got Truce was done,
And Barwick not relæued nor resigned, as it ought,
Two Sonnes of Seiton were before the walls besieged brought,
They readie for the Iybbet, and their Father for his Graue,
For either he must yéeld the Towne or them he might not saue.
In gricfe he then his Countries cause and Childrens case reuolues:
But, partiall vnto either, he on neither Choyse resolues.
To be a loyall Subiect and a louing Father too
Behoued him: but both to be was not in him to do.
Nature and honour wrought at once, but Nature ouer-wrought,
And, but his Ladie it preuents, to yéeld the Towne he thought.
O what pretend you Sir, quoth she, is Barwick worth no more
Than error of such loue? I ioy that I such Children bore
Whom cruell Edward honoureth with such a Cause of death,
For that especiall cause for which we all receaue our breath:
Euen for their Countries cause they dye, whose liues for it be due.
Why see their faces, (constantly she did their faces view)
The same, my Seiton, séeme so farre from dreading any woe,
As if they skorned that Barwick should redéeme them from the foe.
Full déere they were to me vnborne, at birth, and borne, and now,
And Mother-like I mourne their death, yeat I their death allow.

Woe Sonnes and such you may beget, your honour if you staine,
Defected honour neuermore is to be got againe.
Preuent not then your selfe, your Sonnes, and me so great a blis:
Adiew, and dye (swéete Sonnes) your soules in heauen shall liue for this.
With such perswasions did she winne her husband from the walls:
And Edward executes their Sonnes: and to assault he falls
So long that Barwick yéelds at length, and still vs master calls.

THese were the daies when English armes had eu'rie where request,
And Edwards Knights throughout the world had prick & praise for best.
Not Knights alone, but Prelates too, & Quéenes: whereof were twaine,
The quondam and in esse Quéenes, by Armor honour gaine.
By warre the Quéene that was did cease her husbands tragicke Rayne:
And by the Quéene then being was the Scotch King Prisner tayne.
It followes then, that as the Pawnce doth cirkle with the Sonne,
So to the vice or vertue of the Prince are people wonne.
O that our Muse might euermore on such a Subiect ronne.
But Vulcan forgeth other Toles, and sharpneth deadlier swords,
For little els then ciuill warres our following Penne affords.
French Expeditions badly thriue, whereof we cease to speake:
Not forraine, but Domesticke warres, grewe strong to make vs weake.
Melpomen here might racke her wits, Sylla nor Marius hate,
Pharsalian Fields were gentle Frayes, regarding this debate.
The second Richard, sonne vnto the blacke Prince (Edward dead)
Was crowned an Infant: and from him the Stratagem was bread.
The base attempts of Ball, of Straw, of Lyster, tag, and rag,
Of Villains, Of-skoms, Clownes, & knaues ỳ check-mate durst to brag
With Richards selfe, and to their deathes his chiefest Princes drag,
Till Walworths girdle-Armor made the Armes of London more,
Because his courage chiefly gaue an end to that vprore,
And what-so-els Decurrants much may interrupt our Trayne,
Digesting Yorke and Lancaster, acquiring eithers Rayne,
Our Penne shall not endemyzen. Now drops it sacred blood
Of Men-Gods, English Potentates that in this Faction stood.
Richard begun that ciuill warre, that till the Seauenth from him
Did lasse: though often fields with blood of Citizens did swim.
Against the Nobles he vphild vnnoble: and his Péeres

And Commons went alike to wracke: nor God nor man he feares.
In fewe, Ambition, Auarice, and Counsell lewd had wrought
In him a nature worser than into the world he brought:
Whereby, and thus, himselfe and house at length a down-fall cought.
Twirt Mowbrey Duke of Norffolke, & the Duke of Hertford, sonne
To Iohn of Gaunt close Conference of better daies begun.
The King (sayd Henry Hertford) more remisse than doth beseéme,
Leaues France to French, Scotland to Scots, and vs to woes extréeme,
Hys Flatterers doe fléece the Crowne and Commons, not a State
Doth or dares counsell, ancient Coates that on the Crowne should wate
Giue ame to bastard Armorie: what resteth then but this?
Plucke downe those grating Harpies that seduce our King amis,
If worthles still, set vp a King worthier than he that is.
The other, saying little then, immediatly reueales
The secrete, and before the King his Foe-made frend appeales.
Whose Gauntlet raysed by the Duke defendant, at the last
It grew to single Combate, when the King his Warder cast:
And to the Duke of Norffolke iudg'd for euermore exile:
And selfe same lawe Duke Henrie had, saue for a lesser while.
Thus That did This, but This and That their Iudge did thus begile:
And to his Coffers did escheate a world of wealth, a Pray
Vnto his Parasites, which thriu'd by other mens decay.
Meane while (whose actious life had lawd) did Iohn of Gaunt decease:
So to the banisht Duke his Sonne fiue Croncts did increase.
But with his kindly aire the King withheld him all the same:
Till entring, ayded by his friends, he wonne beyond his clame.
For Richard was impriſon'd, and by Parlament put downe,
And Henry Duke of Lancaster elected to the Crowne,
The Lyne Lancastrian frollicke, but the house of Yorke did frowne.
For to those Hydra-kinded warres that after did ensue
Those Famelies gaue name: though first the Diadem was due
Vnto the house of Clarence, till to Yorke that intrest grewe
By marriage, here omitted: for we only giue a view
How Yorke mis-raigning Lancaster did enter: then how This
Was dispossest, That repossest, and how their Union is.

THE

# THE SIXT BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

## CHAP. XXIX.

HEnrie (the fourth so named) hild the King deposed strate
In Pomfret Castell, howbeit in honourable State:
And got an Act, that who so wrought the Prisner to restore,
That Richards selfe, to voyd their hope, should dye the first therefore.
Whose birth-brought Nature, gentle Lord, returning whence it strayd,
Now altred him, erst altring it: and Richard mildly sayd,
I must not say I am, and would I might not say I was
Of great the greatest: lesse they grieue from whom doth little passe:
Nor more it grieues to contrarie the same I haue bẽn, then
To haue deserued not to be vnmaliced of men.
Thus humbled and full penitent liues he, lesse mal-content
Than was the Duke of Exeter his brother, whose intent
Was at a Justs to haue destroyd King Henrie, but deserved,
Himselfe, fower such, and many Knights the death of Traytors dyed.
And by these primer Yorkests thus King Richards date grew out:
But whether brayned, famisht, or exiled rests a doubt:
For often Uprores did ensue for him, as vndeceast,
Howbeit solemnely inter'd, himselfe, or Signe at least.
Twise by confederate Chiualrie the Percies and their frends

Did

Did fight and fall, for either warre to Henries honor ends.
He neuer had but warre, and was victorious euermore,
Aswell at home, as also of his Foes on forraine Shore:
Till lastly Armor ouercame all Enuie, and he liues
Of all beloued, and his death a common sorrowe giues.

HOt-spur his Sonne, Henry the fifth, hung at his Fathers eyes,
To watch his Goste, and catch his Crowne, and that or ere he dyes.
And wheare the Father doubted if he got it well or noe,
The Sonne did sweare, how so it came, he would it not forgoe.
His bad did blisse the Bad, the God dispayre all good: But neither
Did aime aright: for sodainly his chaunge deceiued either.
Of good becomming best, that was of ill the baddest, and
The true perfection of a King was not but in this Land.
He lead good fortune in a line, and did but warre and winne:
Fraunce was his Conquest: Scots but bragge and he did beate them in:
A friend vnto well doings, and an Enemie to sinne.
Peat of the Yorkests neuer lackt he Princes that rebell:
Nor other than confusion to their still conuuring fell.
In fewe, if any Homer should of this Achilles sing,
As of that Greeke and Myrmidon the Macedonian King
Once noted, would I note, both Prince and Poet happiest men,
That for deseruing praise, and This for well imployed pen:
For well this Subiect might increase the Worthies vnto ten.
He, aged thirtie sire, deceast and left his infant Sonne,
His Kingdome, Conquests, and his Queene, whose Fathers Realme he wonne
To graue protection, Regents, and so royall for the port,
As that his Orphants Cradle seem'd an Alexanders Court.
Queene Katheren, Daughter of the French, King Henries wife of late,
The fayrest Ladie in the West, hild with her sonne Estate.
She oft behild, and hild her peace, a braue Esquier of Wailes,
That tyde her fancie to his forme, till fancied forme preuailes.
All liking was reuersed Loue, saue Owen Tuder, all
Saue him (that durst not dreame such good) to her was lesse than small.
She formally, by quaint degrees, attracting him to fauor,
Did nourish burnings in her selfe, by noting his behauor.
She pitched Tewe, he mashed: She vncompaned, To flie

He bids her ſolitary mooes: Shée aſkes the remedy:
Diſcloſed pangues ſometimes, quoth he, in Phiſicke Phiſicke is:
Which ſometimes to obſerue, quoth ſhe, doth Patients patience mis:
Cureles to Æſculapius and Apollos ſelfe am I:
The latter felt my languor, and, immortall, wiſht to die:
And yeat, ſaue one, no one diſeaſe lay hidden to his Art:
For you were boteles then to geſſe how to vngréeue my ſmart.
Had Daphne to Apollo béene Apollo, Tuder ſaid,
His might haue béen, and ſo may be your Graces humor ſtaid.
He, other Gods and Goddeſſes, found more contented Loue
Beloe, in diffring boſomes, than in equall beddes aboue.
I aime at Loue (for there is your Ænigma doth incline)
And aime to him a Deity for whome I ſo deuine.
But gladly doubt I of the Wan, for if I doubted not,
I ſhould but maſſacer my lacke in enuy of his lot:
Yeat are vnworthy of the Wone Endymions lyppes, I wot.
But (for I will diſperſe the miſtes of further Myſteries,
And togh the Pinneſſe of my thoughts to kenning of your Eyes)
If Gentry, Madame, might conuay ſo great a good to me,
From auncient King Cadwallader I haue my pettigrée.
If wealth be ſayd my want, I ſay your Grace doth want no wealth:
And my ſuppliment ſhalbe loue, imployed to your health.
It hath béene when as hearty Loue did treate and tie the knot,
Though now, if gold but lacke in graines, the wedding fadgeth not.
The goodly Quéene in bafhfull ſignes bluſht out a dumbe Replie:
Which he did conſtur as ſhe meant, and kiſt her reuerently.
Tuder, quoth ſhe, I greater am than would I were for thée:
But can as little maiſter Loue as Leſſers in degrée.
My Father was a King, a King my Husband was, my Brother
He is a King, a King my Sonne, and I thy Souereignes mother:
Yeat Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, Sonnes, & all their Stiles together,
Are leſſer valewed than to liue beloued of my Tuder.
Should England, France, and thou thy ſelfe gaineſay thy ſelfe for mine,
Thy ſelfe, France England, nor what els: ſhould barre me to be thine.
Yea, let them take me wilfull, or miſtake me wanton, ſo
My ſelfe in loue do pleaſe my ſelfe let all the world ſay no.
Let Peſants marte their Marriages, and thriue at peraduenture:

I loue for loue: no gentle heart should fancy by Indenture.
But tell me, Owen, am I not more forward then behoues?
I am, Swéet-Heart, but blame me not, the same that speaketh loues.
And long may liue, quoth he, to loue: nor longer liue may I,
Than while I loue your Grace, and when I leaue disgraced die.
But Lady, if I doe deserue, I then desire dispatch:
For many are the iealous Eies that on your beauty watch.
God hap is like to hit me well, to hit so well is rare,
And rarenesse doth commence my sute, let sute conclude my care.
Should Cæsar kisse (he kissed her) it were but such a kisse:
And he, and I, héere, or elsewhere, in other sport or this,
Doe act alike: no bettring but as your belouing is.
You may experience, when you please, what diffrence in the men:
And if King Henry pleased more, blame Owen Tuder then.
But am I not (yes, Swéete, I am) more sawsie than behoues?
Yeat for my heart forgiue my tongue, This speaketh, and That loues.
How he imprison'd did escape, and else-what else-wheare réede.
The Quéene and this braue Gentleman did marry, and their Séede
Began that royall Race that did, doth, and may still succéede
In happy Empire of our Throne, a famous Lyne in déede.
Once, when this Match was at a point, they merrily disposed,
Did descant what from vulgar tongues thereof would be supposed.
They will beléeue me amorous, or thée so wiued as
Vulcan the Smith of Lemnos that to Venus married was,
The Quéene did say. And Tuder said: I hope of hansell better,
In Venus and in Vulcans names more lieth than the letter:
For he was as I would not be, She as you should be neuer:
Either so apt to giue and take as pitty them to seuer.
I pray thée, Owen, quoth the Quéene, how met they, canst thou tell?
I can be sayd, and more than so, then marke the processe well.
When Vulcan was a Batcheler, and Venus was vnwed,
Thus wowde he her, thus wonne he her, thus wowde and won he sped.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXX.

VEnus the faireſt Goddeſſe, and as amorous as faire,
Belou'd of Mars, and louing Mars, made often-times repaire
To Vulcans Forge: as to ſée wrought for Iupiter his Fire
And thunders, Mars his Armors, and the Sunnes curious tire,
When they, in déede, of merriments in Loue did theare conſpire.
And laſtly did conclude the Smith a Stale vnto their ſport:
Wherein did Venus play her part, preuayling in this ſort.
Vulcan (quoth ſhe) no God there is, I thinke, but néedeth thée:
For Thunders Ioue, Ceres for Sieths, for armors Mars I ſée,
Bacchus for prewning knives, and Pan for Sheep-hookes, Phœbus hée
For Cart-tiers, Dis for ſhakling chaines, Neptune for Ankers, and
No God but lackes thée, ſauing I that aſke not at thy hand.
My Swans do draw in ſilken Géeres, my wheéles be ſhodde with downe,
No hardnes is in Beauties Coach. But thou, by birth no Clowne,
But Ioue his Sonne, a God as we, art made a drudge too much:
When, if that Venus might be heard, thou ſhouldeſt not be ſuch.
How apt are all in thoſe ſame toyles that tende to their behoſe
To let thée beare till backe doth breake: but common is the proſe,
That cunning is not cunning if it ſtandeth not alofe.
By this had Vulcan hammered his heate, and bad to ſtay
The Bellowes: and he lymping from the Anfeeld thus did ſay.
My buſines, Venus, is ydoe, now may I tend to play:
What wodſt thou: for I member ſcarce thy arging by my fay.
Wodſt that I leaue the Forge, and that I God-it with the Gods:
If ſo thou meanſt, thy meaning and my meaning be at ods.
Sweéter my Bellowes blowing and my hammers beating is
To me, than trimmeſt fidling on the trickeſt kyt ywis:
Aſke whatſo-elſe I haue to giue, thous maunde it for a kis.
As if, quoth ſhée, my kiſſes were ſo currant vnto all:

No, not at all to Vulcan, if his kindnesse be so small.
I aske thy proper ease, then earne thy proper ease, and aske
More than a kisse: at least wise doe thy selfe from Mars vntaske.
He is my Foe, frend thou not him, nor forge him Armes, but let
Him lurke at home vnhonored: no good by him we get.
What lets but that we may become Superlatiues: Of vs
All stand in neede, we neede not them. Then gaue shee him a bus.
And saist me so, quoth Vulcan, and vnto the Trough he hies,
And showres his coaly fists and face, and with his apron dries
Them, badly mended, and vnto the Queene of Dalliance sayes
That Mars should lurke at home for him. Then guilefull Venus playes
Her part so well, that on her lappe his head the Dotard layes.
And whilst vpon her pressed Thies (no Hauen for such Hulke)
He lolls, and loades her with the weight of his vnwealdy bulke,
And whilst she coyes his sooty Cheekes, or curles his sweaty top,
The Grolhead now and then, as hapt, a thred-bare terme lets drop.
Then laughes he like a horse, as who would say, trow said I well:
But soone his wits were Non plus, for his wooing could but spell.
This fitted her: for so before twixt Mars and her was ment,
Though not that she so cunningly should Mars of Armes preuent:
But him to stawle in store, not els employde, was her intent.
Her Lubber now was snorting ripe: and she meane while was glad,
That for to serue her turne else-wheare so good a Staile she had.
What passe I, thinketh Venus, on his forme or fashions rude:
For, letting forme and fashion passe, one fashion is pursude
In getting Children: at the least, who so the Child shall git,
It shall suffice that Vulcan is the same shall father it.
Now Mars in heauen, Anchises and Adonis on the earth
May earne for Babes, for Vulcan shalbe parent at their birth.
Nay, be it that he should espy false carding, what of it:
It shalbe thought but ielosie in him, or want of wit.
Him frownes shall threat, or smiles intreat, and few will iudge, I winne,
If it shall come in question, that to Cockhole him were sinne.
Whilst thus she thinketh in her selfe the Ciclops did awake:
And, to be short, more doings passe and they a marriage make.
But wonder did the Deities, when bruted was the match,
That he so fowle a Thick-skinne should so faire a Lady catch,

They

They flout him to his face, and helde it almes to arme his head.
Wel, Venus shortly bagged, and ere long was Cupid bread:
And Vulcan (in like heresie of fathering as moe)
Did racke his Art to arme the Lad with wings, with shafts, and bowe,
Most forceable to loue or hate, as lists him shotes bestow.
When Vulcans Venus had obtainde her Cupide armed thus,
Then (for we wish that all besides bee sutable to vs)
She, of the Gods and Goddesses before the wanton noted,
Was of the Gods and Goddesses for wantonnesse out-coted:
Not one but wered amorous, yea euen Diana doted.
Loues Mother had direction of his arrowes, and she wilde
Him hit the Son-God: for because he, blabbing, had behild
Her dalliance with Adonis: so that wered Phœbus loues (moues.
Faire Daphne, whome nor woes, nor vowes, nor giftes, nor greatnesse
Succesles therefore, and inrag'd, he bastards Cupid: and
(For stoutly on their honesties doe wylie Harlots stand)
Venus did chaife: and of the Gods their strife came to bee skand.
Dispersing then her goodly haires, she bar'd so sweete a face,
As from the sternest Godhod might extort subborned grace.
Fast at her side clung naked Loue, a lovely boy in deede:
And Vulcan, benched with the Gods, his wife did thus procéede:
(When Phœbus had already tould his tale with sence and héede.)
He sayes, quoth she, for chastity my hauiour was amis:
Which proued, or disproued, then in you to sentence is.
Ah, listen whence it is, ye Gods, that Venus is abused,
Because that Phœbus making Loue to Daphne was refused.
If that were wrong, the wrong must then by Phœbe be excused.
Who, rescuing her Votarisse, did so preuent her brother.
But be it that this Boy of mine, not séeing one from other,
Did hit him, for the Sonnes offence should he maligne the mother:
And shall I tell the Childes offence? Why thus forsoth it was:
He fitted him to such a Loue as did for Beautie pas.
But if he say it needeles was, because it boted not,
I say, that Beauty beggeth if by posting it be got.
He wooing like himselfe in post did kisse the post, and she,
Too good to be his forced Trull, is nowe become his Trée.
His spéeches two, though spoke by one, concernes in credite three,

Mine Husband, and my selfe, and Sonne, Gods, and as good as he.
Now woe am I, we severally are, as it were, arayned
Of Cuckolrie, of Spous-breach, and of Bastardy: though fayned,
Yeat too too forcible I feare to be forgot of some:
For slaunder set on foote, though false, is talkatiuely dome.
Malicious (for thy malice is thy matter all in all)
Is it to harlotize, thinkst thou, a Goddesse wrong too small,
But thou must forge it from the Earth, euen from the Sheep-cote: Nay,
That colour lacketh colour thou thy selfe I troe wilt say.
Ambicious, faire, and amorous thou termest me: if so,
Unlikely to disparge my selfe or baccly stope so loe:
But being such, and knowing thée in very déede the same,
Wight, leauing petite loues, haue found thy selfe my readiest game:
For Phœbus is a Leacher, els are many tongues too blame.
Better no bad of mine (nor néede I feare that fault in thée)
Thy bad doth passe by probat, but a Quere is for me.
Perhaps (such as it is) my forme may forge to his pretence:
Since Beauty is a common marke, apt therefore to offence.
Well, be it Beauty doth atract, atracting is belou'd,
Beloued courted, courted wonne, and wonne to action mou'd,
Yeat from such causes such effects what Consequence hath prou'd:
For Daphne was, I wot, full faire, and well can Phœbus court,
Yeat Daphne chastly did withstand, and Phœbus mist his sport.
My husband (though by trade a Smith, for birth out-brau'd of none,
And louely vnto Venus, though mislikt of many a one)
May for his plainnes also fit my foes inuetiue drifts:
As who would say, I wedded him to salue vp other shifts.
By Styx I vowe, although I should exceéde my selfe for fare,
Yet Venus would be Vulcans, and he knowes I truely sware.
He is in déede no Gallant, yeat a God, and meerly frée
From imperfections, such at least as pay not marriage fée.
And for his plainnes, to be plaine, the rather chose I him:
For such as he liue best, loue best, and kéepe their wiues most trim.
When Roysters either roue at chaunge, be péenish, or precise:
Faire women therefore matching thus be not, say I, vnwise:
Iudge not by such presumptions then, they add but to his lies.
Thus haue yée now a Medley of his malice and my mone,

His

His vice, my vowe: and lastly rests your sentence to be knowne.
If Mercury should pleade my Cause, he could but set me cleare:
God causes nede not curious termes, and equall Judges heare
The Equity, not Eloquence, and so I hope will yée:
And so shall gratefull Venus sayle vnder your gracious Lée.
So, putting finger in the Eye, the Deities dissent:
Some hild with Phœbus, some with her: Which strife did Vulcan stent.
My wife, quoth he, more honest than her Tuser is, I troe,
Shall not ywis be bused by the squandring Pollo so:
She loues me, I durst sweare, and saue my selfe she loues no moe:
And why should you or I beléeue his yea before her no?
Troth, sayd the Gods, since Vulcan is contented we are pleas'd.
And so the Variance was by him thus wittely appeas'd,
Phœbus his Plainte did quash: but so he after-times did watch,
As that Sir Hornsbie had by proofe he was a louing Patch,
When Mars and Venus playing false his wiers Net did catch.
Now riddle, Madame, if those tongues that make Sunonamies
Of them and vs proue Oracles, what should thereof arise?
That more, quoth she, which you haue sayd than in the Letter lyes.
But names infect not, nor receiues your Riddle Prophesie:
If ought fore-sayd be ominous should any feare tis I.
When so the Quéene had sayd, then to this more procéeded he:
Vulcan, Venus, Cupid, Sol, and Daphne turnd to Trée
Were tennis balles to euery tongue of euery Deitée.
Tush Tush, quoth Pan, gay Venus and the gentle Youth her sonne
Are blameles blamed. What, thinke you, would Phœbus then haue done
Had he in loue bin crost as I: And then he thus begun.

## CHAP. XXXI.

THe Goteheards of Hyrcania hild their Orgies vnto me,
And theare was I, vnséene of them, the Festifall to sée.
Now had they censed, and with glée eate were the offered kids,
When as they fel to Rowndelaies, and I the Rownd amids.
Not Satires, or the Naiades, were halfe so nimble as

This

This countrey Consort (for each Lad was sorted with a Lasse.)
There was a trickste Girle, I wot, albeit clad in gray,
As peart as bird, as straite as boult, as freshe as flower in May,
As faire as Cupids Mother (or through him it is I erre,
(If so I erre) for why his shaft had fired me to her)
Shée daunsing dyed her lilly Chéekes, whilst I for loue did die:
And as vnuisible I stode (what botes it me to lye)
And drew with breath her swéet-stole breath, so acting spritually,
The feast was done, and all vndone that I did wish to doe:
My Deity adiornde therefore, in humaine forme I wowe.
And first (because that first they should approach vs Gods) I faine
My selfe a Priest (for well I wot they sildome wowe in vayne)
I made me snug, and with a Ter did intermix a toye.
And tould how fine and faire a life our Clergie-Femes inioye,
And how our leisure fitted Loue. And let it fit (quoth she)
To such as lust for loue: Sir Clarke, you clergesie not me.
Then came I curious in my silkes (But who would thinke that Pan
Could play the Courtier?) and did faine my selfe a iolly man.
I talkt of Castles, Mannors, Parkes, and all thinges more than nine.
To course (quoth she) am I for you, and you for me too fine.
Then Souldier-like I sued, and did boast of Battels many,
And standing on my Manhood would not be coniu'd of any:
And sometimes proffered kindnesse, such as came not to the push,
But checked for my boystrousnes was balked with a blush.
Then play I maister Merchant, and did plye her by the booke:
I spake of great Accompts, Receites, nor little care I tooke
For rigging and returne of Ships, (her lippes meane while my Per.)
Ply Sir (quoth shee) your busie trade, you are besides the Ter.
I seem a country Yeoman: Then a Craftsman: both in vayne:
The former was too lumpish, and the latter worse of twayne.
Doe what I could, I could not doe whereby her loue to gayne.
Then thought I, out of doubt as I a God faine Manhood, so
This is transform'd Diana for some practise meant beloe.
A yeare was past, and I past hope through coyish chast denyall:
And yeat I could not but persist in quest of further tryall.
I met God Pryapus (for he, not Venus sonne it is
Abuseth vs, This darteth Loue, That driues to lust amis)

Shée

Séeſt yonder Clowne: quoth Priapus (not far-of was a Loute
With neare a hanſome rag, himſelfe leſſe hanſome ſwle to ſnout:
Leſſe wel-formd, or more il-fac'ſt, and like Clenchpope loke and lim,
Leſſe mannerd, and worſe gated than this Saturns-Eeue-made Slim,
God neuer made, ſince God made Man, if euer God made him.)
That Lob, quoth he, and yonder Laſſe that this way driues her Gotes
Doe marke them Pan: you may obſerue from them vnthought-of notes.
I knew her for my Minion wench of whom I earſt did tell.
Firſt blend they heards, and forthwith lips: and after billing fell
To other ſport, ſuch ſport ywis as would haue likte me well.
Muſt I, thought I, giue aime to ſuch a Skrub and ſuch a Saint,
That Skowndrell, and this Counterfeit: confounded ſo I faint.
How chéere you Pan, quoth Priapus, the ſhameles God of luſt:
Thus can I fit ſuch frends as you with ſuch a Trull of truſt:
(We were indéede ere then at odds). So Priapus he left me,
When he had brought me to this ſight that néere of ſenſe bereft me.
But thus I loathed where I lou'd, and learned not too late
That coyeſt are not chaſteſt: that the gayeſt Females mate
With Loutes as ſoone as Lordes: that Loue is lucke not ſhiftleſſe fate:
That cowled, celled, he, or ſhe, whoſo, or whereſoeuer,
Or Votarie, or Secular, ſcarce one prepaped neuer.
To Pans report did Mercurie replie and thus recite:
Of Cupide and of Priapus doth Pan diſtinguiſh right:
But let be Luſt, a word or two of Loue and of his might.

IEntring Gueſt-wiſe on a time the frolicke Thæbane Court,
Mine eye preſented to mine heart a Nymph of louely port.
Her knew I not, nor knew ſhe me, vnknowne therefore vnkiſt
I loyter on the Earth, meane while in Heauen not vnmiſt.
My Senſes helde a Synode, and vnacted Actes diſpute:
And nothing els I did affect but to effect my ſute.
For whenceſoeuer Loue proceedes, or whatſoere it bée,
Or whoſoeuer loueth, Loue tormenteth in degrée.
Mine Eye conuaide it to mine Heart, mine Heart controwlde mine Eye:
Yeat Loue retriu'd it ſelfe: I lou'd not knowing whom or why.
Then did I ſéeke, and finde (who am no Milkſop as ye wot)
Acquaintance in the Court, the which the niceſt balkéd not.

Nor smally did my shape, my tongue, and tunes (no common gére)
Preferre their Master to a place about their Mistres nére.
When she did sigh then did I sob, I laught if she did smile,
And by officious Forgeries pretended to begile.
But her, not coy, I found so chast, as saue a kisse or twaine,
I nothing got: although in all I vained to her vaine.
From ill therefore I grew to worse, from worse to worst: for why?
Through ouer-louing at the length I loued iealously.
My Stomacke left me, euery sense had imperfection then,
My colour ceast, and, sicke, I forge contrarie cause to men.
So many Quaames came ore my heart as newes to eare or eie
Of others commoning in sport, or courting seriouslie.
No Corsiue to Corsiualls, and no death vnto despaire:
I did not hope, yeat helde I on with cost to nourish care.
Sometime, attired by the booke, I faind a merrie chére:
Sometime I droped, and did weare disorderly my géere.
But how-soere I came to her I found her still the same,
Gamesome enough to intertaine, and yet for me no game.
And though enuiously I aym'd at others better spéede,
Yeat, too precisely, did I sift such doubts were more than néede.
Then rowsing vp my selfe, I with my selfe did reason thus:
No folly were in Loue, if so no folly were in vs.
Wheare Mercurie is layd asléepe may others lay a straw:
The Louer and Beloued are not tyed to one Law.
Because I am the same I am should She not therefore bée
The same she is: mine is to loue, but hers to disagrée.
Then Mercurie be to thy selfe thy selfe, these thoughts begile
With méeter thoughts: thou lingerest in losse too long a while.
Thinke not thy greatnesse, or thy gifts, or gracious eyes may get her:
A Foole more foule may séeme more faire, Loue may thinke bad the better.
If she determine Chastitie, then falls thy sute to ground:
Or if some other be préferd, then better lost than found:
Likte, or misliked, to thy Loue should reason be the bound.
Or Women loue to be belou'd of change of Clyants, or
Uncertaine wheare to finde them, with the Egle or the Dor.
Albeit Beautie moues to loue, and Loue doth make thée sue,
Better at first be Non-sute, than at length not to subdue.

Such

Such Reasons séeming plausible, I fléeting whence I loued,
By absence and new Exercise old Passions were remoued.
So did I loue, and so I left, so many a skorne, and scoffe,
Care, cost, disgrace, and losse of time were and may be cut off.
And women so lesse stand alofe, when men can so be wise:
So lesser sute hath lucklier spéede, than to be too precise.
Not women, but our wilfulnesse, doth worke our owne vnrest:
Though Beautie, Loue, and they lacke fault, we may abuse the best.

SO helpe me Iupiter (quoth Mars) in Loue so may I spéede,
As Mercurie and Pan doe erre in poynts of Loue in déede.
Precisians and plaine Plodders (such is This, and so is That)
In Loue doe swallow Cammels, whilest they nicely straine a Gnat.
Why what be Women? Women: geld the latter sillabell,
Then are they nothing more than Woe, their names remaine doth tell.
Their yea, or no, euen when they sweare they loue or loue vs not,
Beléeue who list: sone be they gone, as sodainly are got.
What néede we crépe the Crosse to giue vnto a begging Saint?
Tush, tush, a Flye for booke-Loue, none be fortunate that faint.
Not paper, purse, or kerchiefe Plea lets Fancie soner loase
Then at the Shrine to watch the Saint: She is not coy, but cloase:
Politians know to cheapen, what to offer, when to skoase.
The Clowne, no doubt, that potted Pan lackt Art to glose and flatter,
And yeat nor Pan nor Mercurie went roundlier to the Matter.
He found right Methode (for there is a Methode, time, and place,
Which Fooles obseruing doe commence ere Wisemen haue their grace.)
Though dastard Hawkes doe sore aloft and dare not seaze vpon,
Or Bussard-like doe sit alofe vntill the game be gon,
Kinde killing Hawkes but wagge the wing, and worke to sowse anon.
Once Loue, surreuerence, made my selfe vale Bonnet: So submis
My ceremoniall woing was as common woing is.
With rufull lookes, sighes, swéete Pigs-nye, and Fooleries more than few
I courted her, so much more stout by how much more I sew:
Till aptly singled, as it hapt, I say not what did hap,
But Loue that late did loade my Head, did loade her willing Lap.
Nor this Lad Loue of that same Loue is guiltie any whit,

For why, nine Mones did were and waine betwéene his birth and it.
Alas, poore Boy, before he was, Loue was a common game,
The first-made Man, the Rib-reft Man in Eden shewd the same:
For when his sudden Eyes admir'de the boan-fleisht faire Conuart
Deriued from his Side, his tongue, directed by his hart,
Forthwith pronounced Woman, but a moment earst vnknoen,
So deare as flesh of his owne flesh, and bone of his owne boen.
Quit then, ye Gods, this Lad, and let your search of Loue alone:
He will in power be felt of all, in person found of none.
Or rather is not reall, but some Fansie: if not, then
Fantastticall in women, but essentially in men.
If Loue be such in Women (But mistake me not, for why?
I note them but fantastticall in fault of Destenie)
Deferre were then to erre. When all is done that doe we may,
Labor we sorrowing all the night, and sewing all the day,
The female faultie Custome yéelds lesse merit greatest pay:
And ventrous more than vertuous meanes doth beare the bell away.
Now touching Venus (worthie such a Phére, not such a Foe)
Vulcan, me thinkes, obserueth well slight proofe in yea and no,
The Court should therefore be aduisde ere it to Sentence groe.
The Gods, that did erewhile but aime at Vulcans wines sonnes Father,
Saw Venus blush, and held that aime autenticall the rather.
'End Gods and Goddesses, quoth Ioue, to argue two or fro:
Like good and bad is either Ser. May more, behold, than so:
I viewd erewhile the Destenies, and thence I thus did know.
Zimois, when Troy must perish, shall send downe her Floods a Fléete,
And would it were our Father rulde when Create thought him vnméete.
But long time hence, & farre Stars thence, that World shall would an Ile
Enuyrond with the Ocean waues, then famous in short while
Through often Triumphs ouer Foes and Traffike euery wheare:
Howbeit thrice orerunne, and once a Conquest shalbe theare.
'Those Changes notwithstanding they a People shall remaine
Unchased thence: and of that Stréene shall Fiue at length re-raigne.
Dread, terrene Gods, the Fift of those, a terrene Goddesse, She
Euen at the firie Trigon shall your chiefe Ascendant be:
Right Phœbe-like (Phœbe may like a Compére like to her)

Retrine

Retriue her nained Name, to time the triall we refer.
This sayd, he bids adiorne the Court, and willed Mercurie
Thencefoorth not to conuent the Gods for such a Folerie,
As Loue, the idle Bodies worke, and Surfet of the Eie.
And thus the Quéene and Tuder chat: But thought of nothing lesse
Then that from them Ioues noted fiue fated to such succesle
Should spring, as sprong, and parte springs yet. But cease we to digresse
And shew we how her Sonne did long and luckles Raigne possesse.

## CHAP. XXXII.

HEnrie, fifth Henries Sonne, that made the Henries more by one,
Did in his Infancie possesse his Conquering Fathers Throne:
And happely was rulde a Child, and rulde an happie man,
Till with his Parrasites his Péeres, and he with them began
A bloodie quarrell: offering so vnto the Yorkests spright
For to reclaime, in bould attempts, their discontinued right.
Richard Plantagenet the Duke of Yorke, by Warwicks ayde,
Did get the Goale, not long enioy'd, for he in Armes decayde,
Subdued by King Henries Quéene: when as by frends and force
He had in Parlament obtaynde in euery clause his corse.
For, mounted theare the Kingly Throne, that Porkish Heros sayd,
Here should I speake, and shall I hope: and so his Claime conuayd
From Clarence his Progenitor, with reasons such among,
As, he Protector of the Realme, King Henries heires were wrung
From all Reuertion: hearts and eares did so applaude his tung.

EDward his Sonne then Earle of March (the Duke his Father slaine)
Wonne, by the Earle of Warwicks ayde, in double battell Raigne.
King Henrie fled to Scotland, and the Quéene, and Prince their Sonne,

From France ſollicet Succors, which vnto their loſſe they wonne.
Henrie was taken, they and their Confederates were ſubdu'd:
Yeat ſtill the Quéene eſcaped, and the armour ſtill purſu'd.
But, Warwicke pleaſed, all attempts did faile to Edwards Foes:
Diſpleaſed, Edward fayled, and declined Henrie roſe.
He crowned Either, and the ſame diſcrowned them againe,
Admyr'd of all, belou'd of all: howbeit laſtly ſlaine
By Edward, whilſt he did vphold vnchancie Henries Raigne.
So Warwicke periſht, Henrie ſo refalne from Kings eſtate
Was reimpriſon'd, and his Quéene did land her aydes too late.
But landing, when of Barnet field ſhe heard the luckles fate,
(Albeit Knights Lancaſtrians ſtore did flocke in her defence)
She ſtood a ſecond Niobe, bereft of ſpéech and ſence.
And whilſt the Duke of Somerſet, an ouer-hardie Knight,
Did brauely marſhall out her force to ouer-matched fight,
Hers and King Henries Sonne, the Prince of Wales a proper Lad,
In comforting his mother did continue her more ſad.
Ah Sonne, quoth ſhe, through oft mishaps mishaps I can diſgeſt:
I feare for thée, for thée the hope that to our Houſe doth reſt.
Now all are tryed we can truſt, if now we faile we fall:
Thy death is in the ſame requeſt as is thy Fathers thrall.
And (which I would it were the worſt) the Foe doth thirſt my life,
To end his Triumph in the deaths of Husband, Sonne and Wife.
Though thy great-Grandſier, Grandſier, and thy Father wonne & wore
The Ring-ring, which thy father hild yeares thirtie eight and more,
Though by the cappitall Remote of Lancaſter withſtood,
Yeat fayle preſcription and diſcents: now lacke they but our blood.
Then learne againſt thou proue a man (ah hardly hope I ſo)
The Line Lancaſtrian naturally doth labour of that Foe.
The Quéene concluding thus in teares, did then to Armor goe.
Fierce was the field, and either part did valiantly offend.
But, Edward ouercomming, when the Battell was at end,
The Quéene was carried Captiue thence: And Edwards men did bring
Her Sonne the Prince (ſole ſonne and heire vnto the captiue King)
Before the Victor: whoſe demaunds receiuing anſwers ſtout,
He thruſts the manly Boy from him: whom Gloceſter about

The King (Charle that he was) did ſtab. (So tragicke was the ſpight
Betwixt thoſe Linages, that oft each others ſo requite.)
His death was more than death vnto his Parents: but not long
His father moned vndiſpatcht alike for death and wrong,
By foreſayd Duke of Gloceſter: of whom ſuccéedes our ſong.

THus wonne the Yorkeſts ancient Raigne: fire blodie Fields did ſcate
Edward the fourth in Englands Throne, poſſeſt a while in queate.
He wonne his Subiects loue, and loue was debt to his deſarts:
But, as muſt ours, ſo laſtly his vn-bodied Soule departs.
He left his Kingdome to his Sonne, his Sonne to be protected
By Richard Duke of Gloceſter. Who, pietie reiected,
Grew trible-wiſe tyrannicall: malicious to the blood
Of his deceaſed brothers Quéene: And what ſo Yorkeſt ſtood
Betwixt the Scepter and himſelfe, aline, he pricked dead:
A Foe to all Lancaſtrians, as the ſame by nature bread.
This common Deaths-man of thoſe Kinnes, and euery Nobles fall,
Whom he, but geſt Corriuall, or might croſſe him nére ſo ſmall,
This ſtope-Frog Æſops Storke, alike tyrannous vnto all,
To giltie, giltleſſe, frend, or foe was not ſecure one day,
But either dyes as eithers death might fit him any way.
Yea, euen whilſt his Brother rulde, when all Lancaſtrians, and
His Brothers twaine, his Nephewes twaine, and Néeces thrée did ſtand
Betwixt himſelfe and home, euen then by blod he hunted Raigne:
For when his owne and ruthles hands King Henries heire had ſlaine,
Then Henries ſelfe, Henrie the firſt, a giltles King in bands
He ſtabd: his brother Clarence dide through him, by other hands.
But, now Protector, as doe Wolues the Lambes protected he,
And fared as if fearing that one wickedder might be.
Quæne mother and her kindred hild the Orphant King awhile,
Her kinne he murdred, and from her he got the King by gile:
Whom (though vncrowned tituled fift Edward) reft his mother,
He made be murdred, with the Duke of Yorke the yonger brother.
When neither Yorkeſt his Allies, and of Lancaſtrians none
Were left to let it, who ſhould let but he might leape the Throne?
He wore in déede the wreſted Palme: But yeat, to better bad,

By

By murder of his wife, he sought newe marriage to be had
With that Elizabeth that was the eldest daughter to
Edward the fourth: But all in vaine the King his Neece did wowe:
For Henrie Earle of Richmonds frends such doings did vndoe.
Which Henrie and Elizabeth by secrete Agents were
Contracted: he of Lancaster, and she of Yorke the heire.
Of which letigious Famelies heer mapped be the Lines,
Euen till the Heire of these two heires both Stockes in one combines.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

HEnrie (as if by myracle preseru'd by Forraines long
From hence-ment Treasons) did arriue to right his Natiues wrong:
And chiefly to Lord Stanlie, and some other Succors as
Did wish and worke for better dayes, the Riuall welcome was.
Now Richard heard that Richmond was assisted and a Shore,
And like vnkenneld Cerberus the croked Tyrant swore:
And all Complexions act at once confusedly in him:
He studieth, striketh, threates, intreates, and loketh wildly grim:
Mistrustfully he trusteth, and he dreadingly did dare,
And fortie passions in a trice in him consort and square.
But when, by his conuented force, his Foes increased more,
He hastned Battell, finding his Corriuall apt therefore.
When Richmond orderly in all had battelled his ayde,
Inringed by his Complices, their chearefull Leader sayde.
Now is the time and place (sweete Frends) and we the Persons be
That must giue England breath, or els vnbreath for her must we.
No Tyrannie is fabled, and no Tyrant was in deede
Worse than our Foe, whose workes will act my words, if well he speede:
For ill to ills Superlatiue are easely intilt,

But

But intertayne amendment as the Gergesites did Christ.
Be valiant then, he biddeth so that would not be out-bid
For courage, yeat shall honor him, though base, that better did.
I am right heire Lancastrian, he in Yorkes destroyed right
Usurpeth: But, through Either ours, for neither Claime I fight,
But for our Countries long-lackt weale, for Englands peace I warre:
Wherein he speed vs vnto whom I all Euents referre.
Meane while had furious Richard set his Armies in array,
And then, with lookes euen like himselfe, this or the like did say.
Why, Lads, shall yonder Welshman with his Straglers ouer-match?
Disdaine ye not such Riualles, and deferre yée their dispatch?
Shall Tuder from Plantagenet the Crowne by craking snatch?
Know Richards very thoughts (he toucht the Diademe he wore)
Be mettall of this mettall: Then beleeue I loue it more,
Than that for other law than Life to supersead my Clame:
And lesser must not be his Plea that counter-pleads the same.
The weapons ouer-toke his words, and blowes they brauely change:
When, like a Lion thirsting bloud, did mody Richard range:
And made large slaughters where he went, till Richmond he espied,
Whom singling, after doubtfull Swords, the valerous Tyrant died.

THus ended Englands warre and woe, vsurping Richard dead,
When Henry and Elizabeth vniting titles wed.
Of which two Heires th-vndoubted Heire of either Line did cum,
The Epilogue vnto these wounds, digested in this sum:
Fourth Henry first Lancastrian King put second Richard downe.
Fourth Edward of the House of Yorke re-seazd first Henries Crowne.
Lad-Princes twaine were stabd in Field, of either Linage one,
Foure Kings did perish. Sundry times now-Kings anon were none.
Sire, three of either faction, helde successiuely the Throne.
But from the second Richard to seuenth Henry we pretend
Eight Kings this Faction to begin, continue, and to end.
The Princes, Earles, Barons, and Knights this quarrell did deuour
Exceede the tale of Gentry best and basest at this houre:
So plagueth ciuill Warre, and so from Robe to Ragge doth scoure.
Then luckiest of the Planets weare Predominants, say we,

When by this Bed-match either Heire that Bloud-mart did agrée.
When Seuenth begot the Eight, and Eight the First and Last for like
Our now Pandora: nor till her our humbled sailes we strike.
For should we at her Grandsier reare our Toleme yet too poore:
We could not write (as Hercules on his) Beyond no more:
For he lackt search, our Muse hath kend an Ocean is in store:
Euen matter that importeth worth coparing all before.

THE

# THE SEVENTH BOOKE
## OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

### CHAP. XXXIIII.

NOw let vs poste-alone to Mars & Mercury repaer,
At leaſt ſo farforth as we may without controwlment daer.
Richard the Third, Henry the Seauenth (laſt ſubiects of our pen)
Was ſlaine, was crowned, with hate, with loue, as woꝛſte, as beſt of men.
So not with Yorke and Lancaſter doth wonted enuie raigne,
Nor can Æneas Off-ſpꝛings now of Dꝛphanſle complaine.
But that Cadwalladers Foꝛe-dwmes in Tuders ſhould effect
Was vnexpected, ſaue that God doth deſtenies direct.
Els Owen Tuder had not wiu'd Fift Henries noble Quéene:
Nor had they of their bodies Earles Penbrooke and Richmon ſéene:
Nor Margret, Somerſets ſole heire, to Richmon had béen weade:
Nor they the heire of Lancaſter, Henry the Seauenth, had bꝛead:
Nor he of Yorks Inheritrix, Elizabeth, had ſped:
Nor they vnited either houſe all other titles dead.
Yeat, eare this vnion, Either ſo ariued to their right,
As Pſiches on an errant ſent to Hell by Venus ſpight.
Woꝛſe Ferrymen than Charon, Flwds contagious moꝛe than Styx,
Woꝛſe Poꝛters than ſowle Cerberus, weare pleaſ'd, paſt, ſtwd betwix.
How therefoꝛe Either dangerouſly their Labyrinth did paſſe
Shall not be ouerpaſſed: Thus their ſeuerall foꝛtune was.
Henries the fourth, the fifte, and firt ſucceſſiuely did raigne,
Vntill fourth Edwards ſwoꝛd to him did lawfull Empier gaine:
Lancaſtrians dꝛoupe, the Yorkeſts had their long expected day:
Firt Henry and the Pꝛince his ſonne, by ſtabbes weare made away:

The foresaid Margaret, sole heire of Somerset, earst wife
Of Tuder, Earle of Richmond, had by him a Sonne in life,
To whome, from her, the Crown-right of Lancastrians did accrewe:
He from his English foes himselfe by secrete stealth withdrewe
To little Brutaine, wheare he found the Duke a frend full trewe.
This Henry Earle of Richmond, now poore Lancasters Remaine,
Was by fourth Edward practisd home by many a subtell traine:
Whome once the gentle Duke (beguilde with promises vnment)
Deliuered to the English-men, with whome he homewards went.
Forsaken Ladd (for yet he was a Ladd) what did remaine
But certaine death: so to assure his Foes vncertaine raine:
Which to establish many a Prince of his Allies weare slain.
But him, eare brought a-borde, the Duke (aduised better) stayd,
And him (as if by chaunce escapte) to Sanctuarie conuayd.
The Lambe so rescued from the Wolfe, that priuiledged place
Assured him till Edwards death, and then he hoped grace.
But he that was Protector of his murthered Nephewes than
Usurped England, and became a Monsture not a man.
Richard the third (omitting all his tyrannies beside)
To be possessed of the Earle by many a message tride.
Great wealth was sent, greater assumde, but nothing might preuaile:
The gracious Duke abhord to set his guiltles frend to saile.
But furnished with money, men, and armor, shipt him thence,
To winne his right: yeat churlish Seas did lett such kind pretence.
Full hardly Richmonds threatned Ship escapte our armed Shore,
For Richard of the Riuall got intelligence before.
Returnde, the Duke did sicken, and Landoise did beare the sway:
And he for Walles great was bribde Earle Henry to betray,
Yeat through wise Bishop Murtons meanes by stealth he scapte away.
In trauel then from Brutaine to his Grome himselfe was Grome,
By interchaunged rayment, till to Angers they weare come.
The French King, pittying his distresse, pretended asked aide:
And secrete platformes for his weale his English friends had laide.
Henry in Fraunce, at home his Friends bestir them, and the Foe
Meane time with hope, with fraud, with feare imployde his witts also.
Now of the Earles conspiracy the totall drifte was this:
Elizabeth the daughter of fourth Edward vowde he his,
And she was vowde to him, if God with victory him blisse.

Our

Our wounded Englands healing balme: for thus thereof ensew'de,
The factious Fanilies vnite, the Tyrant was subdew'de,
And thence the surname Tuder doth Plantagenet include.

AS hardly as her husband did Elizabeth escape:
For why: like Stratageme for both did bloody Richard shape.
Whilste that her father liued, now a King, and now exilde,
Her Crosses then did happen from such Victors as weare milde.
But now the same that murthered her Brothers to be King,
That did with fraud begin and then with bloud conclude ech thing,
That flattred friends to serue his tourne, and then destroyde the same,
That was her Uncle, yeat did hate her Mothers very name,
That thought he liued not because his Néeces weare vndead,
Theis now, and blame her not, in her a world of terror bread.
But of vnpriuiledged bloud yet had he store to spill,
Yet Sanctuaries weare not forc'st, yet but expecting ill.
Theare ofte the Quéene her Mother, Shée, and Sisters would reporte
Their happie and vnhappy daies, the fewer of first sorte.
Happy was I (the olde Quéene sayd) when as a Maide vnweade,
Nor Husbands weale nor Childrens woe mistempered my head.
Yeat I, beloued, loued, and so lefte that frée estate:
And thought me happyer than before, for lonely was my Mate,
Iohn Gray (a swéete Esquier for his prowysse dubbed Knight)
Was, as behoued, all my ioy: who, slaine in factious fight,
Your Father, Daughters, late my Lord and Husband now in earth,
From me had many a secrete curse, as motyue of his death.
Lancastrian was my husband, and that faction had the wourste,
So, to releéue my Widdowhood I knéel'd to whome I curste.
Edward (for Henry was depoes'de, and Edward seaz'd the Crowne)
(I wot not for what forme of mine) did raise me knéeled downe,
And gaue me chearefull wordes, and toke me curteously aside,
And playd the ciuell Wanton, and me amorously he eide.
His plea was Loue, my sute was Land: I plie him, he plies me:
Too baece to be his Quéene, too good his Concubine to be
I did conclude: and on that pointe a while we disagrée.
But when I was his Quéene (swéete King) not for I was his Quéene,
But for himselfe, and for the loue that passed vs betwéene,

I held me happiest vnder heauen: yea, when his aduerse Line
Discrowned him, I had inough that I was his, he mine.
Then, after fortunes often change, he died, and I suruiue
A life exceeding death for griefe and greefes Superlatiue.
My heart, ah Sonnes, my heart (deare Hearts) was dead eare yée did die:
Too young weare yée to censure of your vncles tyranny.
Then wept shée, and her daughters wept: their onely talke alwaies
Was passed ioyes, or present woes: nor hope they better daies,
But in Earle Richmonds good successe, that now a power did raise.

Too soone had Richard notice that Earle Henry would ariue,
By precontract his eldest Néece Elizabeth to wiue.
And well he knew in Yorks descent shée was immediate heire,
And Henry like in Lancaster: a Match for him to feare.
Which to preuent he flattered his Néeces from their mother:
Who, fearefull Ladies, did expect like deaths as had their brother.
And as they feare did he affect, which for the troubles then
Was vneffected: now behou'd to winne him loue of men.
Yeat casts he how he might conuay to him his Néeces right,
Soone compassing his Wifes dispatch, whose life stood in his light.
Then plyes he his amazed Néece to his incestious bead
Of her abhor'd, Shée in conceite by faith fore-plighted spead.
This marrage motion gawles her more than any former griefe:
Her selfe, Friends, Realme, Conspiracy, and all it toucht in brée fe:
And therefore death, late feared, now she fantaseth in chéefe.
Meane while did Henry land, incampe, fight, and subdew his Foe:
And, marrying her, long ciuill warres in England ended so.

## CHAP. XXXV.



Eauenth Henries forraine buſenes had ſucceſſull honor: héere
Thrée ſchol'd Dædalien Icariſts (whoſe mounting coſt them déere)
Did interrupt the peace. The firſt a Préeſts base Puple: he
By his Complottors was pretenſ'e Duke Clarencs ſonne to be.

A many of our native Pæres, some forraine Princes too,
Submissiuely behight him aide in all that they might do.
The Lad was lofty, for himselfe he harrollized well,
At full he could his lessons, and a formale lie would tell.
For him was fought a bloody field, the Victory the Kinges.
Lambert the forged Yorkest, and the Priest (that fram'd his winges)
Weare taken. For minority the Icarus was quit:
The Dædalus for clargie rites was but intow'd for it. (Quæne
Thus scapte the Priest. The Mother Quæne to her that now was
Found harder sentence for a crime more venale, as I wæne.
Shée that did forward Henry with her friends, her purse, her wit,
That had conspir'd, conceil'd, concur'd, for him the Crowne to git,
And had him now her sonne in law, vnchaunce Quæne, fore-went
Her whole reuenewes, and her age as if in durance spent:
Because against her heart, good Soule (for boteles to withstand)
Shæ yælded all her daughters to the late Vsurpers hand,
Whereby the Union might haue quailde: and for it might she must
Indure such law, strict law to her of mallice not vniust.

THan good old Quæne Elizabeth our nert young Phaeton
Had gentlier Iudgement. He til then from Realm to Realm had gone,
And now in Ireland (hoping no such honor) was at Corke
Saluted by some Rebels theare for Richard Duke of York e,
Fourth Edwards second son. Those Stiles to him weare strange, but thay
Did feofe them on the bace-borne Muffe, and him as King obay.
The Yorkesh Faction (though they knew the error) let not slip
Occasion, that they now might haue Lancastrians on the hip:
Margret fourth Edwards Sisters heart for iey hereof did skip.
Shæ had him sone to Burgone, and informes him euery thing
That might concerne Yorks pettegræ, or apted for a King.
Malitiously repining still at Lancasters successe,
And often would thus or thus-like her heart with tongue expresse.
God hath forgot our house of Yorke: nay Yorke it selfe forgot:
To my late Brother Richards soule cleaue euermore this blot:
He made away our friends to make a way vnto our Foe,
To Lancaster, proud Lancaster: I, thence these tears doe floe.
Had he stock't vp that hated Stocke, had he rac't out that Race,
Python had ceast, and he had bæne Apollo in that case.

That

That Henry was Lancastrian, and that Henry was aliue,
And wheare he liu'd, and that he should not liue, if we would thriue,
He knew ywis: yeat knew he not his death how to contriue.
The Duke of Brutaine is no God, then how the diuell y'ste
That both my brothers, laboring him, for whome they labord myste.
Their Sinons weare too simple, and their bribes but pettite géere:
Whē had they bought him with their souls they had not bought him déere.
The heire of Lancaster (fie how it loathes to sowne that name)
Enioyes the Crowne: nay worse, enioies to wife a Yorkesh dame:
Worser, the name Plantagenet is buryed in the same:
And, worst of all, their Titell such as law bids vs disclame.
Who would haue lokt such change to chaunce: oh how I séed like will
As Ætas daughter Æsons house with tragedies to fill:
Who can endewer to sée their friends decline, their Foes ascend:
I sée it, and for séeinge so doe wishe my life had ende.
When that her darling had his lwer she left him to his wings:
Who flead not to worse company or at lesse game than Kings.
He lighteth in the French Kings Court, wheare (honord as the same
From whom he falsely would contriue a Crowne by forged name)
He had Supplies, and Englishe aids, and Irish troupes also,
With which he lands in England: wheare King Henry met the foe.
On either part the battell was right bloddy, but at length
The King subdewes: and Perken flead the land, dispoilde of strength.
Then, as the French, the Scotch King did repute of him: whereby
He wyu'd a Lady passing faire and of the Kings allie,
The Earle of Huntlies daughter of the scotch-blod-royall bread.
Shée both before and after that her lowe-pris'd Mate was dead,
When well shée knew his parentage, and felt his ebbed state,
All onely sorrow did abound, in loue no whit abate:
Howbeit in the English Court prefer'd to high estate.
Theare (for she was of comely parts and vncompéered face)
Shée, often brauely courted, yéelds no Courtior labord grace.
To one amongst the rest that most admierd her aunswers chaste
Shée sayd: besides the sinne and that I so might liue disgraste,
A Presedent of wrong and woe did make me long since vowe
Chastely to liue the Loue of him whome Faets should me allow.
I knew (quoth she) a Knight (a Knight he was in ech respecte)

I knew a Ladie (faire ſhe was but foully to be checkt)
They loued long (if that to loue and leaue may loue be ſayd)
Till laſtly ſhe conceiued loue wheare loue ſhould be denayd.
Then he, whoſe Soules Soule goddiz'd her, perceiuing her vntruth,
Became vnlike himſelfe, and mou'd, ſaue her, each one to ruth.
At laſt he runs diſtraught about, and what his mooes conceited
He did: confuſedly he wept, aſkt, anſwerd, and intreated.
Ah many a time (for though his words lackt methode, yeat they moued)
He had theſe ſpeeches, arguments how earneſtly he loued.

## CHAP. XXXVI.

MY Miſtreſſe is a Paragon, the faireſt Faire a line:
Atrides and Æacides for faire leſſe faire did ſtrine.
Her colour freſh as Damaſke Roſe, her breath as Vyolet,
Her bodie white as Iuorie, as ſmooth as pulliſht Iet,
As ſoft as Downe, & weare ſhe downe Ioue might come downe and kiſſe
A Loue, ſo freſh, ſo ſweet, ſo white, ſo ſmoth, ſo ſoft as this.
The Cleonæan Lyons ſpoyles for her I would redreſſe.
I would the Lernan Hydras heads with ſword and fire ſuppreſſe.
My force the Erymantheon Boze ſhould brauely ouermatch.
The ſwift-foote golden horned Stag I, running, would orecatch.
My bowe the Birds of Stymphalus from waſtfull praies ſhould chace.
Of her proud Baldrick would I ſpoyle the Amazon at Thrace.
Augeas waſhed Stables ſhould my ſeauenth Labour end.
I with the Bull of Calidon, victorious, would contend.
On horſe-deuoured Diomede like honour ſhould be wonne.
The Spaniſh Robber Geron ſhould by me to death be done.
In ſpight of Spight in Heſpera I golden frute would pull.
Three-headed Cerberus in chaynes ſhould make the Iury full.

Beast, Snake, Boze, Stag, Birds, Beast, Planks, Bull, Theele, Frute, Dog, Diomead,
Choice, sear'd, paunch, cought, pearst, prize'd, washt, throwne, Sayne, paid, chained, horse-lead,
Were labours lesse than I would act, might I of her be spead.
Dull mal-contented Saturne rulde the houre when I was borne:
Had Iupiter then starr'd I had not liued now forlorne:
Or Mars had steel'd my milkie heart with manlier modes than thées:
Or Mercurie had apted me to pleade for Louers fées:
Or Sol infused sense to search what better me behou'd:
Or Venus made me lovely, so for loue to be belou'd:
Or Luna (Contrary to Loue) had bettered the best:
Ah, could seauen Planets and twelue Signes constell one such vnrest:
Then lou'd that Sier of Gods when he had vow'd his childrens death:
That Sonne of his made wanton scapes with Lasses on the earth.
Dirus, aske Vulcan and his Arte if thou didst loue or noe.
And Hermes that he Herse lou'd will not disclame I troe.
Nor weart thou Phœbus chast although thou wor'st a willow withe.
Thou Citherea hadst a leash of Loues besides the Smith.
Endimion gaynst Diana could vouch farther than the eye.
Thus lou'd ye all, ye churlish Starres, yeat let ye Louers dye.
This sayd he, and for this he sayd, I for the ruth of this
Did vow, that whoso once were mine I would be only his.
Why: these his words did sauour wit, not one distraught (quoth he)
Nay heare the rest of his vnrest, it followeth thus (quoth she).
Oft would he kisse a senceles Trée and say, Swéet Mistresse mine,
I was, I am, and will be still the same and euer thine.
Beléeue me, or if so you doubt, Anatomize my braine,
And ore my Senses sée your self the Sourentesse to raigne.
Beléeue me, or if so you doubt, rip out my heart, and sée
Your selfe in it, in it you are and euermore will be.
Beléeue me, or if so you doubt, commaund I forthwith dye,
And sée your selfe the only heauen whereto my soule doth flye.
If such I séeme and be not such, let nought betide me well.
If such I séeme and be not such, I wish no heauen but hell.
If such I séeme and be not such, your Fauours let me mis.
With that he blest himselfe and sayd, ah, what a wish was this:
Then steps he to some other Trée, and, as vnto a frend,

Bewayles himselfe, with long discourse of loue to little end.
And (as it were a Hysteric) thus many a time would tell
Of one Erickmon, as might seeme, with him acquainted well.
Who would (quoth he) haue thought that he had doted on a Lasse:
Who rather would haue thought the Girle so gilefull as she was:
Once brau'd he it and often found with silken wenches grace:
Yeat (and I wonder) faults he not, though hauing time and place.
He neuer hild but gracious thoughts of women, yeat I winne
The fayrest She he euer saw might quit his thoughts of sinne.
When of the Court and Citie both he could sufficient say,
From eithers busie Vanities he getteth him away.
Amongst the woods his happiest daies by-come or to be past
He found, had not Gynettas face intrapped him at last.
Nor Court nor Citie had she seene, yeat eithers praise she had:
So much more worth by how much lesse she was vnnicely clad.
At sixteene yeares such was she as at Twentie, and at both
Well worth the louing, for her lore, her face, and comely growth.
Neere to a Riuer holding course to Brutaines wealthiest Citie
Erickmon saw the wench, him thought, angellically wittie.
Thence, waxing amorous, he checkt his eyes that checkt him so:
Which checks as oft were countercheckt by Loue his mightier Foe.
He loath'd to liue, he liu'd to loue, he lou'd to losse, for why:
He scorn'd that wontles passion, or an amorous Fole to dye.
Full often therefore would he baulke her sight that pleas'd him most:
And, if perceau'd to be in loue, false freedome would he boast.
But all for nought, not absence or sweete exercise of wit,
Or ought besides might put aside Loues ouer-mastring fit.
Thus pyned ere he pleadeth loue, yeat pleasing her so well
As none had fitter tyme and place his hearts vnrest to tell,
At length he flatly sayes he loues, when (words too sweet for trew)
Her answer was she liked him, and so attonement grew.
Then vncontroulled kisses and imbracings (often mixt
With lesse than loue too grosse, though more than should be such betwixt)
Were currant. And if euer man did fish before the net,
If euer man might credit her did by her credit set,
If euer man for heartie loue deserued honest meede,

Erickmon might beléeue himselfe to be belou'd in déede,
More arguments of earnest loue gaue neuer Mayde than she:
Lesse cause to falsifie that loue gaue neuer Man than he.
Howbeit, on aduantage play'd Gynetta all this while,
And by erternall smoothnes did obscure internall guile.
There was a Swayne, a wylie wagg, that with his apish toyes,
His Pedlarie, and pype-notes, such as pleaseth girles and boyes,
So chaung'd (I would haue sayd bewitcht, but that she often chang'd)
Gynetta, that her former loue was suddenly estrang'd.
Erickmon hardly brook't such base corrupting of the Swayne:
And of her loue and witts did wish reducement all in vayne.
Was neuer Girle so ouergon that had so good a wit,
So well reported of ere then, and well deseruing it,
Than was Gynetta: giltie then both of her owne reproofe
And of her Louers griefe, that sat and sighte thereat aloofe.
And, were it not that she was young, and that Erickmon knew
She rather seem'd than sin'd in déede, he might haue err'd in view.
But pardon her inconstancie, deceit, and headie will,
And euen Erickmons selfe daers sware she is a Virgin still.
With weéping heart he her remaunds to be with him at-one:
And many restles daies and nights consumeth he in mone,
To thinke vpon her madnes, which her selfe beléeued none.
Her too much wronged Relict might (as well he might) be gréeu'd,
Perhaps offended, but God knowes no wit the more releéu'd.
So wilfull she, so wylie and officious was her Squier,
That craft, intrapping craft, they both did enter bottles fier.
She bore a minde more haughtie than to humble her so much:
And he a baser minde than that he hop'te his fortune such.
Yeat either lik'te at random, not resoluing any end:
Unlesse, perhaps, she dallied him as erst her former frend.
Meane while (for Apes be euer Apes) somwhat did he not well
That mou'd a discord, and through it their loues deuorse befell.
Erickmon languisht all this while not re-beloued long,
For she that fayl'd to doe him right did feofe on him the wrong:
Who giltles pleadeth giltie (for what was it he would not:
To reconcile her fauour, lost might séeme ere it was got)
Which being now a foote agayne on either part was hot.

Not

Not any, lou'd they nere so much, séem'd more to loue than they:
Nor, any, lou'd she any whit, in loue made shorter stay
Than she: for he, doe what he could, did often times offend:
For why? the faire swéet wittie wench grew toyous in the end,
Although so modest comly erst as none might her amend:
A Superfedias for her loue was euery new-come frend.
And being now in much request, and waxing proud of fauour,
By artificiall pride she chang'd her naturall behauiour.
Her face was Maskt, her locks were curl'd, her bodie pent with buske,
And (which was néedles, she more swéet) her rayment sented Muske.
By all she did might séeme to be vnlike her selfe she ment:
Yeat (worst of all) to sanctum Sinne too aptly is she bent:
Yeat farre be it that any thinke her life vnchastly spent.
And once, perhaps, she may recant those toyes of youth rehearst,
And fauour him that followeth her, vnpittied, not vnpearst:
Erickmon prayes she may, and hopes she will be once as earst.
And yeat he scornes her minde that scornes his loue, so firmely goason:
To whom she offers double wrong to wrong and scorne a reason.
Thus whilst he hopte he hild her least: so altereth the cace
With such as she. Ah such it is to build on such a face.
This sayd he, and for this he sayd, I for the ruth of this
Did vowe that who so once were mine I would be only his.
Why: this concern'd not him nor shew'd a man distraught, (quoth he)
Nay heare the rest of his vnrest, it followeth thus (quoth she).
Then (sheading teares) he to the Trée so spoken to would say,
Was not Gynetta false that did Erickmon so betray:
But hath my Mistres cause to change: what cause, think you, should moue:
I fram'd me hers, she fayn'd her mine: my loue is euer loue.
May that faire face proue one foule botch, those shining eyes proue bleard,
That swéet breath stench, like prowfe to all that faire or swéet appeard
In her that wrongs her true-loue: let her loathed euer lust,
Begg may she, and vnpittied pine, rot, perish on the dust,
And, dead, be damned, that vnto her true-loue is vniust.
Yée men say all Amen, or if amend your sélues yée must,
Curse not (this Mad-man sayd) but sweare that women be vntrew:
Their loue is but a Mummerie, or as an Aprills dew.

Got with a toy, gon with a toy: gifts, flattrie, gawdes, or wine
Will make her cheek and flie to game lesse faire, perhaps, than thine:
More amorous than men, and men conuay their loue lesse fine.
If such they are (as such they are) and will be whilst they be,
Why am I then so true of loue: because not borne a She.
Wit lackst thou then (fond Fole). I sigh to say true ayme you giue.
Wheare grew that lacke (fond Fole:) I sigh to say wheare now I liue.
Whence grew that lack (fond Fole:) I sigh to say from ioyes remou'd.
When grew that lack (fond Fole:) I sigh to say when first I lou'd.
And doest thou loue: ah, too too well I wot I loue in déede.
Why doest thou loue: with lucke too ill I loue for Louers méede.
Whom doest thou loue: ah, too too well I wot a louely She.
What time in Loue: with lucke too ill in loue too long for me.
Wit lackst thou then that wilfully doest erre and nourish it.
Wit doe I lacke, not wilfully: then blame not will but wit.
How shall I doe: my Heart is lost, and I am left in woe.
Yet any man a poore tame Heart: the Heart, good Folke, I owe.
Strucken, maimed, all of gore, and drouping doth it goe.
A Lasse once fauour'd, or at least did séeme to fauour it,
And fostered vp my frollick Heart with many a pleasing bit.
She lodg'd him néere her Bower, whence he loued not to gad,
But waxed cranke, for why: no Heart a swéeter Layer had.
But whether that some other Déere estranged her or not,
Or that of course her game is Change, my Heart lackt house I wot.
Despyde, displeasde, and quite disgrac'st, my Heart euen to this day
Dislodged, wandring, woe begon, I wot not wheare doth stray.
But sée, ah sée, I sée how Loue casts off Desire his Hound,
A fell fléet Dogge that hunts my Heart by parsee each-wheare found.
Swéet Cynthea rate the eger Curre, and so thy Foe preuent:
For loe a farre my chased Heart imbosste and almost spent.
Thanks, gentle Goddesse: now the Lad pursues a bootles chace:
My Heart recouers Couert wheare the Hound cannot hold pace.
Now tappas closely, silly Heart, vnrowse not and so liue:
The Huntsmans-self is blinde, the Hound at Losse doth ouer-giue.
But list, alas, Loues Beagles be vncoupeld, Beautie praites
And driues my Heart from out the Thicks, and at Receit awaites

Vaine-hope,

Vaine-hope, and either now falls in, and now my Heart must dye,
Now haue they him at Bay, and now in vayne he fights to flye.
Auaunt Desire, ha Curre, auaunt: the Boze so raise thy hyde.
Unto the fall of my poze Heart sée sée how Loue doth ryde.
Hearke how he blowes his death: ah sée, he now the Day doth take
Of my poze Heart, that neuermoze foz Loue shall pastime make.
Thus liu'd he till he left his life, and foz the ruth of this
I vow'd, that who so once were mine I would be only his.

Yeat (sayd her Sutoz) he, not she, was punisht, as may séeme.
Yes yes, quoth she, a Conscience prickt is déeply plagu'd I déeme.
Then Scotland warr'd on England, and in that same warre did end
The knight that had conzyued: so the Ladie lost each frend.
Oft sawe I her in teares, and oft I heard her to complayne
Foz faith erst lost, foz losse now found, deuiding sighs in twayne.
There be that say (if truely sayd) vnbodied Soules haue walkt,
And of the Ghosts of these two knights the like abzoad was talkt.
Her eares had this and she the heart that dared not her eyes,
Foz thether whence the bzute did growe, she (feareles faultie) hyes.
Her Followers stood aloofe, when she, alone appzoching, sayd,
Beloued both, what meanes this fight? (they séem'd as if they frayd)
Ah, pardon me, swéet First-belou'd, my guile I graunt was great,
So is my griefe. My latter Loue refrayne, let me intreat.
But whilst she spoke of deadly wounds they both did séeme to fall,
And after vanisht: leauing her perplext in feare not small.
Who thencefozth fared as the Knight that dide foz her distraught:
Still haunted of the Ghosts, & haunts the place where they had faught,
Untill of her despayzing life her selfe the Period wzaught.
Thus liu'd she till she left her life, and foz the ruth of this
I vow'd, that who so once were mine I would be only his.

Tush, this was but a Phantasie, quoth he, of subtill Feends,
Deluding her simplicitie in figure of her frends.
I heare not that they sayd oz did aught taching her vntruth,
But foolish was her feare, the like I censure of your ruth.
And shall I tell what they did tell, and say what they did doe?
I will, foz so, perhaps, you will surcease (quoth she) to wowe.

The Ghoſt, reſembling him to whom ſhe had diſloyall bin
Sayd: I, and This, and thou be thus and ſhalbe damn'd for ſin:
For dotage in my loue, for his deceitfull luſt, we twayne
Of freſh-ſore wounds doe hourely faint, hurt, heale, heale, hurt agayne.
Nor can I vtter halfe we ſée, and feare, and ſuffer ſtill
Of endles Torments: only thou art Auctreſſe of ſuch ill.
Who loue, belou'd, beléeue no life but wheare their loue doth liue:
To fault is then their murdrous fact that firſt defect doth giue.
He had not faulted or I faine hadſt thou bild faith to mée:
Ah little féele we in regard of Plagues prepar'd for thée.
Thus sayd he, and for thus he sayd, I for the ruth of this
Did vow that who ſo once were mine I would be only his.
Well, Madame, quoth the Gentleman, be this ſo, or a ſhift,
I ſée to fruſtrate my demaund is honeſtly your drift.
Then ſo, or not ſo, or what ſo you ſhall inferre of this
It matters not, Perken is yours and be you only his.
For, ſooth to ſay, weare all sayd falſe, it were in déede a hell
To haue a Loues-Corſyuall: and as none could breake it well,
So none ſhould aſke, and none ſhould yéeld to alter loue begun:
Therefore, ſwéet Ladie, I conclude ſuch ill is well vndun.
Mine amorous ſute hath here an end. And would you might preuayle
With Perken too, that proudly ſtriues to beare too high a ſayle.
So may you, if perhaps you haue for him ſo apt a tayle
As this you told to me, for me: although as hardly trew
As this which I ſhall tell, that doth include a morall vew
Of matter worth the note for him, the rather tould by you:
Then beare it, for our leiſure and the order of my D.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXXVII.



Uppose (for so must be suppos'd) that Birdes and Beasts did speake:
The Cuckoe sometimes lou'd the Owle, and so with her did breake.
Then flew the Owle by day, so did the Cuckoe al the yeare,
So did the Swallow and the Batte: but howe it hapned heare.
The Cuckoe by the Swallow (then the Swallow was his Page)
Did send the Owle a sucking Mouse, a tydie for the age.
The Bat (the Bat then seru'd the Owle) preferd the Bringer and
The Present to her Mistres sight, that in her Tod did stand.
My maister to your Owleship, quoth the Swallow, sends by me
This Modicum, desiring you to take the same in gree.
The Owle, that neuer till that day had tasted flesh of Mouse,
Had quickly lopte a Limbe or two: and feasteth in her house
The Swallow, with a curse of her then disgorged wheate:
When, talking of the dainty flesh and elswhat, as they eate,
The Bat (then waiting at the boorde) fetcht sighes a two or three:
The Owle did aske the cause. And doe you aske the cause, quoth she,
Why thus I sigh when thus in sight my kinred murthred be:
My selfe was sometimes such, and such am still, saue now I fly:
With that she freshly wept: and thus proceeded by and by.
A fresh, quoth she, now comes to minde mine Auncestors ill hap,
Who pride made praies to Kestrels, Kites, Cats, Weasels, Baen, & trap.
My Grandsier (for whear Nature failes in strength she adds in wit)
Was full of Science: But, in soth, he misapplied it.
The Weasell, Prince of Vermen (though besides a vertuous Beast)
By shrewdnes of my Grandsiers wit his Holes with hoords increaste:
And seem'd to conn him thankes, whom none besides had cause to thanke:
For Princes Fauores often make the fauored to cranke.
Not onely Mice, but Lobsters, Cats, and noble Vermen paide

In comming Coram Nobis for some crime against them laide.
But, God, it is a worlde to see, when purposes be sped,
How Princes, hauing fatted Such, are with their fatnes fed.
The Weasel seru'd my Graunsier so: and euery Vermen laught
To see himselfe in Snare that had in Snares so many caught.
Now also liue some wylie Beasts, and fatly do they fede
Mongst Beasts of chace and birds of game, with lesse than needfull heede.
But what prate I of beasts, that am nor beast nor bird, but both?
Tell should I how my Nature chang'd through accident, though loth.
My Graunsier dead, my Father was in fauor nertheless:
Nor did his Father more than he for high Promotion prease.
And (though I say it) long time he deserued fauors well,
For quayling Foe-men, and at home such Vermen as rebell:
And for the same the Weasell did him mightily preferre:
But Honors made him haughty, and his haughtines to erre.
I will be plaine, he wart too prowd, and plotted higher drifts
Than fitted him or fadged well, for who haue thriu'd by shifts?
Nor will I say (because his sonne) he wrong'd the Weasell, but
The Weasell died, and that that did succeede to shifts he put:
For which his Fathers Fortune did ouretake him at the last,
Such fickelnesse in earthly pompe, which flowing ebs as fast.
This double warning might haue iekt vnto my wit, but I
Did follow Kinde: Nay, more, I did importune Dis to fly,
And he did giue me these blacke winges, resembling him that gaue them:
A proper Gift, and hardly got, to shame me now I haue them.
But know yee Dis? some Pluto him or Limbos God doe call:
Or, aptlier said, in Hel of diuels the Chiefe and Principall.
And somwhat now of him, and how I changed say I shall.

I happed on a Cranny, whilst my House-daies lasted, which
I entring, wandred crooked Nookes and pathes as darke as pitch.
Thear, hauing lost my selfe, I sought the open aire in vaine:
Both wanting fode, and light, and life well neare through trauels paine.
The Mole by chaunce did crosse my way, and (as yee know) her smell
Supplies her want of sight and serues her purpose full as well:
I heard a tracting sownd and skar'd, my haire did stande vpright:
Nor could I see, or fly, but feare, and blesse me from a Spright.

Shee

Shée had me, hild me, questions of my being thear the cause:
And in meane while peruseth me with fauourable clawes.
I was about to pleade for life, when shée preuents me thus:
Ya, Cosen Mouse, what Fortune giues this meeting héere to vs:
Feare not my Sonne (I call thée Sonne because I loue thée much)
Doe hold thy selfe as merry héere as in a Pantlers hutch.
What know'st not me: or séest thou not: with that shée leadeth me
Into an higher roome, wheare her to be mine Eame I sée.
I did my duty, and my heart was lightned when mine eie
Encountred a friend whereas I made account to die.
Before me sets Shee Viands, and my stomacke seru'd me well:
And, hauing fed, my Graundsiers and my Fathers ends I tell.
(For She enquires for them, ere I acquaint her what befell.)
The reuerent Mole, then sighing, sayd: ah, let no Vermine thinke
That Fortune euer fauors, or that friends will neuer shrinke.
I did fore-smell their lofty flight would cost them once a fall:
And therefore, Cosen, sée thou be forewarned there withall.
Héere séest thou me (I tell thée, though I prise not Gentry now,
Thine Eame and of the elder house) that long agoe did vow
My selfe a Recluse from the world: and, celled vnder ground,
Least that the gould the precious stones and pleasures héere be found
Might happen to corrupt my minde, for blindnes did I pray:
And so contemplatiuely héere I with contentment stay,
Admitte the Weasell graceth thée: the more he doth the more
The other Vermen will maligne and enuy thée therefore:
Himselfe, perhaps, will listen to thy ruine for thy store:
Or thou thy selfe, to mount thy selfe, maiest runne thy selfe a shore.
That Vermen that hath reason, and his own Defects espies:
Doth séeme to haue a soule, at least doth thriue by such surmies,
For what is it but reason that humaine from brutishe tries:
But man, or beast, neither hath troth that this for true denies:
He hath enough that hath wherewith pure Nature to suffies:
An ouerplus an ouercharge for soule and body lies:
For Souldiors, Lawyers, Carrions, Théeues, or Casualties a prize:
His comber-minde that lines with it and leaues it when he dies:
From whoone to catch it scarce his heire staies closing of his eies:

O wretched wealth, which whose wants no Fortune him enuies.
Hære maiest thou feast thée with a Mad: and here no Picke thanke pries
Into thy life, nor words well spoke to ill vnmeant applies:
No Flatterer to vndermind: no tongue no care for lies:
No gleaning from the Orphant: no oppressed Widdowes cries:
No bribes to giue, no hands to take: no quarrelling for flies:
No wronges to right: no lawes to breake, because no law that ties,
But what we lust we doe, nor doe nor lust bads enterprize:
And finde lesse want in Nature, than wits-want in Arts disguize:
Nor any hære in force, in friends, fraud, wealth, or wit affies:
O doe thou not so rich, so safe, and iust a life despies.
Thear lacketh not of noble Births to star the courtly Skies.
Thear be enowe Politians, thou maiest for thy Soule be wise.
Then leaue thou matters of estate to States, I thée aduise:
And rather sit thou safely still, than for a fall to rise.

Not for shée was my Elder or mine Eame, but for the place,
I hild my peace, that would haue sayd her Wolships minde was bace.
But she perceiues me to dissent, and saith, Cosen Meuse,
Doe as you like, you shall not finde a prison of my house.
Stay while you will, goe when you will, come and retourne at pleasure,
And euer welcom: Vertue is an vncompelled Treasure.
This past, & thence passe we through deepe darke waies, sane here & theare
The vaines of gould and pretious stones made light in darke appeare.
Vaste Vaults as large as Iles we passe, great Riuers thear did flow,
Huge Wormes & Monsters theare I saw, which none on earth do know.
On goe we, till I saw a glimpes and she heard noise of flame:
Then sayd she praiers, bidding me to blesse me from the same.
I, musing, fraim'd her meaning. She her meaning thus did tell:
That flaming Region, euer such (quoth she) is Plutos Hell.
All gould, all metalls, wealth, and pompe that nourish Mortals pride
Are hence and his, and hether they doe thear Pis-guiders gide.
He them inchaunteth, and the same inchaunte the folke on Earth,
Untill their dying dotage theare finds hære a liuing death.

Still nertheles I wisht to sée the hellish Monarch Dis,
When he (more ready to be found than for our profite is)
Ore-heard vs, and vnhid himselfe, and shind in rich aray,

And seem'd a glorious Angell, and full gently thus did say. (much:
That slanderous blinde base-minded Mole, friend Mouse, deceiues thee
And prates of me, of Hell, and Earth more than is so or such.
Beleeue him not, but rather doe beleeue thine eies, and see
If any earthly pleasure is vntripl'd heere with mee.
Then the wde he sights (which since I found illusions to betray)
Of greater worth than Earth affords, or I haue Art to say.
Nay, more, he bids me aske what so I would, and I should haue it:
Then did I pause, bethinking what was rarest I might craue it.
My Holes were stor'd with corne and crownes: on Earth I walkt at will:
And in her Bowels now had seene indifferently my fill:
Vppon it, nor within it, not sufficing to my pride,
I asked winges: scarce asked when they grew on either side.
Short leaue I take, and mounting lefte the Hell-God and the Mole:
And soared to the open Aire through many a sorry hole.
It was at Twylight, and the birds were gone to rouste, but I
(Vnchaunted with the nouelty of flight) vnweared, flye,
And had the Sunne been vp, I weene (such pride bewitcht my wit
To Egel-fie my selfe) I had allayed to soare to it:
Not seeing that my limber wings were Leather-like vnplum'de.
But at the Dawning also I of wing-worke still presum'de.
The Swallow (and I weene it was this Swallowes father) he
Was earliest vp, with him I met, and he admired me.
I hilde him wing, and wistly hee surueies me round about:
And lastly, knowing who I was, did giue me many a flout:
And fled to tell the other birds, what vncouth Fowle was bred:
Who flockt to see me, till with gibes and girds I wisht mee ded.
Then, shifting out of sight, I hung till Twylight in a hole:
Transformde, derided, hunger-spent, and (minding still the Mole)
In vaine, I wisht reuncement of my shape, and (which was worste)
My hap was harder than to owne in that distresse a Crust.
Then fled I to my wonted Holes of horded foode to get,
Too narrow by mine added winges, that did mine entry let.
Now Mise fled me, not to the Mole I would retourne for shame,
To Dis I durst not, mong'st the Birds I was a laughing game.
Then curst I mine aspiring minde, then knew I Dis a Diuell,

The Diuell the Prince of Pride, and Pride the roote of euery euill.
Hell, Earth, Aire, Heauen, and what not? then conspiring mine vnrest,
What might remaine but death for me that liued so vnblest?
But as I, fainting, flew that nigh your Ladiship, Dame Owle,
Did call me to your Todd: and, glad to see a new night-foule,
Did take me to your seruice, thence your Chamberlaine to be:
Ha Iupiter, reward it you that so relæued me.
It is a sweete continuall feast to liue content I see.
No daunger but in high estate, none enuy meane degree.
Then all this processe (quoth the Owle) doth tend, belike, to this,
That I should eate no Mouse-flesh: Nay, Sir Bat, so sweete it is
That thou, so nere of kinne to them, shalt also serue my lust:
And therewithall in rutheles clawes the hapless Bat she trusse.

HEere meant the Courtior to haue left: whom Perkens Lady praies
To tell what end such wowing had: And thus hereof he saies.
The Swhallow saw that cruell prancke, and flies aloft and saide,
Ungratefull Glutton, what offence hath that thy Seruant made?
Choke maiest thou with the murther. So he left her, and vnto
The Cuckoe telleth what the Owle vnto the Bat did doe.
Varlet (he wared cholericke) and what of that, quoth he?
Was not the Bat her bond-Slaue? such as thou art now to me.
What tell'st me then of other newes, then what her aunswere is
Vnto mine amorous Message? saies my Lady nay or yis?
The Swallow told him that through such occurrant of the Bat
He, interrupted, came away vnaunswered in that.
A mischiefe, quoth he, both on that and thée ill fauoured Elfe:
And in a stammering chafe he fled to wowe the Owle himselfe.
The Swallow Wans him thether: whom the deuilish Owle did hate,
And all because he had repro'd her tyrannie of late.
The Cuckoe, offering to haue bilde, she coyely turnde her face,
Tis more, quoth she, than néedeth that we kisse, as stands the cace.
Rid hence yonn same your knauish Page: you sent him with a Mouse
To spie my secretes, or belike to braue me in my house.
Gods pretions, would you knew I beare a minde lesse base than that
I can disgest your Drudge with me so saucely should that:
Iacke Napes, forsoth, did chafe because I eate my Slaue the Bat.

O what a world is this, that we can nothing priuate haue
Vncensurde of our Seruants, though the simplest Gill or Knaue:
Well, rid him of your seruice: Nay, it skils not if of life:
At least if so you meane that wee shall loue as man and wife:
For such Coalecarters in an house are euer hatching strife.
The Cuckow, hearing this complaint, flew on his trusty page,
And vndiscreately gaue him strokes that kild him in that rage.
Yeat, eare he left his life, he thus vnto his Maister sayd:
Thus many honest Seruants, in their Maisters hastie brayd,
Are Dog-like handled, either yeat like deare in Ioues iust eies.
Of Harlots and of hastines beware, saide he, and dies.
When now her gluttony and spight had thus dispatched twaine,
The Cuckow, plying amorously her fauor to obtaine,
Euen then, and loking very bigge, in came the Buzzard, who
Did sweare that he would kill and slay, I mary would he doe,
If any Swad besides himselfe saire Madam Owle did wowe.
The Cuckow, seeing him so bog, wart also wondrous wroth:
But thus the Owle did stint the strife. Shee cals them husbands both.
Now fie (quoth she) if so you could betwirt your selues agree,
Yee both should haue your bellies full, and it no hurt to me.
The Buzzard faintly did consent, the Cuckow said amen:
And so was Hen inough for Cocke, not Cocke inough for Hen:
For she deceiues them both, and had besides them other game:
The Gentle Buzzard dying swne for sorrow of the same.
The Cuckow wisely saw it, and did say but little to it,
As noting she was set on it, and knowing she would doe it.
But what the Swallow warned him of Harlots proued trew,
For, as was gessed, also him by trechery she slew.
The Goddesse Pallas, to giue end vnto those tragicke deedes,
Descended: and (the dead reuiu'd) to Sentence thus procedes.
The Bat, because beguild of Dis, She pittieth partly, and
Permits him Twy-light flight: to giue thereby to vnderstand
That to aspire is lawfull, if betwirt a Meane it stand.
The Swallow, for that he was trew and slaine for saying well,
Shee dowinb'd a ioyfull Sommers Bird, in Winter time to dwell
Euen with Mineruas secrete store, as learned Clarkes doe tell.

The

The Buſzard, foꝛ he doated moꝛe and dared leſſe than reaſon,
Thꝛough blind bace Loue indu'ring wꝛong reuengeable in ſeaſon,
She eie-blur'd, and adiudged Pꝛaies the daſtard'ſt and leaſt geaſon.
Vnto the Cuckœ, ouerkinde to bꝛoke Coꝛiuals, ſhe
Adiudg'd a Spꝛing-times changeles Note: and whilſte his yong ones be
By others hatcht, to name and ſhame him ſelfe in euery Tꝛæ.
But line, quoth ſhe, vnto the Owle aſhamed of the light:
Be wondꝛed at of Birds by day: fly, filch, and howle al night:
Haue lazie wings: be euer leane: in ſullen coꝛners rucke:
When thou art ſœne be thought a ſigne to folke of euill lucke.
Noꝛ ſhall thine odious foꝛme, vile Witch, be longer on my Shield:
Whence racing foꝛth her Figure, ſo the Goddeſſe left the field.

IUſt Guerdons foꝛ Ambition, foꝛ poꝛe Soules oppꝛeſt foꝛ well,
Foꝛ daſtard Dotards, Wittolrie, and Harlots nice you tell,
Said Perkens Wife. But thus now of her huſbands pꝛide befell.
At laſt when ſundꝛy Armes had end, Henry victoꝛious ſtill,
And Perkens paſſage was foꝛe-ſtald, he yéelds of his owne will
Himſelfe from Churches Pꝛiuiledge to Henries Mercy, who
Did onely limitte his abode, and leſſe he could not doe.
But when he ſought eſcapes he then had pettite punishmẽt:
And after, foꝛ ſome new attempts, to Tower was he ſent.
Whence pꝛactiſing eſcape, t'was ſayd, he won to his intent
Young Edward Earle of Warwicke, that in deede was Clarencs ſonne,
And euer had bẽn Pꝛiſnoꝛ thear eare Henries raigne begonne.
And now by law, tw ſtrickt me ſeenes, foꝛ this to death was donne.
Perken was hang'd, and hang may ſuch: but that the Earle ſhould die
Some thought hard law, ſaue that it ſtode with pꝛeſent pollicy.
Sir William Stanley dide foꝛ this (oft King-law is doe thus)
Deſeruing better of the King: but what is that to vs?
The laſt of our thꝛée Phaetons was tuter'd of a Fryer:
Who, being fitted now by Art and nature to aſpier,
(The foꝛeſaide name of Warwicke fain'd) ſeduced folke thereby.
As I my ſelfe in Eſſex heard and ſaw a Traytoꝛ die
That fain'de himſelfe ſirte Edward: and, to grace-out ſuch his lye,

Lokes,

Lookes, bodie, words, and gesture seem'd heroycall: to view
He had like age, like markes, and all that might inforce it trew:
Wherby to him assisting minds of simple Folke he drew.
Our Cowle-mans foresayd Actor so prevailed, that the Frier
In Pulpets durst affirme him King, and Aydes for him requier.
But lastly both weare taken: both did fault in one same ill,
Yeat rope-law had the Youth, the Frier liu'd Clergie- knaued still.

When Armour ended Auarice began (for then begins
The slye Mercurilest, and more by wyles than valour wins.)
Beneuolences, Tares, and sore Fines for penall lawes,
To Henry words from Henry hearts of many a Subiect drawes.
Empson and Dudly, fur'd Esquiers (more harmefull, being gown'd,
To Englands friends than Englands foes, through Auarice profound)
In such exacting chiefly act: applauled of the King,
To whom their ciuill Thefts, not Thrifts, exceeding wealth did bring.
Yeat when the gracious King found out their racking Rich & Poore,
He then did pardon much, and much did purpose to restore:
But, dying, those two Harpies lost their hated heads therefore.
So hardly fauoured of Kings themselues in bownes containe,
That they, securely stoute, at length doe perish through disdaine.
So hardly to some Princes are from priuate Lucar wonne,
As, though their bagges ore-flow, they thinke no harme abroad vndone;
Henry (acquite his latter dates of Auarice fore-named)
Deceast, for Prowesse, Policie, and Iustice highly famed.

Y THE

# THE EIGHT BOOKE
## OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

### CHAP. XXXVIII.

EIght Henrie (heire indubitate of Yorke and Lancaſter)
Succéded, and with Kingly rites his Father did interr.
His mind, his words, his lookes, his gate, his lynaments, and Stature,
Weare ſuch for Maieſtie as ſhew'd a King compoſd by Nature.
All Subiects now of ciuill ſtrife, al counter-minds for Raigne,
All enuious of his Empier now weare rid, weare pleaſd, or ſlaine.
Rich weare his ſundrie Tryumphs: but his ceſt had foryzen than
When Terwin and ſtrong Turnay in reſiſting France he wan.
When Maximilian Emperour did vnder Henry fight:
When Engliſh Ships did often put the French Sea-powze to flight:
And that the French King was inforc'ſt to craue and buy his peace:
Who, wiuing louely Mary, ſo the warres for then did ceaſe.
This Siſter to our King, and then the French Kings goodly Quéene,
Was welcommed with Tryumphs ſuch as erſt in France vnſéene.
Juſts, Barriers, Tylts, & Turneyes were proclam'd each wheare for All:
Wherefore to Paris at the time flockt Cauelliers full tall:
With Princes braue, and Ladies faire of euery Realme about:
And hence, with moe, Charles Brandon, in fine Chiualrie moſt ſtout,

Whoſe

Whose bodie fitted to his mind, whose mind was pueſant, and
Whose pueſance yéelded not to Mars, this Mars in France did land:
With whō incountred valiant Knights, but none might him withſtand.
The Engliſh French Quéene ſtanding theare, admyr'd for beautie rare,
Behild the Triumphs, in the which high Feates performed ware.
But Brandon (yeat not Duked) was the Knight aboue the reſt
That in her eye (nor did ſhe erre) acquited him the beſt.
For whether that he trots, or turnes, or bounds, his barded Stéede,
Did runne at Tylt, at Randon, or did caſt a Speare with héede,
Or fight at Barriers, he in all did moſt her fancie féede.
Weake on a Couch her King lay theare, whom, though ſhe loued well,
Yeat liſte ſhe Brandon, and the ſame lou'd her ere this befell:
For chaſtly had they fancied long before ſhe came to Fraunce,
Or that from meane eſtate to Duke Henry did him aduaunce.
The daies of Tryumph weare expir'd, and Engliſh Péeres with praiſe
Come home: and Lewes King of France deceac'ſt within fewe daies.
Charles Brandon, Duke of Southfolke then, with honour furniſht hence,
Was ſent to France for to returne the widowe Quéene from thence.
She had béen wed ſcarce thrice thrée wéekes vnto a ſickly King,
To her, a faire young Quéene, therefore ſmall time might ſolace bring:
Yeat leſſe did time than braue Duke Charles aſſwage faire Maries griefe:
He chats, ſhe chéeres, he courts, ſhe coyes, he wowes, ſhe yéelds in brieke.
No windes (thought ſhe) aſſiſt thoſe Sayles that ſéeke no certaine Shore:
Nor finde they conſtant liues that but they liue reſpect no more.
Let each ones life ayme ſome one ende: as, if it be to marrie,
Then ſée, heare, loue, and ſone conclude, it betters not to tarrie.
To caſt too many doubts (thought ſhe) weare oft to erre no leſſe
Than to be raſh: And thus, no doubt, the gentle Quéene did geſſe,
That, ſéeing This, or That, at firſt, or laſt, had likelyhood,
A man ſo much a manly Man weare daſtardly withſtood.
Then Kiſſes reuel'd on their Lips to eithers equall good.
And, leaſt King Henry ſhould diſſent, they ſecretly did wead,
And then ſollicet his good will, and of their wiſhes ſpead.
The periur'd valiant Scotch-King Iames, ſlayne at braue Flodons Slaugh-
Had alſo left tu widowhood Englands faire elder Daughter. (ter,
She

She also weds a Scottish Earle, vnlicenc'st of her Brother: (mother.
And was to her Sons Daughters Sonne, now first Iames, great-Grand-

A Scruple, after twentie yeares, did enter Henries minde,
For wedding of Quéene Katheren, a Ladie faire and kinde,
Spaynes Daughter, then the Emperours Aunt, and for her vertuous life
Well worthie Henrie. But for she had béen his Brothers wife,
And also of their coiture surmise directed Lawes,
He seem'd in conscience toucht, and sought to rid him of the Cause.
Then was the Matter of Deuorse through Christendome disputed,
The Match of all adiudged voyd, and so the Quéene non-suted.
Who, after teares to him from whom she was to be deuorste,
Did humbly say: and am I not, my Lord, to be remorste?
That twentie yeares haue béen your Wife, and borne your Children, and
Haue lou'd and liu'd obediently, and vnsuspected stand.
I am (ah too too swéetly err'd) I was, poore Soule, the same
Whom once you did preferre, nor now of me you néede to shame.
The blossomes of my beautie was your Bootie, nor my fauour
Now alters so to alter so from me your late behauiour.
But Conscience is the colour of this quarrell: well I wot
I also haue a conscience that in this accuseth not.
But as the same, perhaps, might say that me succéedes say I,
That for the pleasure of a Prince goe many things awry.
Which her Fore-downes seem'd to effect in her that her succéeded,
In Quéene Ann Bullyn: who, for she in Lutherisme proceéded,
Was hated of the Papists, and enui'd because preferr'd,
And through the Kings too light beléefe (for Kings haue sometimes err'd)
She lost her head: and might haue sayd (some thought) ere she did dye,
That for the pleasure of a Prince goe many things awry.
So dyde the gracious Mother of our now most glorious Quéene:
Whose zeale in reuerent Fox his workes autenticall is séene.
The Kings foure other Quéenes (for why? he dide a Sexamus) }
Shall passe, though Iane did beare a Sonne to him, a King to vs, }
Edward the Sixt: and of the same we shall deliuer thus. }

CHAP.

# CHAP. XXXIX.



Vch as was Loue in Figure of Ascanius, when the same
In Billes slye did sheade himselfe into the Tyrian Dame,
Or such as was swéete Hyacint, Apollos louely Boy,
Or Iupiters Ganymædes, rapt vp to heauen from Troy,
Or rather like young Salomon, in sentencing betwixt
Two Mothers claming one same Child, was young Edward the Sixt.
Now Rome fell sicke in England: But how long she lay in traunce
We list not write: a lonly death to her did neuer chaunce.
For old Rome neuer lackt that durst their liues for her bestoe:
Nor new Rome that to Hell for her dare soules and bodies goe.
Then true Religion might be sayd with vs in Primatiue:
The Preachers and the people both then practiuely did thriue.
Our decent Church-Rites, still in print, not practise (worthie those
Whose reuerent heads collected them from whence true wisedome groes:
Not mangled then of Nouelles and curious Doults, which now
Would haue they know not what, and would reforme they knowe not
Omitting, or admitting as their own Conceits allow) (how,
Did then put forth her Braunches, and weare fruitfull in the bood.
And, weare our Church-Lords now for zeale as Church-laws now for
Some might like vnion be, now by indifferencie withstood. (good,
For, giue to vulgar Heads the head, and loke for all confused:
At once the publish and repeale, all els, saue Order, vsed.
And as Kytts Campe ill-form'd good forme at their reforming Trée,
Sonnes oft, by aime, consorting voyce their Fathers hang'd should bée,
So wheare the Multitude preuaile they censure ere they sée.
But (might I be so bould to speake to them should speake to mée)
A good example would doe good in Church-men, séeing thay
In saying troth are lesse beléu'd, not doing as they say.

I know our Churchmen know ỳ Faith is dead wheare lack good wo⁊ks:
Yeat know I not what policie in Almes vnp⁊eached lurks.
Some teach (and well) that these concurre: but fewe doe v⁊ge the Theame
Of charitie: affeard, perhaps, our Vote should v⁊ge their Beame.
But feare not, Fathers, p⁊each at full Loue, good wo⁊kes, and Remo⁊se,
Mo⁊e will your bad Examples let than shall your wo⁊ds info⁊ce.
To p⁊each by halfes is to be wo⁊se than those tongue-holly Iauells,
That cite good wo⁊ds, but shift off wo⁊ks and Discipline by Tauells.
Oft haue ye handled pithily (not p⁊eached without nẽede)
What good to giue, what hurt to take, from those that Soules doe fẽede.
But so obscurely hath bẽn blancht of good wo⁊kes elswheare done,
As many, boasting only Faith, Faiths frutes selfe-aptly shonne.
When such a faith is but the faith of that faith-fruitles Deuill
That cited Scripture vnto Christ, applying good to euill.
Tell whether that the Leuite o⁊ Samaritane did better:
Tell wherein Diues liu'd and dide to Lazarus a Debter.
Vnknot sententious Salomon his Parable: which is,
Full Cloudes will rayne vpon the Earth: How thus is meant by this:
Rich men by Cloudes, po⁊e men by Earth (els Clerks expound amis)
Tell, how some Cloudes but mistell Rayne: that is, if so they giue
A peny-almes o⁊ twaine a yeare they thinke they much releeue.
Some Cloudes flash downe their Shewzes: that is, some set vp two o⁊ three,
And begger so themselues and theirs: say, such are foolish frẽe.
Some Cloudes hayle downe their Rayne, beate flat, hurt, & helpe not the ground:
That is, vphrayd whõ they releeue, & hold them seruile bound.
Some Clondes giue Snow, that lights and lyes a moysture moystles: so
Doe those that say, alas, God helpe, and nothing els bestoe.
Some Cloudes doe shewze into the Seas: say, such doe giue to such
Whom almes make idle, o⁊ belike to recompence as much.
Some Clouds with Lightning, Thunder, & lowd winds o⁊ip downe their Rayne:
That is, giue fildome almes, & those proclaim'd & seene, ere tayne.
Some Cloudes retayne but fo⁊me of cloudes, with figure black as Coale:
That is, loke bigge, Examine long, but Scriptum est their doale.
Some gracious Clouds shed temp⁊ate Shewzes on thirstie Earth indeed:
That is, the O⁊phant, Widow, Thrall, succour, p⁊otect, and feed.
Say also, whatsoere we giue, to whomsoere it bee,

Though

Though giuen in sight of men, it not because that men should sée,
But with Deuotion, as a worke from Faith that cannot seuer,
God for such chéerefull Almes wilbe our bounteous Almner euer.
Say, make not as it weare a Quest of querie ere Yée giue:
But giue Yée Almes as men be-powre, not as powre men to liue.
Prouided common Beggers nor disordred Lossels, who
Yen know prouided for, or can, but labour none will doe,
Than whom doe say (for so is soth) no Creatures worse desarue,
Take you no Orators for them, but that they hang or starue.
And thus for this. Our Ouerture to it reduceth mée.
The Uncles of this Orphant King, so long as they agrée,
Uphild Religion, King, themselues, and Realme in happie state:
Which then began to ruinate when they begun debate.

## CHAP. LX.



Ome say their falling out was through two haughtie womens strife,
The Admiralls Quéene Bigama and Lord Protectors wife.
These (for what glorie enuies not one woman in an other:)
Began a brawle that ended in the blood of either Brother.
Tis thought the Earle of Warwick threw close fewell to this fire,
And nourisht it to cut off them, that so he might aspire.
For when the one had lost his head, he forthwith toke in hand
To forge the Lord Protector false vnto the King and Land.
Who (though he, tryed by his Péeres, of treason was acquited,
Yeat also of a Statute new he being then indighted)
Was hardly found a Felon, and too strictly sentenc'ed so:
For meanest fault is high offence vrg'd of a mightie Foe.
The King thus lost his Uncles both, to his no little woe.

Now

NOw Warwick was become a Duke, feared of high and lowe,
Full little thinking that himselfe the nert to Blocke should goe.
The two Prince-loyall Semers erst made let vnto his lust:
But now remayned none whose faith or force he did mistrust.
The Orphant King fell sicke (but here suspend what some suspect)
The new Duke of Northumberland meane while did all direct.
It was contriu'd King Edward from his Sisters gaue the Crowne,
Their Fathers former Act and Will by wrested law put downe.
The Sisters Daughters Daughter of Eight Henry, Ladie Iane,
Was publisht heire apparant, and that right from Mary tane,
And from Elizabeth: though both collatrally precéd her.
And when by full Confederacie the Crowne-right was decréd her,
And Gylford Dudly fourth-borne Sonne vnto Northumberland
Had married her, and nothing seem'd the Plot-forme to withstand,
King Edward (entred seauentéene yeares of age, and seauen of Raigne)
Departed to that endles rest his vertuous life did gaine.
The Councell then conuent. But who will thinke, perhaps, that one
Should alter All, to alter true Discents vnto a Throne?
Iane, Suffolks Daughter, Gylfords wife (One worthie such estate
For righteous and religious life, who neretheleste should wate
Her Intrest after others Two, The younger of which twaine
Did Match, yea Mate her vertues) was proclamed Quéene to raigne,
And in the Tower of London hild Estate and princely Traine.
Meane while dread Mary, doubting leste her Scepters losse than life.
But sildome fayles a rightfull cause that comes to open strife.
The Commons knewe our either Law preferd a Sisters Right
Before a Cosens: and for it did many fadge to fight.
Northumberland with Armes pursu'd the Ladie Mary, and
Obseru'd directions from the Peeres: who when they vnderstand
Of Maries strength of flocking Friends, on sudden came to pas
That they proclamed Mary Quéene, and Iane her Prisner was.
And well was he, that late did séeme a Foe, might first salute
The Quéene: and all vnto the Duke did their Amis impute.
For, sothly, more the Peéres did feare than fauour alway:
Who, though he seem'd as forward now in Maries cause as thay,
Yeat was he taken and in-towr'd, and lost his head for this.

A

A Warrior braue. But than his Sier, himselfe, one Sonne of his,
Like rare Politians seldome liu'de: Who in three seuerall Raignes
Successiuely did shew them such, though losse did proue their gaines.

The Duke, thus dead, Suffolke, Lord Gray, Lord Gylford, Lady Iane,
Weare executed: But we blanch the rest excepting twaine,
That is, Lord Gylford and his wife: young, and lesse worthy blame,
Because the Dukes their Fathers, all the Councell, all of name,
Yea and King Edwards Pattents seald, for them, not they, did frame
What so was done in this: yeat they must perish for the same.
Who higher than this Couple late: and who more wretched now:
Of more than much remayned nought: nor law did life allow.
Unhappy Youths, not for they die, but for the mutuall greefe
Of him for her, of her for him, which tortur'd them in cheefe.
Come was the day, the tragicke day, wherein they both should die,
When Either, passing to their end, ech other did espie:
Shee in her lodging, waiting death prepared her that day,
And he in being lead thereto, her Lodging in his way.
Ascending and dissending Signes then fly and fall apace:
And each bemones the other more than mindes their priuate cace.
Their Eies, that loked Loue earewhile, now loke their last adew,
And staine their faces, faultles eare this dismall enter-vew.
Their Eares, earst listning ioies, are deafe, vnles to sighes profound.
Their Tongs, earst talking ioies, those lookes & sighes did now confound.
What parts soere of them had felt or tasted ioyes ere this,
Weare senceles now of any ioy, sane hope of heauenly blis.
Whilst Either thus for Earthly Pompe no longer time did loke,
He passeth to the fatall Blocke, she praying on her booke:
Whence (hauing made a godly end) he was return'd, whilst Shee
Prepard for like, and of her Lord the senceles Tronke did see.
A sight more deathfull than her death that should consort him straite,
And for the which her feareles eies did euery moment waite.
Shee vnabashed, mounting now the Skaffold, theare attends
The fatall Stroke, and vnto God her better parte commends:
And as she liu'd a vertuous life, so vertuously she ends.

## CHAP. XLI.



Pitting Knights, three Dukes, three Lords, also a Queene elect
Then perisht thus: and somwhat some of Edwards death suspect.
All which fell out a Stratagem, in God his secret Dome,
That should induce a Tragedie to England meant by Rome:
For when these mighty Protestants, through Ones Ambition, fell,
Queene Mary seem'd to shut vp Heauen, and set wide open Hell.
Whence swarmed papish Tyrants, that false doctrine did erect:
Whilst that seduced Mary did Gods threatned cause neglect.
Blameless she was not, for a Crowne that could her Foes ore-goe:
Nor all to blame, for mightie States doe and haue erred so,
To Whome the Scriptures weare obscur'd by Christs Italian Foe.
Her courage was not common, yeat abused ouer much
By Papists chiefly, She her selfe to naturally such.
Here hence she is reproued of a moste tyrannous Raigne,
And of a thriftles Mariage with the trustles king of Spaine.
But when rich Brabants supreame Faire, the Bakers daughter, staide
The King in dalliance, and the Queene had newes that false he plaide,
Tis thought his tarriance greeu'd, and tolde that one should counsel this:
Haue patience, Madam, so it was and will be as it is.
Fourth Edward did the like, yeat lou'd his Queene no whit the lesse:
Nor did the like vnpatient her, that knew him to transgresse
As guiltie of a Leafy of Loues, Shores wife and other twayne:
She knew as Streams, if stopt, surrownd, so kings wil shew they raign:
As did our second Henry, whome his Queene oft crost in vaine.
Which, and one other Story, if it please you that I tell,
I shall. Yea doe (quoth she.) Then thus (quoth he) it once befell.

NOt knowen of Rosamund, his eie had stoed her in his heart:
Faire Maide, quoth he, beleeue me faire and all so faire thou art

That,

That, weare I Henry Englands King, thou shouldst be Englands Queene:
But so must sayle, for Elenour already is betweene.
He bod me buy thy loue, if so it might be bought with golde:
If not, he bod me sweare he loues: in sayth he loues, be bolde.
He bod me aske, if so he came, what should his welcome be:
And if, perhaps, he lated weare if he should lodge with thée:
Protesting secreasie thereof to all, vnlesse to me:
With promise to performe at full each promise as I make it:
I promise Loue, Wealth, Secresie, then promise thou to take it.
Content you Sir (quoth Rosamund) you ayme your markes amis:
I am not for his Highnes, nor for me his Highnes is.
And should he know (I shame he should) of this your Brokage base,
He would acquaint you what it weare your Soueraigne to disgrace.
Whoso you be, be still the same, or better if you may:
Think not Lord Cliffords daughter will vn-maiden her for pay:
But know, if Henryes selfe were heere, himselfe should haue a nay.
Then know (quoth he) which being known, wel maist thou know I loue (thée,
I am the King: and for I am, the rather let it moue thée.
In soth, sweet Wenche, thou saiest nay thou knowest not whereto:
For, weare my wish at worke, lesse good my wish than work would do.
What, fearst thou shame? no shame to be beloued of a king.
Or dread'st thou sinne? The Pope for pay absolueth euery thing.
Or doubt'st thou iealous Elenour? I will remoue that doubt:
At Woodstock shall she finde thy Bower, but neuer finde thée out.
Theare shalt thou passe a pleasaunt life, commaunding me and mine:
Then loue, beloued Rosamund, a King subiects him thine.
He kist, She blusht, and long it was ere loue from her he wrong:
For, whilst vp played in her heart, it paused on her toung.
Not Sibils Caue at Cuma, nor the Labyrint in Creat
Was like the Bower of Rosamund, for intricate and great.
The Pellicane theare neasts his Bird, and sporteth oft with her:
Conducted by a Clew of thread, els could he not but err.
Besides her Maydes, a Knight of trust attended on her theare,
Who suffered for her Beauty, long concealing it for feare.
At length at full and formally he courted her for grace,
But all in vaine, nought boted him to haue both time and place.

Henry, quoth she, begonne, and he shall end my thoughts vnchast.
Nor peach't she him, nor he, dismist, did hold him selfe disgrac't.
The Kings three Sonnes had notice of their Fathers Leiman now:
So had the Queene: and they of such coniuing disallowe.
Came I from Fraunce Queene Dowager, quoth she, to pay so déere
For bringing him so great a wealth, as to be Cuckqueand heere:
Am I so old a woman: he so young a Wanton growen:
As that I may not please, that pleas'd, and still might with his owen.
What is the Drab, or tempting Diuell: or wherefore doteth he:
The French King once, himselfe euen now, for faire preferred me.
And hath he toyled vp his Game: and settels he to loue her:
Nor Heauen nor hell shall crosse my course but that I will remoue her.
Like Phrogne, séeking Philomel, she séeketh for and found
The Bower that lodg'd her Husbands Loue, built partly vnder ground.
She entred, but so intricate weare Turnings to and fro,
That welnéere she had lost her selfe, but could not finde her Foe.
Feat out she got, and backe she goes with her Attendants: Who
Admire their furious Mistresse, and mislike what she would doe.
With her Confederates oft she went, preuented of her will:
Howbeit lastly did prevaile: For hap did hit so ill,
That whilst the Knight did issue out, suspecting no assaut,
He was assailed, and from his giding Clewe they caught.
So wonne they vnto Rosamund. Whom when the Queene did vew,
Most brauely clad in rich Attire (her selfe more rich of hew)
The beautie and the brauenes of the Person and the place
Amazed her and hers, who stoode at gaze a certaine space.
No maruell, quoth the Queene, that oft the Court did mis the King,
Some such an Hebe hither such a Iupiter might bring.
Now, trust me, weare she not a Whore, or anies Whore but his,
She should be pardon'd. But in faith I must not pardon this.
A Queane corinall with a Queene: May kept at Racke & Manger:
A Husband to his honest bed through her become a Stranger:
Abide who list, abye she shall, howso I buy the daunger.
Faire Rosamund surprised thus, eare thus she did suspect,
Fell on her humble Knées, and did her fearefull hands erect.
She blush't out beauty, whilst the tears did wash her pleasing face,

And begged Pardon, meriting no leſſe of common grace.
So farforth as it lay in me I did, quoth ſhe, withſtand:
But what may not ſo great a King by meanes or force command?
And daerſt thou Minion, quoth the Quéene, thus article to me?
That then wert Non-plus when the King commenced Luſt to thée.
Nay, beſt he take thee to the Court, Be thou his Quéene, doe call
Me to attendance, if his Luſt may ſtand for law in all.
I know it, Strumpet, ſo harps he, and thou doeſt hope the ſame:
But loe I liue, and liue I will, at leaſt to marre that game.
With that ſhe daſht her on the Lippes, ſo died double red.
Hard was the heart that gaue the blow, ſoft were thoſe lips that bled.
Then forc'ſt ſhe her to ſwallow downe (prepar'd for that intent)
A poiſonned Potion: which diſpatcht, from whence they came they went.
The Wronged Wench, the Quinteſſence of Beauty, and the ſame
(Saue that intiſed of a King) ſtode free from all defame,
Did forthwith ſicken, ſo that helpe for her might none be found:
When to the Knight that garded her, then greéued of a wound,
She ſayd: Weare it that Henrie knew his Roſamund weare thus,
No waighty buſines might withhold but he would viſit vs.
Full well I lou'd and loue him ſtill, that ſhould not loue him ſo,
And for I ſhould not worthely I labour of this woe.
Ah Beauty, that betraies thy ſelfe to euery amorous Eie,
To trap thy proud Poſſeſſors what is it but Wantons trie?
Wheare-through it ſeldome haps the Faire from meant deceits to flie:
At leaſt the niceſt Faire aliue ſhall vaniſh once as I.
Vaine Beauty ſtoupe to Vertue, for this latter is for euer:
Whereas that former altreth with euery Aire and Feuer.
I pray the Quéene of Pardon, whome I pardon from my hart.
Farewell my preſent Friends: But thou, ſwéete King, wheare ſo thou art,
Ten thouſand times farewell to thée: My God, whome I offended,
Vouchſafe me Mercy. Saying which, her life ſhe ſwétly ended.
Thus dide faire Roſe (no longer Roſe, nor faire, in ſent, or ſight)
Whome penſiue Henry did inter, and ſone her wrong did right:
The Quéene impriſon'd, and his Sonnes, rebelling, but to flight:
Thus wrought they ſorrowes to themſelues in wreaking of their ſpight:
Nor lou'd the King thenceforth the Quéene, or left to erre anew.

Now rests our other promis'd Tale, a common Tale (if true)
Like lesse had harmed Elenour, and more may profite you.
Be bitter and it betters not, be patient and subdue.
King Phillip is not gone but to returne, which when he shall,
Your Maiestie must not exclaime if so you would recall.
Impatience chaungeth smoke to flame: But Iealosie is Hell.
Some wiues, by Patience, haue reduc'st ill husbands to liue wel:
As did this Lady of an Earle, of whome I now shall tell.

## CHAP. XLII.

AN Earle (quoth he) had wedded, lou'd, was loud, and liued long
Full true to his fayre Countesse: yeat at last he did her wrong.
Once hunted he, vntill the Chace, long lasting, and the heate
Did house him in a peakish Graunge within a Forrest great.
Wheare, Knowen, and welcom'd (as the place & persons might afforde)
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds, and milke were set him on the Borde:
A Cushion made of Lists, a Stole halfe backed with a houpe
Weare brought him, and he sitteth downe besides a sorry Coupe. (Perry,
The poore olde Couple wish't their bread weare wheat, their whig weare
Their bacon beefe, their milk and curds weare creame to make him mery.
Meane while (in Kullet neatly clad, with linnen white as Swanne,
Her selfe more white, saue rosie wheare the ruddy colour ranne,
Whome naked Nature, not the Aydes of Arte, made to excell)
The Good mans Daughter sterres to see that all were feat and well.
The Earle did marke her, and admire such Beautie theare to dwell.
Yeat fals he to their homely Fare, and hild him at a feast:
But as his hunger slaked, so an amorous heat increast.

When this Repast was past, and thanks, and welcome too, he sayd
Vnto his Oste and Ostesse, in the hearing of the Mayde:
Yee know (quoth he) that I am Lord of this and many Townes,
I also know that you be poore, and I can spare you pownes:

So

So will I, so yee will consent that yonder Lasse and I
May bargaine for her loue, at least doe giue me leaue to trie:
Who needs to know it? May who dares into my doings prie?
First they mislike, yeat at the length for lucar were mislead:
And then the gamesome Earle did woe the Damsell for his bead.
He toke her in his armes, as yet so coyish to be kist
As Mayds that know themselues belou'd and yeeldingly resist.
In few, his offers weare so large she lastly did consent:
With whome he lodged all that night, and early home he went.
He toke occasion often times in such a sorte to hunt:
Whome when his Lady often miss, contrary to his wont,
And lastly was informed of his amorous haunt elsewheare,
It greeu'd her not a little, though she seem'd it well to beare.
And thus she reasons with her selfe: Some fault, perhaps, in me:
Some what is done that so he doth: Alas, what may it be?
How may I winne him to my selfe? He is a Man, and men
Haue imperfections: It behoues we pardon Nature then.
To check him weare to make him check, although he now were chaste:
A man controuled of his Wife to her makes lesser haste.
If ducty then or daliance may preuayle to alter him,
I will be dutifull, and make my selfe for daliance trim.
So was she, and so louingly did entertaine her Lord,
As fayrer or more faultles none could be for Bed or Borde.
Yeat still he loues his Leiman, and did still pursue that Game:
Suspecting nothing lesse than that his Lady knew the same:
Wherefore, to make him know she knew, she this deuise did frame.

When long she had been wrong'd, and sought the foresayde meanes in vaine,
She rideth to the simple Graunge but with a slender Traine:
She lighteth, entreth, greets them well, and then did loke about her:
The guilty houshould, knowing her, did wish themselues without her,
Yeat, for she loked merily, the lesse they did misdoubt her.
When she had seene the beautious Wench (then blushing Fayrnes fairer)
Such Beauty made the Countesse holde them both excus'd the rather.
Who would not bite at such a Baite? (thought she) and who (though loth)
So poore a Wench, but gold might tempt? sweet Errors lead them both.
Scarse one of twenty that hath brag'd of proffer'd Gold, denied,
Or of such yeelding Beautie, baulkt, but (tenne to one) hath lied.

Thus

Thus thought she. And she thus declares her cause of comming thether:
My Lord, oft hunting in these Partes, through trauell, night, or wether,
Hath often lodged in your House: I thanke you for the same:
For why? it doth him iolly ease to lie so néere his Game.
But for you haue not Furniture, beseeming such a Guest,
I bring his owne: and come my selfe to sée his Lodging drest.
With ý two Sumpters were discharg'd, in which were Hangings braue,
Silke Couerings, Curtens, Carpets, Plaite, & al such turne should haue.
When all was handsomly dispos'd, She praies them to haue caer
That nothing hap in their default that might his health impaer.
And, Damsell, quoth she, (for it séemes this houshould is but thée,
And, for thy Parents age, that this shall cheefely rest on thée)
Doe me that good, else would to God he hither come no more.
So tooke she horse, and ere she went bestowed gould good store.
Full little thought the County that his Countesse had done so:
Who, now return'd from farre affaires, did to his Sweete-Heart go.
No sooner sette he foote within the late deformed Cote,
But that the formall change of thinges his wondring Eies did Note.
But when he knew those goods to be his proper goods (though late,
Scarce taking leaue) he home returnes the Matter to debate.
The Countesse was a bed, and he with her his Lodging tooke.
Sir, welcome Home (quoth she) this Night for you I did not looke.
Then did he question her of such his Stuffe bestowed so.
Forsoth (quoth she) because I did your Loue and Lodging knoe,
Your Loue to be a proper Wench, your Lodging nothing lesse,
I held it for your health the house more decently to dresse.
Well wot I, notwithstanding her, your Lordship loueth me:
And greater hope to hold you such by queat than brawles I sée.
Then for my dusty, your delight, and to retaine your fauour,
All done I did: and patiently expect your better Hauour.
Her Patience, witte, and Aunswere wrought his gentle teares to fall:
When (kissing her a score of times) Amend, sweete wife, I shall
Be said: and did it. And your Grace may Phillip so recall.
But he (whoso he was) that thus had dubled Tales, to cease
Quéene Maries griefe, for Phillips guilfe, as well had held his peace.
Her no perswading might diswade from pensiuenes of hart,

Untill

Untill that his Unkindenes in her Deaths-Scene acts it parte.
But howsoere, or whatsoere, her cause of death might seeme,
Her death did many a good mans life from Tyranny redeeme:
For, as in Passion, so was she in Papistrie extreame.
And, were not the Abodement bad, at her to end our Theame,
Our Cattell vnto stronger draughts we should and would vnteame:
But to the Head-land shall our Plough, vnles we breake our Beame.
Yeat ere we eare to it (for it shalbe our Holly-day)
Of somewhat said and somewhat scapte rests thus much by the way.

## CHAP. XLIII.

BEfore wee toucht (and little els) what Tourles hapt at home:
But now, in few, at forren Actes of Native Kings we come.
Of Brittish and of English Kings, more famous than the rest,
This sparing Catologue ensewes: whose déedes we thus digest.

*ÆNeas Off-spring famous Brute did set from Greekish thrall
Six thousand Phrygian Knights: by him did Guyan Guffer fall:
He conquering this Ile, his Name vnto his Conquest gaue:
And of his Cornish Cambries men couragious yet we haue.
*Yorkes Builder Ebrank that subdu'de the Cimbrians and the Gawles,
And built the best of Scottish Townes, nert in our Nomber falls.
*When Brennus and Belynus had Eight spacious Kingdomes wonne,
Had slaine two Consulls, sacked Rome, and matchlesse Armes had done,
And built ten Cities, best that be in Italie this day,
Those Kinglie Brothers, as must all, their debt to Nature pay.
*Gurguinus slew the Dacian King: wonne Tribute: and the same
Gaue Spanish Exiles Ireland, whence our Scottish Nation came.
*Cassibelane did twice beate backe from Brittish seas and Shore
The worthie Cæsar, that, but then, was victor euermore:

And thirdlie had preuailed, but for Luds reuolted Sonne,
When as braue Nennius hand to hand of Cæsar honor wonne.
*Guydar and Aruiragus wonne of Claudius Cæsar spoyle:
The former in a second Field did stout Vaspasian foyle.
*When as the wandring Scots and Pichts King Marius had subdu'de,
He gaue the Liuers dwellings, lesse than where they since intru'de.
*Constantius, wedding Coyls heire, was Monarke of the West:
Who, with this Ilands Scepter, of Romes Empire was possest.
*Great Constantine, that worthelie a Worthie might be said,
The Brittish Romaine Emperour, throughout the world obayde,
He made his Siege Bizantium, that retaines his name ere since:
And made (but so vnwitting marde) the Priest of Rome a Prince.
*Maximian as Emperiall and as valerous as anie,
With Brittish armour did subdue both Kings and Kingdomes manie.
*What speake we of great Arthur, of his Chiualrie or Court:
Precelling all, sole President of vertue, prow's and port:
A King of manie Kings: his Knights in all Eryoites were seene:
He was, indeed, a Worthie, and the Worthiest of the Neene.
*Fiue Crownes King Malgo prized. *And in Battells fiftie fiue
Against the Miscreants valiantlie did King Alured thriue:
Rollo (whose Seede should conquer vs) he hence did brauelie beate:
That, mauger Fraunce, in Normandie his Scythian Troupes did seate.
*He that re-monarchiz'd our Ile King Athelstone did slay
Sir Kings, twelue Dukes, and countlesse tale of Heathen in one day:
The one of Nyne, his Knight Sir Guy, we touch but by the way:
Omitting other Kings and Knights, too long in few to say:
Of Brittish race a manie, and of Saxon Princes some:
Whose bloud, by Normaine Virture, now is tripartite become.
Or (For, perhaps, from such Consort the Brutes casseerd will bee)
Three blended blouds of Nations thræ hath giuen vs Natures thræ,
The Saxon Prowesse, Danish Pompes, and Normaine Policee.
And of the Romanes and the Pichts we are no portion small:
Foure of which Nations Scythia bred, we thriuing in them all.
*KIng William, Englands Conquerour, from Rollo first, with pray
Of twice fiue hundred Townes in Fraunce vn-so-met sayld away.
*Henrie the second, vpon whom the Scotch-King tendant was,

(Which

(Which Scots their often ouerthrowes we henceforth ouerpasse,
Who to our Kings, Lords Parramounts, not warres but vprores bring)
Spoylde Fraunce, wonne Ireland, and deceast of Iuda chosen King.
*Next Lyon-harted Richard he wonne Cypris, Siria, and
Ierusalem, debelling quite the Sowldan from his Land.
He skalde the strong AEgyptian Dsse, and king'd his Sisters sonne:
And plagued Fraunce and Austrich for the wrongs they had him donne.
*First Edward made the Turks, Sauoies, the French, and Flemings tremble.
*The third, so nam'de, to them and moe did Mars himselfe resemble:
Whose Knights, in second Richards daies, so tickeld Fraunce, and Spaine,
And partes Lugdinian, that no King but Richard seem'd to raine:
Ten thousand were his housholde. Scotch digests we heere disdaine.
*The fourth and *fifth of Henries were as actious as the rest:
Especiallie the latter was the formost with the best.
*Nor yeat Fourth Edwards honor from his Ancestors digrest.
On these dw vulgar Eares and Eyes so brimlie waite and gaze,
As they distaske our priuate Penne notorious Laudes to blaze.
Our Catalogue omitteth some for Artes and Iustice good:
Some natur'de well, aduised ill: some worthie Læthe flood.
Not one fore-cited but deserues at least an Homers Muse,
Although with Agamemnons Maile Apelles shift I vse.
But colours to that Painter, Art vnto that Poet none
So good, to paint and praise at full our folowing Crownes, saue one,
Since Tuders Seede, Henrie the Seauenth, arriued Englands Throne.

NOr superstitiouslie I speake, but H. the letter still
Might be obserued ominous, to Englands good or ill.
First, Hercules, Hesione, and Hellen were the cause
Of warre to Troy, AEneas Seede becomming so Out-lawes.
Humbar the Hunn with forren Armes did first the Brutes inuaide.
Hellen to Romes Emperial Throne the Brittish Crowne conuaide.
Hengest and Horsus first did plant the Saxons in this Ile.
Hungar and Hubba first brought Danes that swayed heere long while.
At Harold had the Saxon ende: at Hardiknought the Dane.
Henries the first and second did restore the English Raine.
Fourth Henrie first to Lancaster did Englands Crowne obtaine.

Henrie litigious Lancaster and Yorke vnites in peace.
Henrie the Eight did happelie Romes Irreligion cease:
The Father of our Mother Nurse, our common Ioyes increase.
Which double H. and H. H. heere our either Poemes Lée,
He saue that saueth all our sinnes: And, God, voutsafe thou me
A prosperous Course, in sayling through the Ocean, deepe and large,
Of now her highnes Scepter: for I heere assume that Charge.

THE

# THE NINTH BOOKE
## OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

### CHAP. XLIIII.



A non plus to thy double Power.

Lizabeth by Peace, by Warre, for Maiestie, for Milde,
Inriched, Feared, Honor'd, Lou'd.
But (loe) vnreconcilde,
The Muses Check my sawlie Pen,
for enterprising her,
In vnly praising whome thẽselues,
euen Artes thẽselues, might err.
Phœbus, I am not Phaeton, pre-
sumptiously to aske
What, shuldst thou giue, I could not
give: give: giue not me thy Task.
For, as thou art Apollo tw, our
mightie Subiect threats

Vel volo, vel vellem.

FINIS.

# An Addition in Proese to the second *Book of* ALBIONS ENGLAND:

## contayning a Breuiate of the true Historie of AENEAS.

Accept him (friendlie Reader) wheare hée is, not wheare he ought: and as hée speaketh, not as hée should. Misapplyed hee is not for Matter precedent, howsoeuer the penning or misplacing may like or millike for the English or Order. Rather hath my Remisnes borrowed of Decorum and your patience, than that a Patriarke of our Brutones should be abruptly estranged. Of AEneas therefore it thus followeth:

## Æneidos.

# Æneidos.

When the reuengfull Flames of Troy, properly called Ilion, the then principal Citie of all Asia, had perfected the more than Tenne yeeres Siege of the Grecians erpugning of the same: then AEneas (howsoeuer by some authorities noted of disloyaltie towards Priam, in this not vnworthely surnamed vertuous) burthning his armed shoulders with his feeble and most aged Father Anchises, that laboured also vnder his loade of the Troian Gods and sacred Reliques, AEneas (as I say) with such his Burthen, leading by the hand his Sonne Ascanius of the age of twelue yeeres, followed not onley of the beautifull Creusa his wife the Daughter of King Priam, but also of a many Troians participating that common calamitie, brake through the waskfull Flames, mauger the wrathfull Foes, into the fieldes of Phrigia. Theare the Ayre emptied of downe-burnt Turrets, and filled with smoake of fired Buildings, assured from their hearts more teares to their eyes, than the benefite of their present Escape could promise them comfort.

Troy therefore not to be rescued, or Creusa (in this businesse lost and perishing) to be recouered, AEneas and his Followers imbarking themselues in Simois, after long and wearie Seafaring, arriued in a parte of Thrace called Cressa, bounding on Mygdonia. Here AEneas, purposing an ende of his tedious Saylings, and not meanely furnished of Treasure conuayed from Troy, layed Foundation of a Citie (after the Founder) called AEnea. This Citie going forward lesse effectually than was expected, AEneas supposing the Gods to bee yet opposite to the Troians, knocking downe a milke-white Bull, pitched an Alter to do Sacrifice. Neere at hand were growing diuers

shrubbed

shrubbed Trées, the Boughes whereof (for the greater reuerence and ornation of the present Solemnitie) he cutting and sliuing downe, perceiued blood in great aboundance issuing from the broken Branches: whereat long admyzing, and with great terror and deuotion interceſſing the Gods to reueale the meaning of that myraculous Accident, at the length he heard a pittiful and feeble voyce (for diuerſly, in thoſe daies, did the Deuills aunſwer and giue Oracles) thus anſwering.

Reaſon were it (Æneas) that the Graues of the dead ſhould priuiledge their bodies from the tyrannie of the liuing: but by ſo much the leſſe doe I eſtéeme my preiudice, by how much the more I knowe thée vnwittingly iniurious. Thou teareſt, Æneas, in theſe Braunches, thou teareſt the bodie of thy vnfortunate Brother-in-lawe Polydor, Sonne to the like-ſtarred Priamus. Troy as yet was only threatned, not beſieged, whē my Father (as thou knoweſt) deliuered me with a world of Treaſure to Polymneſtor the barbarous King of this Countrie, héere daungerles (as hée pretended) to abide, as the Conſeruor and Reſtauration of his Houſe and Empyre, whatſoeuer ſhould betide of him, his other Iſſue, or the Warres then beginning. But the Greekes preuailing, Auarice, and the declining State of Phrigia, imboldned my Gardein (fearleſſe of Reuengers) to the murthering of me: which hée traytrouſly accompliſhing on this Shore, ſecretly raked mée vp in theſe Sands, without honor of better Sepulcher: and of my body (ſo hath it pleaſed the Gods, and Nature) are ſprong theſe Braunches, in tearing of which thou tormenteſt mée. Howbeit, in reſpect of my deſire to profite thée by foretelling of thy Deſtinie, I accounpt me happely harmed: For knowe (AEneas) that in vaine thou doeſt builde wheare the Gods denie thine abode: leaue therefore theſe defamed Coaſtes, and proſperouſly plant the Remayne of Troy and thy Poſteritie in the fertill Italian Cline.

The voyce thus ceaſed to ſpeake, and AEneas, without further touch of the forbidden Shrubbes, continuing his feare finiſhed the Sacrifice, and after the Phrigian faſhion ſolemnlie held an Obit to the Ghoſt of his murthered Kinſman.

Then

Then by this admonishment, he and his Troians leauing the new reared Citie, disanker from Thrace in quest of behighted Italie. But no sooner had they put to Sea, then that the windes and the waues sollicited (a Poetical fiction) by the wife of Iupiter, so tossed and turmoyled the disparkled Nauie, that the horror of the circumstances continually threatning their liues, left only hoped for death as the remaine of all comfort. At length, these instruments of their long wandrings, and the causes of Anchises and of many noble personages there perishing, counterpleaded (as is fabled) by Venus, tossed their distackled Fléete to the Shore of Libya.

Néere to the place of their arriuall, stood the beautifull Citie of Carthage, which Elisa (whome the Phœnicians for her magnanimious dying, did afterwards name Dido) had newly builded: Æneas by safe-conduct receiued from her repayring thether, found such royall entertainement, that in respect of the present solace, he had forgotten all passed sorrowes, and his hart-spent Troians found bountifull supplies to all their late endured scarsities.

In the meane while, Æneas for personage the Iouilist, for well-spoken the Mercurilist, & no lesse fortunate vnder Venus her constellation, with his comelinesse so intised the eyes, with his spéeches so inchaunted the eares, and with his vertues so enflamed the heart of the amorous Carthagenian Quéene, that hardly modesty discented that her tongue affirmed not the loue which her eyes outwardly blabbed and her heart inwardly nourished. In the end, not able longer to containe such extraordinary Passions, in this order she vented the same to the Lady Anna her Sister.

My trustie Sister, quoth she, (then sighing out a pause) how many great Princes, since the decease of my late husband Sichæus and our departure from Tyrus, haue in vaine laboured a mariage with me, hath béen vnto thee no lesse apparant, than of me hitherto vnapproued. But now (haled on I knowe not by what destenie) our new-come Guest Æneas the Troian (whose matchlesse personage and knightly prowesse I partially commend not, all confirming of him no lesse than I

can affirme) the same euen the same hath supplanted my chast determinations of continuall widdowhood, with an amorous desire of a second mariage: howbeit, to determine without him, as I must, were to be deceiued of him, as I may. What counsell? My selfe (Anna) ah my selfe to motion loue were immodestie, and to be silent lesse tollerable than death. I would (a violent no voluntary wish) that Elisa knew her selfe beloued of AEneas, AEneas not knowing himselfe so loued of Elisa.

Her Sister with a chearefull countenance promising comfort performed the same in this answere. Dum signes (quoth she) haue their speeches: not any that obserueth your lookes, but easily aymeth at your loue: greater is the wonder of your strickt chastitie, than it would be a nouell to see you a Bigama: That priuatly pæuish and curious, This publiquely, common & commodious. Or euer Carthage be perfected in the ayre, Elisa may putrifie in the earth: What Monument then leauest thou to thy Tyrians, scarce warme in Affrick, than a Cities imperfect foundation? Which being already an eyesore to the wilde and warlike Libians, Barchæs, Getulians, and the rest of the Affricans, shall then be vtterly extinct, with the very name of the Foundres. But in matching with so great and valiant a Prince as is AEneas, thou shalt not onely liue with whome thou doest loue, and by consorting thy Tyrians with his Troians, strongly disappoynt the enuy of those Nations, but (for Nature hath not giuen thee such beauty to die barren) being a wife, become (no doubt) a mother, and by legitimate propagation so glad thy Subiects feareles of ciuill dissentions. Who can then dislike that Elisa should so loue? Burie Sister the thoughts of Sichæus with his dead bones, and prosperously prosecute and preuayle in thy sweete passions of AEneas. Plie him with all prouisions and amorous entertainements, onely for his Shippe-works fayne delatory wants: and by Winter be past he, partly comming, will (feare not) bee perfectly reclaymed.

This counsel of Anna, though it heaped as it were Athos on AEtna, yeat was it praised and practised of Elisa: for Counsell soothing the humor of the counselled, howsoeuer vnprofitable, is

accounted plausible. Henceforward the Quéene (to be admired not matched for her exquisite beauty, and rather borrowing of Arte than scanting Nature, as braue in apparel as beautiful in person, and voted, euen in her better part, to the loue of AEneas) so sorted all her deuices to his best liking, that shortly himselfe laboured with her in one and the selfe-same paine of wished-for pleasure. Omitting therfore the circumstances of their discourses, feastings, and all Poeticall faynings, only procéede wee, in few, to the Euent of these their amorous Beginnings.

A hunting was generally appoynted: the Quéene, AEneas, their Ladies, and Knights brauely mounted: the Standes were prewned: the Toyles pitched: the Hounds vncoupled: the Game rowsed, a foote, and followed: when sodainly, amidst the harborlesse Desart in the hotest pursute, the Skye, ouercast with black Clowdes, showred downe such flashes of Lightening, vollies of Thunder, Hayleftones, and Rayne, that glad was euery of the Tyrians and Troians, dispersing themselues, to shift for one, Elisa and AEneas in the meane while finding a Caue that sheltred them twain. Being theare all alone, vnknowen of and vnsought for of their Seruaunts, Opportunity the chief Actresse in al attempts, gaue the Plaudiate in Loue his Comedie. Imagine short wooing where either partie is willing: their faithes plighted for a mariage to bee solemnized (with kinde kisses among) hee did what harmed not, and shee had what displeased not: A young AEneas should haue béene molded, had he not béene marred (as might séeme) in the making. When this sweéte Cauline in the sharp storme was with the tempest thus ouerpassed, then came they both out, not such as they entred in: and were receiued of their Traynes, attending their pleesures, not examining their pastimes: and so hauing continued the Chace, vntil night discontinued their sporte, they retyring to Carthage, were sumptuously feasted of Elisa in her Pallace. During these their Alcion dayes (not generally liked of all) one there was, a Noble Troian, that had these spéches to AEneas.

Shouldest thou beléeue (farre bee it from AEneas so to beléeue)

léeue) that the Oracles of our Gods, behighting vs the Conqueſt of Italie, were ſuperſtitious, then beléeue alſo (vndeceiued mayſt thou ſo beléeue) that our effeminate abode here is vayne and ſlanderous: to attempt that former without an Oracle, yea with the loſſe of our liues, is honourable, becauſe we are Troians: to entertayne this latter, inuited and daungerleſſe, reprochfull, becauſe we are Troians. Ah (Æneas) haue we ſhipped our Gods from home, to be witneſſes of our wantonneſſe here? Beléeue me, better had it béen wee had dyed in Phrygia, men, than to liue thus in Affrick like women. Conſider alſo the place whereinto we are now brought, and then conceaue of the poſſibility of our here abode: ſhall I tell thée? were there not (if in the meane while no other Accident croſſe thy now bliſſe) were there not, I ſay, an Eliſa here to loue thée, or were there not an Æneas to bée beloued of her, no ſooner ſhould the firſt deceaſed of you be deliuered of life, than the Suruyuors of vs Troians be denyed this Lande. And then, (if we ſhould proue ſo vngratefull as to reſiſt our Releeuors) hauing number, yeat wante wee Munition: for neither our Shippes be tackled, nor wée armed, but at the deliuerie and appoyntment of the Tyrians. Learne therefore (Æneas) after ſo long-pleaſure in loue, at the laſt profitably and politickely to loue, and whatſoeuer thy playe bée in Affrick, let hencefoorth the Maine bée Italie. Mean-while commaunde (moſt humbly wée deſire to bée ſo commaunded) that thy ſhippes be ſecretly calked, tallowed, ballaced, tackled, victualed and armed: and then (thy ſelfe alſo reformed) wittingly or vnwillingly to Eliſa leaue her and her effeminate Citie: with reſolution neuertheleſſe (if thou ſo pleaſe) at more leyſure to loue her. So effectually did AEneas liſten to this motion, that giuing order for the repayring of his Fléete, hee promiſed a ſpédy and ſodayne departure: and his men, not ſlipping opportunitie, executed the ſame with as effectuall diligence.

It happened in this meane while, the Quéene to mount the high Turrets of her Pallace royall, where loking towardes the Rhode, ſhe perceiued how earneſtly the Troians laboured

in

in trimming, pauishing, and furnishing their Nauie: then assuring her selfe not deceiued that she should bee deceiued, and discending as it were maiestically madde, meeting with Æneas, she sayd.

Before (Æneas) I beheld thy shipwracks and wantes, I beléeued some GOD arrined at Carthage: yea when I knew thée but a man, my conceit honoured thée with a Deitie: but now these thine inhumaine Trecheryes (not worthy the vnworthyest Tytles) argue so farre off from a Godhoode, as thou shewest thy selfe lesse than a Man, and worse than a Deuill. What hath Carthage not worthy Æneas? I assure thée, if any bée so much, no Citie is more happy than Carthage. But the Quéene pleaseth not Æneas; oh that Æneas had not pleased the Quéene: then might I haue bettered my choyse for honour, or not haue bewayled thy chaunge for the dishonour. But (vngratefull) wilt thou indéede leaue mee? Yea, then that thou meanest the contrary, nothing more false: but to deriue thy departure from any desart of mine, nothing lesse true. If therefore the life of Elisa, the loue of Elisa, the land of Elisa, her wealth, thy want, her teares, thy vowes, her distresse, thy dishonour, the delightes of this Shore, the daungers of those Seas, Carthage possessed, Italie vnconquered, peace without warre here, warre without peace there, thy wracks past, the Winter to come, any euils whereof I warne thée, any good that I haue wrought thée, and more good that I haue & doe wishe thée, if any thing said, or more than I can say, hath or doeth want Argument to seat thée in Affrick, yeat at the least for thine owne safety stay a more temperate season: urging in the meane while excuses for thine vnurged departure: and so I flattered, shall either patient my selfe, or repent thy fléeting in a milder Extasie. I did (wel may I fore-thinke mée so to haue done) entertaine thée beyond the degrée of an Hostesse or the dignitie of a Guest: and yeat (vngrateful Guest to so kinde an Hostesse) for such welcome thou hast not pretended a farewel. Thus, alas, finding thy loue lesse than it ought, I repent to haue loued more than I should: and because thou appearest not the same thou wert, I am not reputed the same

I am: but as a ridiculous by-worde of the Tyrians, the Stale of the Troians, and the scorne of the Africans: howbeit (in trueth) the fayth-plighted Wife of faithles AEneas. But who will so beléeue? May beléeue not so who will, thy departure shall be my death, my death thy sinne, thy sin the worlds spéech, the worlds spéech thy reproofe, and thy reproofe my purgation. For were thy selfe Juror and Judge of the more offensiue, my credulencie, or thine inconstancie, the Juror could not but giue Verdict for Elisa, and the Judge sentence against AEneas: then (if not for my suite, yet for thine owne sake) let me not plead tediously and without grace, that plead so truely and with more griefe than for the quantitie I may suffer, or for the qualitie thou canst censure.

AEneas, not lightly gauled at her impatience (whome hee still loued more than a little, howbeit lesser than his now regarde of honour) thankfully acknowledged her great bounty, counter-pleading to haue pretended a departure without leaue taken, vouching moreouer the displeasure of his Gods for contempt of their Oracles manifested by fearfull Dreames and sundry Visions, as also the urging of his Troians impatient of tarriance. So that he resting in Resolution not to bee wonne by wooing, or reclaymed by exclayming, the Quéene became spéechlesse and senceless, and was in a swoune conuayed from his presence. In which businesse hee bording his Ships, in the dead of the night hoisting vp sayles, left Carthage to séeke Italie.

THE Quéene, not capable of any rest, by day appearing discryed from a Turret the Rhode clæred of the Troian Nauie: then not willingly silent, nor able to speake, She stoode as stoode Niobe after the fourteenth reueng by Latonaes Issue. Which her then and after Extremities, to bee glaunced at, not iudged of, briefly I thus decipher. Imagine a substantiall and a palpable appearance of Loue, Wrath, Sorrow, and Dispayre, acting in their aptest habites and extreamest passions, and then suppose Elisa not onely the same, but more feruently louing, more furiously wrathful, more con-

fusedly

fusedly sorrowfull, and more impatiently desperate. Imagine lastly the first three imagined Actors, after long partes occupyed, leauing the Stage to the fourth, as to the perfectest Imperfection: and then from such imagined Stratagem attend this actuall Catastropha.

A Wizard or Witch (the two common Oracles of manie too credulent women) had instructed the Queene, that an Emulation or burnt Sacrifice offered to the Infernall Deities, of the Armour, Ornaments, and all whatsoeuer the Reliques of AEneas left behinde him at his departure from Carthage, would effectually estraunge the outrage of her passions, and extinct in her the very remembraunce of AEneas. This Coūsell (either for that at the first shee beleeued it possible, or for that opportunitie so offered it selfe to practise the thing she did purpose) Elisa entertaining, opened the same to Anna her Sister: who, simply vnsuspitious of the sequell, prouided secretly (as was giuen her in charge) a pyle of dry Faggots, crowned with Garlands for the dismall Sacrifice: which, and Elisa her selfe in a readinesse, AEneas his Armour beeing her eyes Obiect, became in this wise her tongues Subiect.

With this quoth she (eyeing the Armour) the craking Troian boasted to haue buckled with the gallant Diomedes, not seldome to haue offended the defenceleſſe Grecians, and after many loned blowes at the sacking of Troy, valiantly to haue boorded his thence-bent Nauie: this Armour profitable to my preiudice, there defensiue to him, to be here offensiue to me, were it vnnecessary to this Sacrifice, should neuertheleſſe burne for the same trespasse. This Cup, this Phrigian Cup, too guilty of too many Tyrian draughts, Assistaunts in forming me audaciously amorous, shall nowe occupie these ceremoniall flames as the then Accessary to a contrary fire. These Bracelets, and these Ear-rings (by too often and officious handes fastned and losed, with begged and graunted kisses among, and now lesse precious by the giuer his practise) shall also adde Cinders to the repentant payment of mine ouer rated pleasure. Lastly are remaining onely two Reliques of that Recreant, this Sword, and Elisa herselfe. But what: diddest

thou

thou (Æneas) leaue this and thine Armour in Carthage, as if in Italie thou shouldest encounter another Elisa? inconsiderate that thou art, albeit such feareless Conflicts best beséeme such effeminate Captaines, yeat no clymate can affoorde thée one so foolish, and therfoore in no Countrey expect such Foortune. The Stoorme (ah from thence are these teares) sheltring vs twaine lately in one Caue, was (no doubt) ominous to these euills: foor then should I haue remembred, that like as Shelters are chiefly sought foor in Stoormes, so men labour our fauours onely in extremities: but their lusts satisfied, oor wants supplyed, as of Shelters in Sunne-shine they estimate our bountie, leauing thencefoorth euen to séeme such as (in troth) they neuer were. But what is naturall, is of necessitie, only let it be graunted he is a Man, and it followeth necessarily hee is deceitfull. Flie Trayterous Æneas, flie vnfollowed and vnfriended of Elisa: euer may the windes be contrary to thy Course, and the Seas not promise thee one houres safety: euer bee thy Ship droowning, and thy selfe neuer but dying: often resayle in a moment, whence thou wert sayling a moneth: let no blaste from the Ayre, oor Billowe in the Sea, stirre but to thy preiudice: and when no horroor and mishap hath fayled thée, with thy dead body, to the vttermost plagued, perish also may thy Soule vnpardoned. But least mine incharitie proue lesse pardonable than his Iniurie, I that wil not liue to heare it so, heartily disclayme to haue it so: pardon therefoore ye Gods, me desiring it, and him deseruing it. Troth is it, this one Sacrifice shall giue ende to mine infinite soorroowes: but not (alas) with these burnings (rather found guiltie of new beginnings) but with my hearts blood, the lateſt Ceremony wanting to this Erequie. Scarcely had these woordes passed her mouth, when with Æneas his Swoorde she pierced her Breſt: so performing on her selfe a Tragedie sought foor, and to hers a terroor vnlooked foor.

WHilſt Dido, (so named of this her death) oor as haue some (not lesse probable) of so preuenting Hiarbas menacing her marriage, was thus passionate and did thus perish,

rish, AEneas, after weary Sea-faring, much sorrowe, many people and places seene and sayled from, arriuing in Sicilie, was ioyfully entertained of this auncient friend King Acestes: and theare (as the yeare before at Drapenum) did solemnize an Anniuersarie at the Tombe of his father Anchises. The Masteries, feates, and actiue pastimes tried here by the Troian and Sicilian youth, with land and sea Skirmidges, the running, riding, leaping, shooting, wrestling, and such like, with Bacing on foote and on horsback (this last, a sport lately vsed of our English youthes, but now vnpolitickly discontinued) Or how the Women of Troy (whereof many were also imbarked from thence) tyred with the perils of the Sea, and intised with the pleasures of Sicilie, to preuent further sayling, fired their Ships (not without great losse rescued:) Or how AEneas building theare the Citie Acesta, peopled the same with his women, and impotent Troians: Or of the drowning and Reuise of Palinurus, and many Occurrents hapning here, at Cuma, Caieta, and else-wheare I omit, as lesse pertinent than to our purpose the hastning of AEneas into Italie. Wherefore, shipping him from Sicilie, I no wlande him in Latium: in which parte of Italie raigned and was Resident in his Cittie Laurentum the King Latinus: to whome AEneas addressed an hundred Knights, one of them deliuering this Ambassie.

Ignorant are we not, most gratious King (for in that Title art thou famous, and in that triall may we prowe fortunate) of thy Consanguinitie with the Troians, by noble discents from Dardanus our auncient Progenitor: neither canst thou but know that Troy is sacked, and her people for the most parte slaughtered: only know (if already thou knowest it not) that AEneas our Duke with a fewe his Followers, after more than seauen yeares sayling, are lastly (and luckilie I hope) arrined in thy Countrie. Howbeit of many places, for pleasure and fertilitie most worthy manuring, haue we abandoned the quiet possession: yea many the greatest Princes of Europe and Affrica, haue voluntarily desired our Tariance denyed: onely infinite Seas haue we sayled, and more sorrowes sustained to seeke this Clime, from whence we Troians deriue our Originalls, and

whether our Gods haue directed vs by their Oracles. This thy Countrie, in respect of the bignesse, may easilie affoord rome for a new Troy to be builded: A plot more spacious we do not aske, A smaller suite thou canst not graunt, if with our present extremities thou also peise our purposed loyalties. Neuer were we thy foes, and euer will we continue thy friends. Seated we must be, & here we would be. We dare not disobey, the Gods commaunding it, nor would we discontent thée in demaunding it: graciouslie therefore conceiue of our Petition, and gratefully receiue from AEneas these Presents.

Hauing thus saide, he in the name of AEneas, presented the King with a most rich Mantell or Robe, with an inualuable Crowne of Golde enchased with precious Stones, with the late royall Scepter of King Priamus, and with other Treasure: which Latinus chéerefullie receiuing, returned the Troians this answere.

Had not the Gods commanded your hether repaire, which I gainsay not, were wée not of Alliance, wherein I disclaime not, Or my Kingdome not rome-some enough to receiue you, as it is, Or had ye not brought precious and peaceable Presents, as ye haue, yeat to dismisse Wayfarers vnrested & vnrelæued were contrarie to the Gods of Hospitalitie, and (which they defend that I should therein offend) Latinus his honour. Ouer-fast hée sitteth that securely sitteth: for as hée that is timorous hath too little prouidence, so he that is feareles hath too much presumption: yea lesse grieuous are expected than vnlooked-for euilles. I speake not this as I feare to fall, but as I fore-sée I may fal: for the vnpearching of others should be fore-preachings to vs. Priuie am I vnto your distresse, applying the like possibilitie for me so to decline: for who is priuiledged from becomming such? And who is such that would not haue succour? My déere Friends and Alies, sorrie I am that ye haue so ill cause to estrange your selues from home, but glad that I am in so good case to entertaine you héere. Let AEneas seate him and prosper yée in Italie: my land well may abide it, and my selfe brooke it. Yea more (for the Oracle of my minde consorts no doubt with those of our Gods) Lauinia my

sole

ſole daughter and heire, forbidden a Natiues and behighted a Straungers Marriage, hath found a Huſband and I a Sonne-in-lawe: at the leaſt I wiſh it would be, and hope it will be. Make my thankes to AEneas for his Preſents, and be you Maſters of your Petitions.

The Troians being thē ſumptuouſly feaſted, euery man on a giuen Courſer brauely & ritchly mounted, diſmiſſed, returned, and Latinus his aunſwere and Preſent deliuered, AEneas (neuertheleſſe as farre from being ſecure as ioyous of ſuch Tydings, knowing the good ſpéede of a Straunger to be an Eyeſore to the people, and therefore not careles ſuſpitious of it that might cauſeles ſuccéede) ſtrongly immured his Men in a newbuilt Fortreſſe.

In the meane while, their Arriuall and Entertainement with Latinus occupied, and for the moſt part offended, all Italie. Enuiouſly ſtormed Amata the Quéene that Lauinia her Daughter and Darling ſhould hée wedded to a Straunger, an Exile (as ſhe termed him:) and therefore, when ſhe could not diſſwade the King by flatterie, ſhée incenſed his Nobles and Subiects to reſiſt it forciblie. On the other ſide, Turnus, Prince of the Rutiles (in perſon exceéding all for comlineſſe, and in Armes equall to any for his courage, to whome Lauinia was before promiſed in Marriage) as Mal-content as any for being thus circumuented by AEneas, held a Counſell in his ſumptuous Cittie Ardea ſcituate in the territorie of Latium, how to intercept the Troians by wyles, expell them by Warres, weaken them by wantes, diſappoynte AEneas, and poſſeſſe himſelfe of Lauinia. Often ſent hée Meſſengers and ſometimes Menaces to aduertiſe Latinus that hée was promiſed hée ſhould, and to aſſure him hée purpoſed hée would enioye her or anger him. But by how much more Latinus was religiouſly vnremouable in his Reſolution for AEneas, by ſo much the more did Turnus giue looſe raines to his headie anger: Howbeit ſufficient matter wanted for his mallice to worke vpon, vntill by euill happe his choller tooke aduauntage of this colour. Aſcanius, with diuers Troian Gentlemen his Friends and o-

thers his Attendants, Hunting in a Forrest not farre from their Fortresse, by chaunce did incounter, strike, and chace a fayre and well spread Stagge which the Children of one Tyrrhus (the Kings Raunger and Steward of his Groundes, a Man of no meane account amongst the Latines) had from a Fawne nourished and so intreated that no Beast might bee more tamer. This Stagge thus stroken and followed of the Troians, taking the readiest way to the house of Tyrrhus, and with bleeding haunches entring the Hall, was first espied of Syluia or Ilia, a young Gentlewoman, in whose lappe hee sleeping had often laide his head, and at whose hands he had many a time taken Browse been kemmed and trimmed. She seeing the Stagge in such a plight, almost swouned ere shee could weepe, wept ere she might speake, spoake ere she was comforted, and was comforted onely in promise of Reuenge. At the winding of an Horne, came flocking thether in a trise the Heardsmen, Shepheards, Plow-men, and Hinds: this Anticke of Groomes, finding Almon the eldest Sonne of Tyrrhus, and their young Mistres Syluia greeuously passionate, and the Stagge bloudie and braying his last, question no further what should bee done, but were furiously inquisitiue after the Doers.

In this meane time, by euill hap, Ascanius and his Companie drawing by Parsie after the Stagge (which they knew not for tame) were entered the viewe of this Schoole of inraged Clownes: who all at once and sodainelie, with such weapons as they had or found nearest at hand, as Staues, Sheephookes, Dung-forks, Flayles, Plow-staues, Ares, Hedging-Beetels, yea Libbattes newly snatched from burning, and what not: fiercely assayled with downe-right blowes the amazed Troians: who not hauing leisure to aske questions, couragiously entertaine the vnknowne Quarrell: And so long and dangerously, (for either part) continued this confusion of blowes and effusion of bloud, that by now it was bruted at the Fortresse and at Laurentum, and was anon increased by rescue from either Faction: neither had this Skusling an end vntill night was begun: at what time the Latines, Rutiles, and

Troians

Troians left the wilde Medlie, howbeit not discontinuing their malice.

Of chiefe account amongst the Latines, were slaine lustie Almon, and aged Galesus (this latter a man of an honest and wealthie condition) whilest he vnseasonably amongst blowes, deliuered vnregarded perswasions of Peace. The wounded Corses of these twaine did Turnus cause to be conuayed to the viewe of Latinus, as Arguments of their common dammage: himselfe with an enuious heart and an inuective tongue, amplifying the same to the vttermost: not vnassisted therein by the prefull Quéene Amata, or vnfurthered by the hurlie burlie of the impatient People, al labouring the King to denounce Armour against the Troians.

Latinus in this tumult of his Subiects, and trauell of his Sences, assuring himselfe that AEneas was the man prophesied to the Marriage of Lauinia and succession of Latium, Disswaded, but might not Perswade with the headie multitude. In fewe, with such efficacie did the dead Corses inuite it, the Quéene intreate it, Turnus affect it, and the People follow it, that lastly, though against his minde, the King did suffer the Laurentines to reare on their Walles absolute Tokens of imminent Warres. Thus found Turnus that which hée longed for, and AEneas no lesse than hée loked for: and either soliciting succours, were not long vnfurnished of hardie Souldiers: yea, in respect of their multuous Armies, the Warres lately ceased at Troy, might now haue béene saide to bée reuiued in Italie. But as in his Wandrings, so in his Warres, my purpose is breuitie: either of which the Lawriat Trumpetor of his glorie hath so effectually sowded, that many might amplifie, I could itterat, but not any amend it: neuertheless in remembring of this Historie I haue also vsed other Authorities.

IT followeth: After long Warres valiantly on either parte performed, Many great Kings, Princes, and Personages perrished: when lastly the Rutiles begunne to bée repentant

of their wrong, and the Troians wearie of the Warres, AEneas and Turnus méeting had these wordes. And first AEneas.

Often Truces haue we had (Turnus) for the burial of our dead, neuer Intreaties of peace for the welfare of those aliue: onely once (as I haue béene euer) diddest thou séeme (thou diddest but séeme) prouident that no moe should miscary, offering me Combate, which I accepting haue in vaine expected: for since thy minde chaunged, I wot not by what meanes, hath changed the liues of I wot not how many. But now, euen now (when for the palpable leasing thou shouldst not speak like Turnus, shouldst thou denie the better of the warres to abide with AEneas, and yeat I still be AEneas, though playing vpon that Aduauntage with Turnus) euen now, I say, my selfe do requeste thée of that Combate whereby further Blood-sheds may happily bée concluded. Beléeue mée, were thou a Begger and I a Monark, yeat (so much do I emulate, not enuie thy glory) I would hazarde all in a Combate requested by thée so valerous a Competitor. But least (perhaps) I ouer-breath thy tickled Conceite with more selfe-liking than is expedient, know Man, Turnus knowe, Nature, Birth, Arte, Education, nor whatsoeuer els it be are in any thing more beneficiall to Turnus, than that Iustly hée may enuie as much or more in AEneas.

To this aunswered the Rutile thus: Whether thou speakest this (AEneas) as insulting ouer mine infortune, or as insolent of thine owne felicitie, or emulous (as thou sayest and I beléeue it) of my glory, trust mée, onely if thus in thy better successe to abandon thy selfe to such offered disaduauntage bée not indiscretion, neuer hearde I wherein to derogate from thy pollicie: but say it indiscretion, yeat by Iupiter (AEneas) it is honourable indiscretion. Not to encounter so heroicall (for in thée I enuie not that Epithiton) a Combattant, is as contrary to my thought as contenting to my very Soule, and as contenting to my Soule, as if AEneas were already cõquered and Turnus Conquerour: either which I deuine, at the leastwise

wise I am determined to aduenture. Be prouided therefore (AEneas) of courage, for thou prouokest no Cowarde, but euen Turnus, that would haue asked no lesse, had he not doubted AEneas not to haue dared to aunswere so much. Thus, and with these Conditions: that further warres should finish, that the Espousall of Lauinia, and Succession of Latium shoulde be the Prize to the Victor, a Combat to be tryed by these twaine body against body was (vpon Othes taken and other Circumstaunces) ratified.

Now were they Armed, Mounted, and did Encounter: their Coursers were breathlesse, and the Riders dismounting buckle on Foote: both offende, either defende, and neyther faynted. Lastly (not with vnrequited blowes) was Turnus Disarmed, the Vanquished pleading for life, and the Victor not purposing his death, had hee not espied on his Shoulders the sometimes Baldrike of his once especiall Friend Pallas, King Euanders Sonne, whome Turnus in Battell ouercomming had put to Swoorde: then AEneas saying, onely in this Spoyle thou shalt not triumphe, and onely for his sake am I vnintreatable, shofted his Swoorde through his Breast, Turnus so ending the Woorld, and AEneas the Warres.

Then was he peaceably wedded to Lauinia, & shortly after possessed of Latium: After which, about three years he, dying, lefte his Kingdome to Ascanius, and Lauinia with Childe. She at her time, and at the house of the beforе remembred Tyrrhus, was deliuered of Syluius Post-humus (so called of his béeing borne amongst the Woodes, after the death of his Father.) To him (because in right it was the inheritance of Siluius from his Mother) did Ascanius voluntarilie resigne the Kingdome of Latium: and of him (for his Honourable Regiment) were all the after-Latine Kings called Syluij: Finally hée Hunting and mistaken amongst the Thickets for a Stagge, was slaine with an Arrowe by his Sonne Brutus. This Brutus, for sorrow and his safety, accompanied with manie lusty Gentlemen and others of AEneas his Troians

Offsprings,

Offsprings, imbarking themselues, after long Sayling arrued in this Iland then called Albion: whose Giant-like Inhabitants (in respect of their monstrous making and inciuill Manners said to haue beene engendred of Diuells) hee ouercomming, Manured their Countrey, and after his owne name called it Brutaine. And thus hauing begotten Brutus an Originall to our Brutons, I conclude this abridged Historie of his Grandfather AEneas.

(.)

FINIS.

A Table

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